

MID-SUMMER SHORT STORY NUMBER COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

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EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

War Situation Brightening with Germans Checked in France and Austrians Driven Back in Italy

NO good purpose would be served by trying to disguise the plain fact that since the total collapse of Russia closely followed by the near collapse of Italy, last fall, the war situation has been perilous until within a few weeks and even now is critical, although very recent events have given it a decidedly brighter aspect.

If Russia, with her huge army and immense resources, had kept her solemn promise to fight to a finish and not make a separate peace the war would have ended in the triumph of the Allies before now—in all probability last fall. For in June of last year the iron ring of the Allies was pressing back the German, Austrian and Turkish armies on all fronts with crushing force. The English and French were steadily advancing their lines in France and Belgium; Turkey was in despair over the rout of her armies by the British and Russians, while Austria, unable to check the progress of the Italian invasion on the west, was panic stricken by the brilliant victory of the great Russian army pressing from the east toward Vienna. Such was the situation the latter part of June, last year, which induced the lower branch of the German parliament at that time to adopt a resolution in favor of "peace without annexation or indemnity." But at this critical juncture treachery wrought for Germany what all her vaunted military power could not accomplish.

The Russian Socialists, the Bolsheviki, led by the infamous Lenine and craven Trotsky, and aided by German gold and Prussian propaganda, corrupted the Russian army and induced the greater part of the rank and file to mutiny, so that the same troops, which had won so gloriously before, in the next battle a few weeks later refused to fight, murdered their officers and fled before the enemy, abandoning the French aviation and British artillery corps and such few of their own comrades, including the Russian woman's "Battalion of Death," as remained loyal, to meet the attack of the combined German and Austrian armies. Thousands deserted and returned to their homes, but a large majority joined the Bolsheviki-Socialist-Anarchist-I. W. W. movement and assisted in the forcible overthrow of the last remnant of reputable government and in its place instituted the Bolsheviki reign of terror, murdering those who opposed them, pillaging the towns and cities and confiscating property generally on the pretext that private ownership is a crime.

By such means and with such a backing the Kaiser's tools, Lenine and Trotsky, made themselves masters of Petrograd and of a considerable part of Russia and straightway made a three months truce with Germany for the purpose of arranging the terms of a separate peace for Russia. Both these traitors were recently returned Russian exiles, Lenine from Switzerland by courtesy of the German government, and Trotsky from New York. They denounced the Allies and especially vilified the people and government of the United States which had entered the war and helped Russia with much material, food, ships, Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross service and a loan of two hundred million dollars which the Bolsheviki government dishonestly refuses to acknowledge as a debt.

How perfectly to the Kaiser's taste these pro-German Russian Socialists have played the game appears in the grand result. By the peace treaty, concluded last winter, Russia has lost the best and richest part of her territory. An area larger than the German Empire, stretching from the Baltic Sea to the Black Sea and inhabited by fifty-seven million people, rich in agricultural products ranging from wheat to cotton, and in mines and mineral deposits including the wonderfully productive Russian oil fields, has been passed over to Germany and is now being occupied, organized, developed and exploited by the Germans. Of course the acquisition of this vast territory

has greatly strengthened Germany's material resources which were running low.

The Russian truce enabled Germany and Austria to withdraw large forces from the Russian front for the great drive last fall which routed the Italian army out of Austria, conquered north-eastern Italy and came dangerously near to being a crushing blow.

The separate peace with Russia, last winter, permitted Germany to transfer millions of troops from the Russian to the western front. Thus augmented her forces in France and Belgium largely outnumbered the combined armies of England, France and America and made possible the succession of terrific drives, begun last March, which compelled the retirement of the Allied armies and imperiled the safety of Paris and the Channel ports. The gain of ground, however, has been at the cost of enormous losses in the German army and each drive has diminished in force and effectiveness, while the resistance of the Allies has been increasing until now, since the last drive, the Allies have been making counter attacks with considerable success. The tide of battle seems to be turning and good news is now the order of the day, the most significant of which came recently from Italy where the big Austrian drive, late in June, not only failed but was turned into a signal victory for the Italians who forced the Austrians to retreat with heavy losses.

As we go to press another grand attack is in course of preparation by the German army in France; but the commanding generals of the Allies are confident that they can resist it successfully. And another bit of cheering news, published on July fourth, is that the American army in Europe has now reached the million mark and is being augmented at the rate of more than two hundred thousand each month. Needless to say that our soldiers are doing their share of the fighting and in a manner that is simply glorious.

United States to Intervene in Russia

VAST quantities of food and war munitions furnished by the United States and our Allies are stored at Archangel, in the Russian province of that name, and at Vladivostok in Siberia, and small bodies of allied troops are assisting the local authorities at these places in guarding these supplies to prevent their falling into the hands of the Germans and Bolsheviki who are reported to be preparing to attempt to capture them and subdue Siberia and Archangel Province, which have not acknowledged but are resisting the German-Bolsheviki authority. It is believed that the Bolsheviki are about to declare war against the Allies, including the United States. It is of the utmost importance to stop the further extension of pro-German Bolsheviki power in Russia and Siberia, and it is for this purpose that the United States is to join our Allies in armed intervention in Russia.

No Packages Accepted for Oversea Delivery Unless on Soldier's Written Request Approved by Commanding Officer

THE sending of packages to our soldiers in Europe has been overdone to an extent and in such manner as to have become not only an intolerable burden on transportation facilities but a positive detriment to the discipline of the army. An examination of five thousand sacks of parcel post mail destined for General Pershing's soldiers disclosed the fact that the articles therein not only were, in the main absolutely unnecessary but very undesirable. The amount of such mail had reached the extraordinary total of half a million pounds per week last February and was growing at the rate of a

hundred per cent increase each succeeding month. With transatlantic cargo space the most precious thing in the world the Government was obliged to enforce restrictions on the sending of these packages which had reached such a degree of congestion on the other side that the French railroads were unable to move them.

Therefore a general order has been issued, and is being strictly enforced, to the effect that post offices, express companies and freight stations are not to accept any article for shipment to a soldier overseas unless accompanied by the soldier's written request approved by a major or higher commanding officer of our Expeditionary Forces. The same rule applies to parcels destined for persons connected with the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and other organizations in France, except that in such case the request is to be approved by an executive officer of the organization.

Many of the articles sent to soldiers are not only undesirable but absolutely prohibited, while most of those which are useful or permissible can be purchased at the army canteens or quartermaster's stores in France at cost to the Government which is less than the retail price in America. According to a recently published statement by the War Department, "tobacco is now being supplied as part of the Army rations, and merchandise of practically all kinds can be purchased in France through a general store established by the quartermaster corps." The restrictions on parcels do not apply to magazines and newspapers. These can be mailed without request and without military approval. The Government needs all available cargo space for shipment of munitions, food and other necessities, but the friends and relatives at home may rest assured that General Pershing, who attends so carefully to the welfare of his men, will see to it that any reasonable requests for packages from home shall have the necessary approval.

England Joins in Celebrating the Fourth of July

THERE were public demonstrations of joy all over England when the United States entered the war and since then the Stars and Stripes have been much in evidence in public places. The people of London went wild when the first American troops paraded the streets of the British capital a year ago. Our navy has stations and our army has camps in England where hundreds of thousands of our troops have stopped over on their way to France, and everywhere our soldiers and sailors have received a hearty welcome and the best of treatment by the British officials and people. But for England to officially recognize and celebrate the anniversary of the declaration of the independence of the United States surely is going the limit of international courtesy. That is just what England has done spontaneously and with genuine enthusiasm. Preparations were made for a gala day. At Sheffield accommodations were prepared for fifty thousand spectators at the army-navy baseball game and due celebration was held in all American camps throughout Great Britain. In London the bells of Saint Paul's Cathedral were rung as on the great British holidays and five hundred American soldiers were brought to the city. The King conferred signal honor on the occasion by consenting to open the ball game by pitching out the first ball himself. Whatever their past differences, the great nations arrayed against the military despotism that seeks to conquer the world are now in perfect accord and it is to be devoutly hoped that they will continue forever bound by a bond of sympathy and common interest stronger than treaty alliances for the future peace and liberty of humanity.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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She'd done the Job!

By Albert Sonnichsen

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YOU will not find Portsmouth Peters listed in "Who's Who" even under his proper name, which I know but may not tell, but to this day his fame survives in all those places in the world where seamen gather.

His first leap into the dazzling publicity which illuminated his later career was simultaneous with his lodgment in Honolulu jail, after he had engaged the combined forces of the Royal Hawaiian Navy and Revenue Service in a three hours pitched battle, single handed, while his four comrades lugged two thousand five-hundred tins of opium, which they had just landed below the Fall, out of danger of confiscation. Next he bobbed up on the Russian frontier of Mongolia, leading a raid of Manchurian brigands on the penal settlement of Akatou. The result of this exploit was the liberation of half-a-dozen noted political prisoners whose loss so incensed the Czar's government that for months two brigades of Cossacks hovered along the Chinese frontier, threatening international complications.

When I first knew Peters, in Hong Kong, he had settled down to the comparatively obscure, though lucrative, occupation of filibustering military supplies over to the Island of Luzon for the Filipino Revolutionary Junta. He was then just the sort of picturesque figure that would catch a woman's eye; barely an inch under six feet, agile as well as powerful of build, deep-set eyes that were sometimes green, and a chestnut-brown hair that harmonized well with his sun-tanned, tawny complexion.

But all that is material for other narratives; this has to do with the San Ramon affair, the Spanish version of which appeared in the press dispatches at the time—undoubtedly Portsmouth Peters' most remarkable, though least known exploit—and his last. For he told it to me, parts of it repeatedly, in rambling bits, as we paced the decks of the old transport *Zalcanda* under the brilliant tropical starlight, on our homeward passage from Manila to San Francisco.

Any history will give you the introduction to Peters' story: look up the Treaty of Biacnabato. According to this agreement, the insurgents laid down their arms while the Spanish Governor General, on his part, promised certain vital reforms, safe conduct passes for all the leaders to Hong Kong, and a payment of half a million Mexican pesos to the Junta for the relief of the widows and orphans of the fallen insurgents.

"I do believe," said Peters, "that the Governor General acted in personal good faith, for he actually did pay down one half of the stipulated sum to Dr. Carrera, the representative of the Junta in Manila. With evident forebodings of what might happen, and did happen, the doctor immediately went to the Manila Branch of the British Colonial Bank, of Hong Kong, and deposited the whole sum in his own name. It was well that he did, for meanwhile a cable had come from Madrid, countermanding all the Governor General's agreements. That same night Carrera was arrested. But the gold was in the British Bank, under the British flag.

"First, they tried promises, and then they threatened, but all the means they resorted to, which included torture, I believe, could not make the little doctor sign his name to the blank check they held under his nose. Well, they gave it up, but at any rate they meant to see that he didn't sign any checks for the other side, so they sent him down to the penal settlement in the Island of San Ramon, and locked him up 'incommunicado.'"

At this point there was an invariable break in Peters' narrative; then he would land me on the

deck of the *Zafro*, ostensibly an inter-island tobacco trader, on which he and Inez Balmaceda were steaming south from Manila. But that interval is important, for it brings in Miss Balmaceda.

In this country, and at this time, Inez Balmaceda would probably be a very active suffragette or socialist party worker, but in that environment and in that period she was decidedly something more quiet and dangerous. By birth, she was a white Cuban. At that time, when Peters met her, she was about twenty-five. She had been educated in Salamanca, from whose celebrated university she issued forth, an ardent disciple of Dr. Ferrer. Then succeeded a turbulent career of five or six years' revolutionary activities in Spain, in Cuba, and finally in the Philippines, where she offered her services to the Junta.

It was only natural that I should have met her in Hong Kong, for she mixed a good deal with the English and American residents. I believe her mother was an American, for she spoke a New England English with such purity that it was only with the closest attention that you could detect the Spanish accent here and there. Physically, she was a remarkably handsome girl, though I fancy most men would have preferred a more softly rounded chin, a smaller mouth, fuller lips, and a figure not quite so tall. But I can easily imagine the appeal she would make to a man like Portsmouth Peters. Just what there was between them, I never knew. Quite a good deal, I fancy, for a man of Peters' temperament does not succumb to fatal nervous disorders at the age of thirty-four without some very deep cause.

"I was Sir Arthur Conningsby," said Peters, continuing his narrative; "and Miss Balmaceda was, of course, Lady Conningsby. British globe trotters, you know, taking passage on a freighter from Hong Kong to Singapore, via Manila and Mindanao, just for an experience. Then there was an elderly mestiza as lady's maid. I had a real French valet, Bill Simons, my chief mate, as skipper. And the crew—all Chinese, some of my old Akatou crowd that would have followed me to hell. There you have the cast."

"Well, things worked out pretty much as we had figured. The port officials swallowed our story of a cracked crank shaft, and they allowed us to dock alongside the jetty by the arsenal machine shop for repairs. We looked our parts, for those two young



officers certainly did put on their highest Castilian polish.

Meanwhile, we sized up the situation. There was the big square prison two hundred feet above, up the side of a steep bluff. And what we had figured on happened: The commandante sent an invitation to the English travelers to visit him at his quarters after the siesta.

"A little after one, the three of us started up the narrow path to the prison. Of course, the siesta had barely begun, but we, as foreigners, weren't supposed to know that, and anyway we were going to explain that we were sailing presently."

We came up into a broad open space before the big entrance, where a couple of old, smooth-bore guns were mounted. Inside the doorway was a sleepy sentry, who left his post to announce our arrival to the commandante. During the minute or two he was gone, I had time to notice the guard room just inside the entrance. My eye caught part of a rack, in which were stored a lot of Mauser rifles. The barracks, I knew, must be off the inner court yard, beyond a second open gateway, where the garrison was probably all sleeping. Of course, there wasn't supposed to be a soul on the island not wearing a Spanish uniform; but even so—I've always believed that story of the Spanish governor of

Guam, who thought the *Charleston* was saluting when she was bombarding the citadel, and came to apologize because he hadn't the powder to reply.

"Finally, out came the commandante, sleepy, but all smiles and politeness. His quarters were just off the passageway from the front entrance to the courtyard opposite the guard room. The rest of the quadrangle was all barracks and prison cells, I suppose."

"Well, our talk was mostly smiles and polite exclamations, for Bill's Spanish was mighty lame, and we weren't supposed to know any. And, then after we'd drunk chocolate, came what we had hoped for—an invitation to inspect the prison."

"So the commandante sends for the alcáide, a sneaky, spindly little chap, who brought his keys, and we began to make the rounds. Right behind the commandante's room was the corridor, then the first cell. We passed through that, talking, looking at the poor devils stretched out on their mats, through one big cell after another, each containing thirty or forty prisoners. And finally we reached the end of the row, and there was a barred door which the alcáide did not offer to open. But the commandante told us to look in—we might see the 'incommunicados.'"

"I saw there were three light-colored natives in there, and I suddenly got interested in a view from a window overlooking the sea. We could barely make out the coast line of Mindanao. We, that is, Bill, and I, kept that up to the full limit. Finally, from the corner of my eye, I caught Miss Balmaceda's face. She'd done the job. Of course, all the prisoners in the cell were in must have seen her hand in the blank check and the fountain pen to the doctor, and take both back from him, but that was a chance we had to take."

"We started back along through the cells. It was like walking along the brink of a precipice: I regretted that I had not come armed. When we got into the last cell to the corridor, I noticed that the alcáide wasn't with us. There was a minute's waiting, and he came sneaking in, and when I saw his face I smelt trouble. He took the commandante aside and whispered, rather louder than he would have known how well both Inez and I knew Spanish. I caught enough to size up the situation—a prisoner had spilt on us."

"In slangy English, I told Bill what was on and what to do. I watched my chance. I knew they didn't intend to do anything till they got back in the commandante's room and could summon a corporal's guard. Finally, the alcáide unlocked and opened the door to the corridor. With one sweep of my arm, I shoved Miss Balmaceda out. Bill gave the alcáide a kick in the stomach that doubled him up, and before the commandante had grasped the situation, both of us were out in the corridor, and had slammed the outer door to and shot the big bolt."

"Then we just flew. As we shot through the commandante's room, I grabbed a revolver that was hanging from a chair-back in its holster."

"As we dashed out into the passageway between the main entrance and the courtyard we could hear the shouts of the commandante back in the building, calling the guard, but before the sentry had sensed anything out of the ordinary, I had the commandante's gun under his nose. And, while I held him up, Bill slammed to the courtyard gate and barred it; then he and Inez got busy and slipped the breech blocks out of the Mauser rifles in the rack in the guard room, and stuffed them into our pockets. We had just finished that job when the first soldiers in the barracks to respond to the commandante's shouts were shaking the inside gate, trying to get out into the passageway."

"Three minutes later the three of us, with the frightened sentry in tow, were down on the decks of the *Zafro* and the crew were rushing back and forth cutting mooring lines with axes. And in about twelve minutes from the time we slammed the door on the commandante we were steaming out of the mouth of the harbor. By that time, I guess they had forced the gate to the courtyard, for we saw figures scurrying down the pathway to the jetty. But not one shot could they fire, with their breech blocks scattered all over our decks."

And here Peters would pause. It made a good ending. Up to this point he told me the story repeatedly, in fullest detail. But the sequel he only told me once.

"Yes," he said then, very quietly, "we met her about ten miles away from the mouth of the harbor. The *Sirango*, I believe it was—one of their swiftest gunboats. I think we would have got away, but her first shot smashed our steering gear. And the second shot went smack through our stern below the water line. Just rotten luck, you know. Then we stood by that one foot-inch Nordenfeldt we had mounted on the poop until we went down in a smother of foam. That night I must have been picked up from a floating spar by a native dhow, because I do remember being passed up from such a craft to the deck of a Jap tramp bound for Nagasaki."

"Funny how luck can go against you in the last minute, isn't it?"

She shaded her candle with her hand and went into the next room. A boy lay there in bed, a handsome child of ten, with something in his sleeping face that made her quiver and turn ghastly in the candle light.

"God, how like he is!" she muttered. "I didn't I didn't do it. If the worst comes to the worst I could swear that." She swallowed something in her throat. "I was treated like a dog," she gasped. "I was driven. But I can swear I never did it. Oh, I mustn't think of it. I'd break down. I've got to fight—for Adrian."

For that sleeping child's name was Adrian, too. But the very thought of what she was going to fight seemed to paralyze her, the dawning of it, the—She put down the candle, knelt with passion beside the child.

"I'll do it for you!" she said deliberately. And put away from her the thought that if she had been a driven, desperate woman a week ago, she was more so now by a hundredfold, and with a harder taskmaster behind her. When she got up her face was steady.

"It's lucky I got back when he came!" she thought, harking back to Adrian Gordon. "Otherwise there might have been questions to the landlady. But all she knew was that for two or three nights I dined out, and came home in a hansom at half-past twelve. Even that she might not know, because of my latch-key. I'd better go to bed. I must look decent tomorrow. I wish I hadn't had to let him write to Boulogne—but there—I'm safe through it." And it was odd she did not remember that five minutes before she had assured herself that she was guiltless, and safe in any case.

The neighbor she knew nothing of had certainly not been reading the papers, and if he had, might very well have overlooked the small print, unimportant paragraph about a man named Murray having been run over in the street, while the worse for drinking, and taken to Guy's Hospital. But from Guy's Hospital Mrs. Murray had not long returned when he paid his foolish visit to her. It was long after visiting hours, but Hester was a pretty woman still. The house surgeon had seen her, and told her that there was small chance for the man she asked for.

"He may linger one day, perhaps two," he said. "But in all probability he'll never be conscious, and he can't recover. Was he," marveling, "a relation?"

"Oh, no!" said the woman in the faultless widow's weeds, prettily. "Only a—a sort of protegee. He had come down in the world."

The surgeon thought that was a mild way of describing the sudden, dying wretch up stairs.

The woman who had lived with poor Bob Murray for years drove away with a lightened spirit. That which she had to do was robbed of half its peril since he was dying, was practically dead. If he had been alive and well, it would have had to be done just the same, if she cared to live in this world at all; but the doing of it might have been all but impossible. Now her safety lay almost in her hand. She slept that night.

Mr. Atkinson—it was the name of the ready-made clothing shop, and had seemed less like an alias than Smith or Brown—the new lodger at number fourteen, informed his landlady that he was a invalid. His drawn face confirmed him, and his occupation of sitting all day by the window and never going out was accounted for.

Morning and evening he read the papers. The rest of the day he never took his eyes off Mrs. Murray's house—and all he got for his pains was to see her go out and in quietly, sometimes alone, sometimes with that boy, whose face was so like another face. She never had a visitor, man or woman, and certainly if Miss Brown had been described as being given to drink, Mrs. Murray was not. Pale, dainty, mournful, she came and went; and if he had had a purpose in watching her he thought it a mad dream as the days flew by. A whole week and he saw nothing; a night when he slipped out to his own rooms, in Charles Street, and came back with a letter from Boulogne, that he dared not sign Atkinson. And the letter gave him no shred of hope that Hester had fled to him. It was in a man's hand, short and businesslike.

"Madam Murray, the friend after whom he asked, had certainly spent the summer at the Pension Bocaze, which she had left, indeed, not ten days ago. The writer was unable to supply her present address."

It was signed Jean-Paul Berthier. And on inquiry it was no pleasure to Adrian Gordon to find that Jean-Paul Berthier and the pension were well, and reputedly enough, known in Boulogne.

"Hester is out of it," he said to himself. Yet he lingered another week in his sordid lodgings, among smells of bad cooking. It was madness, perhaps time wasted, when there was but a fortnight now to Valehampton Assizes, where the woman he loved would be tried for her life. Yet haggard-eyed, worn to a shadow, Adrian Gordon still sat peering through his half-closed shutters; still searching the papers for he knew not what. Perhaps a tramp dying in a workhouse, a swell mobman arrested and turning queen's evidence. It began to enter his head that he might do that equally well at Levallois Castle; began to rend his soul from his body to stay away from Ravelin. But he knew, perhaps, it would be madness to go to see her, considering the part he must bear in the circumstantial evidence that lied and yet was true; for he stayed on.

And one wet, ghastly evening he flung down the *Star*, and then caught it up again. With blazing eyes he read a long article.

"A curious thing has come to light in connection with the late Lord Levallois, whose tragic and mysterious death lately horrified all Valshire. It seems that the heir, Captain Gordon, of the — Hussars, who has so far taken no steps toward assuming the title, will have difficulty in making good his claim to it."

"A claimant has arisen in London, a lady formerly well and honorably known as Mrs. Murray, of Eaton Place, who curiously enough declares that she is the only person having any right to the title of Countess of Levallois, and that her son, formerly known as Adrian Gordon Murray, is the only child of the dead peer."

"The story is a sad, and also an involved one. It seems that Mrs. Murray, to give her the name by which the best society in London knew her, was married at the age of seventeen to a man of bad reputation, named John Davidge. He treated her cruelly, and then deserted her in Nice, after two years of wretchedness. She had no children, and, being bitterly poor, became *dame du comptoir* in a cheap restaurant, where Mr. Murray, her supposed husband, saw and fell madly in love with her. She had some reason to think Davidge dead, and decided that in any case he had no claim on her. She married Murray, he being under the impression she was a single woman, which her age and looks made likely. For a year the two lived on the Continent, apparently in perfect unity, till—here comes the gist of the story—Mrs. Murray was obliged to go suddenly to England to see about a small legacy that had been left her."

"Between Paris and London she made the acquaintance of the late Lord Levallois, and from her own story seems to have fallen passionately in love with him, utterly forgetful of Mr. Murray, whom she had left at Pau, suffering from a bad attack of influenza. At all events, she never mentioned his existence to Lord Levallois, but gave him her true name of Davidge. The legacy which was left to her in that name bore her out, as none of her relatives had ever heard of her second marriage. And Davidge, Lord Levallois had seen stabbed in a scandalous quarrel in a house in Paris. *De Mortuis nil nisi bonum*, notwithstanding, it may be said that the late peer was catholic in his haunts and his acquaintances."

"At all events, in 1889, the marriage of Hester

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.)

The Girl He Loved

By Adelaide Stirling

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CHAPTER XXXIII. LEVALLOIS'S HEIR.

Adrian Gordon had ample reason for giving no address. He had wanted to sink like a stone in London, and he had done it.

Moving slowly away in the rain and darkness from that worse than useless visit to Hester Murray—which, now that his blood was cool, he saw had only served to warn her of his thoughts, and had not intimidated her in the least—a sudden thought came over him also. A mad one, perhaps, but irresistible. If Hester had not been able to profit by the live Levallois, it seemed out of question she should by the dead one. Yet, perfect actress as she was, he felt that the woman was triumphant, in spite of the marks of deadly grief on her face.

"I believe it was she, in spite of that pension at Boulogne!" he said to himself. "As for the man Tommy saw with her, if it were Hester he saw, I don't think he counts. Goodness knows

what her little amusements may have been at night, if she were cooped up all day, as that girl said Miss Brown was!"

He looked round the wet street. It was not two hundred yards from Paddington station. He could get a train at any hour for Levallois Castle if he needed to.

"I'll try it, anyhow!" he thought, and, not being as shrewd as Levallois, it never occurred to him that the very nearness of Paddington station, where it was so easy to come and go from Levallois, had brought Hester Murray to Starr Street.

In the dull, rainy gaslight the new Lord Levallois—who had winced when some one called him by his title—retraced his steps, crossed the street. There, in number, fourteen, diagonally opposite fifteen, was a transparent red-glass sign—"Lodgings." And lodging-letting was Starr Street's means of existence, as a stroll down it showed him.

He rang at number fourteen, and, when he came away, after a short colloquy with a frowsy woman, he went no farther than the great thoroughfare round the corner, where a ready-made clothing shop swallowed him up. Ten

minutes later a man with a new portmanteau, containing the toilet things he had not thought necessary to bring for a half-hour's visit to London, and a cheap suit of dittoes, returned to fourteen Starr Street. The neglected door opened, closed on him. The red sign of lodgings still hung in the ground-floor window, because there was still a spare room in the house, and Hester Murray saw it as she went to bed, saw it without thinking of it, as she had seen it every night since she came.

"Fool!" she thought. "But he always was." Yet her lips were white, even as she remembered she had had the best of her discomfited visitor. For five minutes that she would never forget till her dying day, she had thought he knew something, and was come to tell her so. But as she looked at him she knew he was talking by guesswork. And she was able to combat more than guesswork.

"Well, he's gone, thank goodness!" she said aloud—and if Hester Murray thanked goodness there was no one to see the awful insolence of it. "I don't suppose he's been reading the papers lately! And even if he had he might not have thought anything."

An Appointment with Marianna B

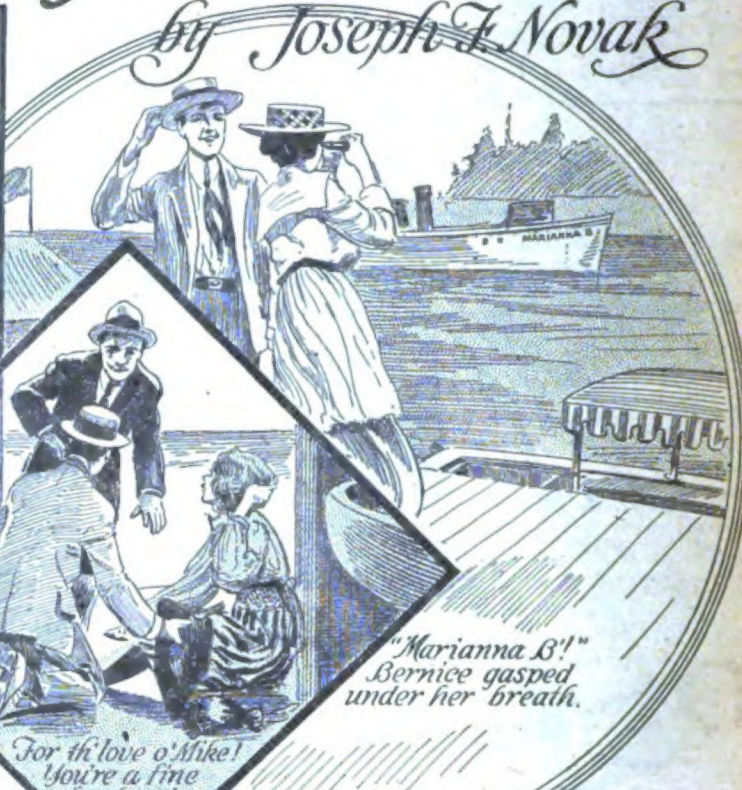
by Joseph F. Novak



See Marianna B at 3:00 o'clock.



Why Mlle. Booletta must be the creature whom Bob was going to see.



"Marianna B!" Bernice gasped under her breath.

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"M"Y dear," began Mr. Bob Charlton, as he prepared to leave the table. "I have an appointment with a gentleman at three o'clock this afternoon, so I shall be obliged to leave you for a couple of hours."

"Oh, Bobby, must you really? Can't you take me with you?"

Now, if Bob Charlton hadn't been married but a week, he might have given a gently sarcastic hint as to the lucidity of his statement, but this was his honeymoon-time, so he smiled indulgently as he replied:

"I'm sure I would if I could; but in this particular case it would spoil everything if you came. Now, you be a good girl, and while I am gone you can read or sleep and the time will pass quickly. Come, we'll take a little stroll before I go."

Bob and Bernice were spending their honeymoon at a Florida resort. Their honeymoon was conventional, but heavenly. It consisted of dips in the surf during the morning, motoring or yachting through the day, and at night long strolls down palm avenues to romantic piers which jutted out into the ocean and from which they could watch the southern moon shedding its glade on the mercurial waves below.

Acting upon Bob's suggestion, they left the dining-room and went out upon the big hotel piazza with its tall Corinthian columns, and down the steps and along the walk lined on either side with tall hibiscus, the glowing red blossoms burning brilliantly against their deep green leaves.

They followed this path to a little pergola in a palm grove and here for more than half an hour they rested.

"Well, little girl, I really must go," Bob said at last. "I believe I'll change my Palm-beach for a heavier suit; the wind is getting chilly."

Together they went to their rooms. Bernice picked up a book and Bob went into the bedroom to change his clothes. He presently emerged, watch in hand.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed, "it's later than I expected. Just pick up that suit and lay it over a chair until I return, will you, sweet?"

"All right," she answered, as she raised up her lips for his kiss.

Bob left, and as soon as the door banged, Bernice flew to the window, where she stood watching until she saw his figure go the full length of the board-walk which terminated at the beach. Then she went to the bedroom and picked up the suit he had just discarded.

"Just like a man," she said, in imitation of her mother, whose favorite expression it was. She held the suit tenderly; somehow, Bob's clothes seemed a part of him. Then with a little blush and a quick glance around, she caught the coat to her breast, and kissed the inanimate thing.

"How perfectly idiotic I am about him," she confided to herself. Then defiantly: "But I don't care. He's mine!"

The next moment she was attending to business. She carefully smoothed the wrinkles from the coat and hung it up on a hanger, creased the trousers according to their crease and hung them up likewise, and then put the soiled collar and crumpled handkerchief with the laundry.

Pleased, she stood admiring her work, when suddenly she noticed one of Bob's business cards lying on the floor, and before she knew it, she had picked it up and sensed what he had written on the reverse side:

"See Marianna B. at 3:00 o'clock."

Horried, she stood with dreadful, unbidden thoughts clamoring for consideration. Who was Marianna B., and why must he see the creature? Was she some old sweetheart of his, and was she going to annoy him? She had heard that often old-time sweethearts blackmailed the objects of their love after they had married. Was this woman going to do the same thing?

Bernice had never asked Bob whether she was the only girl he had ever loved, but he assured her that though he had admired many girls, she alone was his heart's first choice. But if it wasn't anything dreadful, why hadn't he taken her along? And then his words of an hour before came to her with horrific clarity: "It would spoil everything if you came!"

At the thought, Bernice did the only thing possible—she cried; and with crying came decision.

"I'll follow him, and if Marianna B. is going to bother him, I'll claw her," she decided fiercely, as she wiped her eyes. "I don't care what she was to Bob before; he's mine now. I don't care who she is, even if she's a big—husky—Amazon!"

And Bernice started to cry all over again, for you see she would have liked to succeed, but not being practiced, she really didn't know how, and the awful appellation she had bestowed upon the unknown "Marianna B." seemed the closest she ever came to it!

Bernice having decided on her course, picked up her light coat and marched out of the hotel determined to confront the woman who threatened her happiness.

This place boasted a stock company of near-musical comedy singers and dancers, a melange of players who changed their program nightly. All the smart-set of the hotel attended—the show was so rotten it was good.

As Bernice neared the theater, her eye caught an immense poster, flaming across the side of the building. It bore the picture of a floridly handsome woman, and likewise the legend:

SEE HER TONIGHT!
MLLE. MARIANNA BOOLETTA!!!
THE AERIAL QUEEN WHO DISROBES IN THE AIR!!!

This seemingly risqué attraction was in reality a very innocent diversion, however, for the gorgeous Booletta was nothing more nor less than a slack-wire performer, who during her act, changed her costume several times while balancing her person on the wire. There was never a moment when her performance could not be witnessed with propriety by both ladies and gentlemen, but her press agent knew the advertising game.

Of this, however, Bernice was not aware, and a sudden horror came over her at the sight of the name.

Why, Mlle. Booletta must be the creature whom Bob was going to see. "Marianna B.!" Of course! Who else could it be?

As Bernice stood in arrested attention before the theater from the stage door a gorgeous creature emerged. She was dressed in a chiffon gown of brilliant scarlet, which was held to her figure by a sort of overskirt of spangly lace, set with medallions of sparkling bead-work. (Or something like that.) It was cut rather too low for afternoon wear, but this, however, set off the extravagant la valliere she wore about her throat. (We can't describe her hat. Perhaps to say it was a caution might give some impression of it!)

Bernice's heart sank as she recognized the woman. No, try as she could, she'd never be able to get up enough courage to claw that piece. But she could follow her, and this she did, for what right had Booletta to make appointments with her husband, and what did he mean by presuming to keep them?

The gorgeous Booletta started down the board-walk, her heels, set with brilliants, scintillating in the sunlight. Whether she was aware of the splurge she was making, no one can tell, for she proceeded along, seemingly unconscious of everything. The end of the board-walk reached, she pranced off on to the sands. Often she stopped, looked ahead intently, then continued on her way.

Bernice followed. Booletta turned every now and then, but whenever she did so, Bernice assumed an attitude of indifference and fell farther in the rear. She was afraid to meet the woman. Booletta was a vampire indeed.

Thus they proceeded, until they sighted a pier built out into the ocean, with a little boathouse located upon it. And now the beach grew into rocky grandeur and walking became difficult.

Booletta with a scorn for everything, apparently, vaulted over rock and boulder and beach-drift, and Bernice followed.

Suddenly the latter descried the form of her husband emerge from the little boathouse on the pier. And the next moment, he evidently spied the gorgeous Booletta picking her way over the rocks, for his interest suddenly seemed to center upon her. In horror, Bernice crouched behind an immense rock—her heart almost stopped beating.

What would Bob say if he discovered her? How could he ever trust her again?

A wild desire to turn and run back to the hotel as fast as she could came upon her. Bob could probably manage the dreadful woman without any assistance from her. He didn't seem at all afraid, and in fact seemed quite unconcerned about the living Bird of Paradise, displaying only such an interest as any man would in a woman gowned as Booletta was.

Just as Bernice was, forgiving her husband mentally, a sharp scream echoed among the rocks. She cautiously peered from her refuge and observed that the glorious Booletta had fallen. The woman attempted to rise, but screamed and remained prone.

Bob rushed from the pier, and reaching the fallen Booletta, picked her up and carried her into the boathouse.

It was all very dreadful to Bernice. Bob's big shoulders were hers only to embrace, his breast hers only to nestle against, his heart hers alone to rest her cheek against. And here was this Booletta creature stealing all these privileges. There must be something between them, after all!

As they entered the boathouse, Bernice came from her place of concealment, and hurried to the pier, and hid behind a heavy trestle. Right above her was the boathouse, and she could hear Booletta groaning and Bob trying to soothe her. In another moment, she heard the scrape of feet on the sand on the pier, and then she heard Bob halloo.

She looked in the direction his voice was hurled, and beheld a strapping fellow, who noting the signal was for him, came up on a run. He climbed up the trestle work of the pier and went into the boathouse.

And then Bernice heard:

"For th' love o' Mike! You're a fine husband, you are! I told you to meet me here, and you're late as usual."

"Oh, pshaw, Marie," a man's voice returned.

"I couldn't get away sooner. We're putting on a new show tonight, and the manager kept us. I've been trying to fix it up so that you can get your act over at the theater instead of where you're at. And for it, you sit down on me."

"Well, it's all right, on'y I sprained my ankle or wrenched it, and what'd I done if this gentleman hadn't carried me here. And I ain't no sylph neither. (She pronounced the word "sylph.")

"Well, it was mighty nice of him to do it and I appreciate it, sure," returned the man. "Much obliged, feller, and maybe I can do you a good turn some day, what?"

"That's all right," Bob returned, and he went out of the boathouse.

All this Bernice heard and surmised, hidden under the pier. And now she was in a predicament. If she could only get back to the hotel without being seen. But she couldn't. She'd simply have to sit in that ridiculous place and wait until Bob went back to the hotel. And when he didn't find her there, what would he think? She was in despair.

The pier trestled above her. The floor boards of it were not laid closely together, so when Bob, in his impatient walking, kicked a little pebble from his path, it flew through a crevice and struck Bernice a sharp little whack on the nape of her neck.

Startled, she let out a scream, and sprang from her hiding place, revealing herself to Bob. She saw him, saw that he saw her, and stricken with shame, she started to run. She heard Bob's voice calling her, but she paid no heed. She just ran. But Bob ran too, and soon he caught her.

"Bernice," he said, and there was a funny little look in his eyes, "what are you doing here?"

Of course, Bernice had to tell, and it sounded very silly, especially with Bob keeping that funny little look in his eyes. How could she ever have doubted him?

And she cried.

Bob laughed.

"Dear me," he said, "I feel very flattered to think you thought I was one of those irresistible devils with a past. But come, I'll introduce you to that old girl, 'Marianna B.' Would you like to meet her?"

"No," Bernice said.

"But you must," and taking her about the waist, Bob went back to the boathouse on the pier. Booletta and her recalcitrant husband had gone.

Just then a little launch chugged up to the pier, a rope ladder was caught up and a handsome man climbed up it.

"Ah, Mr. Charlton!" he exclaimed. "How do. Shall you inspect the 'Marianna B.' now?"

"Marianna B.!" Bernice gasped under her breath.

"Look at the name on that steam yacht out there, Bernice," and Bob handed her a pair of field glasses.

Bernice looked. On the prow of the boat, in silver-plated letters, was the name, "Marianna B."

This is the gentleman with whom I am negotiating for the purchase of the Marianna B., Bernice. I knew you would like her because she is a duplicate of the Hetherford's yacht which you liked so well. I came to inspect her today, and buy her if everything was satisfactory."

The old gentleman looked at her indulgently. "Mrs. Charlton?" he said, a question in his voice, yet inferring at the same time that he could not be mistaken. "Delighted to meet you. The yacht is a present to you from your husband, I expect. He instructed me to make out the bill of sale in your name!"

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

Davidge and Lord Levallion took place at the registrar's office in Islington, but the bride, with excellent reasons, refused to have it made public, and went abroad with him under the name of Mrs. Gordon, by which surname he also called himself. Needless to say, the bride was anxious to avoid France and Mr. Murray, although assured he could have no claim on her. And she also never allowed Lord Levallion to introduce or mention her to any friends whom he encountered, giving as an excuse that she was in delicate health and fanciful.

In 1890 her son was born, at Vevay, where he was christened and registered as Adrian Gordon, Lord Valehampton, Levallion's second title, and described as the only son of Adrian Gordon, Lord Levallion, and his wife. And at Vevay the bubble burst. Murray, by some trick of fate, came face to face with the pair; claimed and denounced his wife, and to her surprise, had discovered that she had been not only his wife, but Davidge's.

"Lord Levallion was furiously angry. There is no doubt that he would have thrown her back on Murray's hands if it had been possible. But at first it was not Davidge had been undoubtedly alive at the time of Mrs. Gordon's supposed marriage with Murray, and as undoubtedly dead when she secretly became Lady Levallion. But Mur-

ray, and witnesses far more reputable, swore that Davidge had not died, but recovered; was alive in New York at that present moment.

"Lord Levallion seems to have been utterly mortified at his position, for his shrewdness, pride, and acumen were well known. But, in spite of his just anger, it seems that he was still infatuated with his supposed wife, who was heart-broken at the wreck of her life and the illegitimacy of her boy. Those, at least, are the only grounds on which his subsequent and utterly unjustifiable conduct can be explained. He calmly relinquished his pseudo bride to Murray, whose right, if no better, was at least a prior one, and returned to England. Mrs. Murray, to give her the name by which she has since been known, persuaded Murray to forgive her and take her back again. She also swore that her son was his child, which was possible, and informed Murray that Levallion had forced her to behave as she had. Also that her legacy, instead of hundreds of pounds, had been thousands, as she was residuary legatee of an aunt's fortune.

"Murray, who seems to have been a weak and kindly man, and already a slave to the alcohol he had taken to in his abject misery at her desertion, took her back, with apparently no thought for the absent Davidge. They went to London, took a house in Eaton Place, and gradually entered society. Mrs. Murray's legacy was apparently an ample one, for she lived in luxury. Murray never suspecting that Lord Levallion's bank account supplied the funds, or that Lord Levallion himself was a constant and utterly clandestine visitor.

"No hint of his connection with Mrs. Murray ever leaked out; he was never seen with her, or entering her house, the fact being that he never came in daylight, and that Murray at night was usually dead drunk. The servants knew nothing of his visits, as he used a small garden door leading directly to Mrs. Murray's boudoir. And so things went for years till he had reason to be angry with Mrs. Murray on several counts—one her extravagance and imprudence, another her friendship with a man who openly boasted of her favors, and last the open hostility of Murray, who, one day on meeting Lord Levallion in the street, abused him with drunken eloquence.

"The late peer satisfied himself that Mrs. Murray was being no truer in the present than she had been in the past, and quietly threw her over. Her new lover had no money, and, being in great straits, she went to Captain Gordon—the present heir to the earldom—whom she knew slightly, and gave him an evidently erroneous idea of her position in regard to his cousin, with such success that he believed her and lent her money. Whether he found out about her from Levallion, it is impossible to say, certainly he refused her any further assistance afterward, but it is equally certain that for some months he believed her to be the rightful Countess of Levallion and her son the future earl.

"By this time Mrs. Murray was determined to keep her footing in society. She dismissed her new lover, and appealed to Levallion, who was adamant. He held that she had no claim on him, but gave her a lump sum of money yielding a yearly income sufficient to keep up her house in Eaton Place.

"Three months after their final rupture came news like a thunderbolt. Lord Levallion had become engaged to be married to the only daughter of the late Sir Thomas Annesley, the same unfortunate lady who, justly or unjustly, now awaits her trial for his murder. Mrs. Murray was powerless, never having been his wife, as she thought. But no later than a fortnight ago fate's kaleidoscope shifted. It turned out, by a curious turn of events, that the late Lord Levallion was right about the death of Davidge. It was he and no other who was killed in a scandalous brawl in Paris, but his death was hidden by a namesake, a cousin, Maurice Davidge, who quietly changed identities with the dead man, who was in receipt of an allowance from their family; buried himself, so to speak, and as John Davidge went to America, when quite casually the thing leaked out. Mrs. Murray, be she good or bad, is probably Lady Levallion, for Murray's wife she never was. He had left her for months, having somehow discovered about Levallion, when the quondam John Davidge spoke out.

"Our readers will find the opening proceedings of the case against the present heirs of Lord Levallion, on our first page."

The reader dropped the paper. This was what had been up Hester Murray's sleeve!

"She can have the whole show for all I care!" he said, after a moment of wonder that any woman could be so shamelessly outspoken, even for money.

"She must know no one will accept her after all that story," he thought, though—except that Davidge was dead—he had known most of it.

His face grew very hopeless. This case of Hester's disposed of all wish on her part for Levallion's death. She would far rather have forced herself on him, and shamed him; it seemed to Gordon that his death had taken away the point of the woman's revenge.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

ONE of the most interesting letters which I received this month was from a woman in New York state who wrote that her most enjoyable vacation was the week after her city friends left her home in the country, where they had been spending their vacation. She said that while August might be the vacation month for the city people who visited her, it certainly wasn't for her, that it was one of the busiest seasons on the farm anyway, that guests made so much more work and ended by asking if I thought her selfish or inhospitable.

Indeed, I do not, but I do think she takes her guests too seriously. She shouldn't allow them to upset the routine of the home, and the guest has a much better time if she can feel that she is causing no extra work or worry. With plenty of the good things we get on a farm, such as milk, eggs and vegetables, the food question should be easily taken care of and if plenty of plain, well-cooked food is served instead of something more elaborate, and the time taken to enjoy each other's company, she will find that company isn't so tiresome after all.—Ed.

NORFOLK, VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have taken COMFORT off and on for twelve years and have derived lots of help from it, and now I would like to know how to make a rose jar.

Miss Zella Prichard, you surely spoke my thoughts on the subject of charity. So many people have the chance to do good right at home but do not see it, or do not want to.

Troubled Wife, let me tell you something from my own experience. I, too, have a husband who does not believe in showing his love and calls it foolishness, but down in his heart he loves me and there is not a thing he will not get for me, if possible, but he does not want me to kiss him or fuss over him and that at first was very hard for me as I am of a loving nature but let me tell you what I do. I got him to buy a nice little bungalow with plenty of land and I bought ten chickens and some seeds and went to work. Am raising chickens (also rabbits) besides putting in a lot one hundred by thirty-seven and one half feet into a garden. Between my outdoor work and my housework I haven't much time left to think of my troubles or would-be troubles, and when he comes home at night I have everything the way he likes it and all goes well. You can get yourself accustomed to his ways and be happy if you will just try and have a little patience. So take heart, all will come out right in the end.

Mrs. Della B. Boone, you are a mother after my own heart.

Perplexed, don't be selfish. You have made your bed, now lie in it, and if it makes trouble to take more than the two weeks, don't do it, for we have enough trouble in this world without bringing it on ourselves. You should be glad he is willing to take you back home for even those two weeks and you should improve every minute while there. I have not been able to go to my home for six years and see no chance ahead. If you were not willing to leave your home and go among strangers you should not have married, for, from your letter, you knew you would have to go away.

With love to the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson.

MRS. JOHN ANAST.

Mrs. Anast.—June with its roses will be gone by the time this reaches you, but since we have every reason to believe there will be other Junes and other roses, just as sweet, I'll tell you how I make my rose jars.

Gather the roses every morning as soon as the dew has dried. Strip the petals from the calyx, throwing away decayed petals. When half a peck, or more, has been collected take a large porcelain bowl and in it place alternate layers of rose leaves and table salt, with salt for the last layer and cover with a plate the size of the bowl. Let them remain like this for ten or twelve hours, then turn, stir and mix them every day for a week. When it begins to turn moist, add three ounces of allspice. Turn it three days more, adding each day a little more allspice and ground cinnamon. By this time it is ready to put into the jar, and have one that will close up tightly. Then add the following ingredients, coarsely powdered: Cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon, allspice, mace, anise seed and root, one ounce each, and a little black pepper. Then add a few drops of oil of lavender and rosemary and any other desired oil. The contents of the jar must be frequently stirred and shaken and the various perfumes and oils can be added as they are obtained. Keep the jar tightly closed for a month after making. When it becomes dry it can be slightly moistened with fresh oil of flowers. Other sweet smelling flowers may be added, after being prepared in the same way if one wishes.—Ed.

BERGENSVILLE, IND.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

After reading the letter from Perplexed and sitting here trying to imagine myself in her place, I felt that I would like to write to this corner. I wonder how many sisters are doing just the same as Perplexed is doing. Do you know that try as I will I cannot feel sorry for such women. Now I know you are wondering how I can talk so.

Let me tell you the only way to live with any man—no matter how good he is—is to let him know you have a head of your own and that you are entitled to your way of thinking and doing, at least half of the time. If I were in Perplexed's place I would gently and firmly tell my husband that I had my mind all made up for a nice long visit this summer and would go ahead and have my visit half over so that when he came I could visit his folks with him and then we could return home together, which, to my way of thinking, is the very best part of a visit as there is no place like home and no matter how much we want to go away it is always good to get home. I am sure that if you do not let that husband of yours know that you have rights as well as he that you will not be a very happy wife.

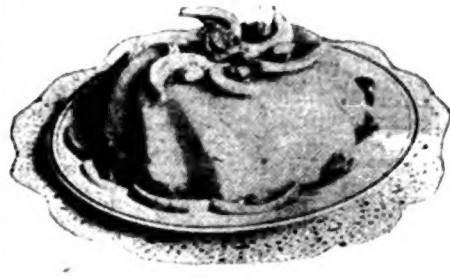
I expect that someone is saying I must be an old maid, but I have been married almost fourteen years to one of the very best of husbands. Neither of us boss but each try to do as we please when we can and if not we always try to please each other in our plans.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE secret of salad making is to have everything ready, even the dishes, cold before beginning. If the lettuce is not perfectly fresh, it is better to let it stand in ice water half an hour before serving, but be sure the leaves are thoroughly dry, and this can be accomplished by putting them into a clean cloth and shaking lightly until the water is absorbed. The greens will wilt if allowed to stand in salad dressing, so do not add it until ready to serve.

Left-overs, in small quantities, can be combined to make a dainty appetizing dish which is easy to prepare and more healthful during the hot weather than heavy food.

SPANISH CREAM.—Soak one quarter of a box of gelatine in one quarter of a cup of cold water half an hour; dissolve in three quarters of a cup of boiling water. Bring two cups of rich milk to the boiling point, and pour over the yolk of three eggs that have been beaten to a light creamy yellow with three table-



SPANISH CREAM.

spoons of sugar. Add a pinch of salt and return to double boiler and cook till it slightly thickens, about five minutes, stirring continually. Pour into bowl, add gelatine water and beat thoroughly with an egg beater; then add the beaten whites of the eggs and flavoring and beat again with egg beater. Pour into the mould to harden. Turn onto serving plate and decorate with bananas cut into quarters.

SALAD DRESSING.—Mix together one teaspoon mustard, one half tablespoon salt, three teaspoons sugar, a little cayenne and one half tablespoon flour, add the yolks of two eggs, slightly beaten, one and one half tablespoons melted butter, three quarters cup milk and one quarter cup of vinegar, adding the last a little at a time. Cook over boiling water until thick; strain and cool.

MOCK CHICKEN SALAD.—Steam a small piece of veal until tender and chop with an equal quantity of celery, moisten with oil, and just before serving pour a rich salad dressing over it and the lettuce leaves it is served on. This costs much less than chicken and is almost as good.

PINEAPPLE AND CHEESE SALAD.—In the center of salad dish, arrange a mound of cream cheese cut in small cubes and sprinkled with chopped walnut meats. Around this arrange rings of canned pineapple, and outside a border of tender lettuce leaves. Sprinkle cheese with paprika, and pour over a French dressing made by mixing a quarter of a cup of oil, one spoon of salt and half as much pepper. Slowly add three tablespoons of olive oil, and lastly three tablespoons of vinegar. Serve with toasted crackers.

SARDINE SALAD.—Cut a dozen sardines into small pieces and put in salad dish. Cover with a layer of peeled and sliced tomatoes, then a layer of cucumbers, sliced very thin, and another layer of tomatoes. Garnish with lettuce leaves and serve with salad dressing.—EVANGELINE M., Camden, Maine.

PRUNE SALAD.—Wash and steam one half pound large prunes. Remove stones and fill cavity with the following mixture: One and one half cups of cottage cheese, one half cup chopped nuts and one quarter cup chopped olives. Chill and serve on lettuce leaves with salad dressing.

BASKET SALAD.—Remove inside part of green peppers and cut in form of baskets. Fill with chopped string beans, chopped beets and chopped olives. Serve on lettuce leaves, using an ordinary salad dressing.

PINEAPPLE AND CELERY SALAD.—Mix two cups of shredded pineapple with one cup of finely cut celery, half a dozen olives, cut into small pieces, and one half cup of chopped nuts. Moisten with salad dressing and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

CHEESE AND NUT SALAD.—To one and one half cups cottage cheese, add three quarters cup of chopped nuts, one teaspoon of chopped parsley and one teaspoon of chopped celery, and a little salt. Moisten with two or three tablespoons of heavy cream, shape into small balls, chill and serve in lettuce nests, with salad dressing.

BEET AND CARROT SALAD.—Boil beets and carrots until tender; peel and set away until cold. Chop equal parts quite fine and thoroughly mix with French dressing and let stand three quarters of an hour. To four good-sized beets and an equal amount of carrot,



BEET AND CARROT SALAD.

use four hard-boiled eggs. Remove the whites and cut into rings and put in layers through salad. Rice the yolks over the top of salad.

STUFFED TOMATO SALAD.—Peel six large, smooth tomatoes, cut off stems and scoop out centers, saving the solid portions. Mix with this one half cup chopped celery, a little chopped onion, one tablespoon of chopped nuts, and salt to taste. Fill the tomato shells with this and serve with mayonnaise, on lettuce leaves.

FRENCH DRESSING.—Blend well together two teaspoons of salt, one eighth teaspoon each white pepper and paprika, a dash of cayenne and four tablespoons of vinegar and four of olive oil. Add one teaspoon of scraped onion if desired.

BAKED BEAN SALAD.—This is a good way to use left-over beans. Chop fine or run through food chopper, add a small quantity of chopped beets, a little chopped celery, and half a teaspoon of onion juice. Place on lettuce leaves and serve with salad dressing.

JELLIED SALMON SALAD.—Take two cups of canned salmon, drain and remove the skin and bones. Mince fine and add a tablespoon of lemon juice, a little red pepper, one teaspoon of minced parsley and salt to taste. Mix together with salad dressing and a tablespoon of powdered gelatine dissolved in one quarter of a cup of water. Fill small molds with this and set them on ice to cool. Turn out on crisp lettuce leaves,

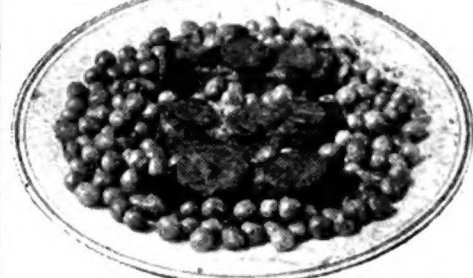
garnish with sliced olives and serve with mayonnaise.—MRS. A. D., Augusta, Maine.

SPINACH AND CHEESE.—Cook well-washed spinach until tender in boiling, salted water, drain, chop fine and season with pepper, salt and lemon juice and press into a buttered mold. When cool, turn from mold onto plate and serve with slices of cream cheese and salad dressing.

RHUBARB-ORANGE JAM.—Peel and cut up rhubarb to make seven pounds. Grate the clean yellow rind from four oranges, cut in halves crosswise and take out the pulp; add to the rhubarb with the grated rind and five pounds of sugar and boil all together for one and one half hours.—KATHERINE D. HOZA, Ilse, Colo.

POTATO SOUP.—Four large potatoes, one onion; boil in two quarts of water until soft. Press through a sieve and add one pint of sweet milk, one tablespoon of butter and a little salt and pepper. Let boil up again and serve.—GRACE C., Augusta, Me.

VEAL FINGERS.—Cut pieces of bread one inch thick and three inches square. Toast brown in the oven. In



VEAL FINGERS.

a stew pan have ready hot slices of left-over veal and gravy. Cover toast with veal and pour enough gravy over to moisten the toast. Cover the veal with rings of boiled carrot and surround with canned peas that have been drained, then heated in a double boiler, and butter, pepper and salt added.

WAR COOKIES.—One cup each sugar, shortening and molasses and buttermilk. Put one teaspoon baking powder, one level teaspoon soda and one of salt in one cup of graham flour, oat flour, rice flour and three of white flour. Sift well, mix in order given. Roll thin. These are healthy and good.—MRS. MAGDALEN CLARK, The Dalles, Ore.

CABBAGE SOUP.—One half head of cabbage, chopped fine and boiled one half hour in a little water. Drain and add one pint of boiling milk, one half cup of cream, butter size of an egg and pepper and salt to taste.

MOCK RABBIT WITH OATMEAL.—Cook two cups of oatmeal, as usual, and just before serving add one cup of soft, mild, grated cheese, one tablespoon of butter and one teaspoon of salt. Stir until cheese is thoroughly blended.—MRS. JAMES SPURWAY, Billings, Mont.

COTTAGE CHEESE.—Place sour milk on back of stove and let warm slowly. Cook until a spoonful can be taken up and drained and the curd left will be firm.

Take from stove and turn into cloth strainer and hang up to drain. When drained, add a piece of butter and some cream or milk and a little salt. Beat while warm. Press into molds or form into balls.

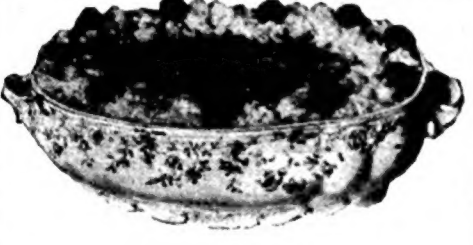
BEET SALAD.—One quart chopped, cooked beets, two quarts cabbage, not cooked, one half cup horseradish and vinegar to moisten. —MRS. C. H. ROGERS, Waupaca, Wis.

TAMALE PIE.—Two cups corn meal, six cups water, one tablespoon fat, one onion, two cups tomatoes, and one pound hamburger steak. Make a mush by stirring the corn meal and one and one half teaspoons salt into the boiling water. Cook forty-five minutes. Brown onion in fat, add hamburger steak and tomatoes and stir until red color disappears. Add salt and pepper. A sweet pepper adds to the flavor. Grease baking dish, put in layer of corn-meal mush and seasoned meat and cover with mush. Bake one half hour. This serves six people.—MRS. HAZEL BLACK, Randsburg, Cal.

DRIED PEACH TURNOVERS.—Soak dried peaches over night. Remove skins after soaking. Put in stew pan, cover with water and cook about one hour, sweeten to taste and cook about half an hour longer. Season with any desired spices. Make a dough as for pie, roll out, cut into small pieces, cover one half with the peaches, turn the other half over and pinch the edges together. Bake.

PRUNE TARTS.—To one cupful of prune pulp previously boiled and rubbed through a sieve, add one cup of sugar, one half cup of milk and the yolks of two well beaten eggs. Line a pie tin with rich paste, fill it with the mixture and bake until the crust is done. Beat the whites of two eggs, adding one quarter of a cup of white sugar, spread over the top of the tart or pie and brown slightly.

SPANISH TOMATO.—Fill a buttered pudding dish about two thirds full of layers of canned tomato and bread cut in cubes. Put a dash of cayenne pepper, a



SPANISH TOMATO.

little onion juice, salt and butter on each layer. Bake half an hour in fairly hot oven. Flake one cup of cooked fish, add a little pepper and salt, one cup of mashed potato, two tablespoons of butter, one egg beaten light and one third of a cup of rich cream. Put the mixture over moderate heat, and keep tossing until it is creamy and blended, then spread over the scalloped tomato. Put rice mashed potato around the edge and dot with pinolins.

POTATOES AU GRATIN.—Cover bottom of baking dish with slices of left-over potato, cover with grated cheese and bread crumbs, corn meal bread crumbs may be used. Season with salt and pepper and dot with pieces of butter; repeat until dish is full, with top layer of crumbs. Fill dish to top of potatoes with milk, and bake until brown.

BLACKBERRY JELLY.—Pick the blackberries over carefully and wash them in preserving kettle and heat slowly until the juice is all drawn out. Squeeze through a double thickness of cheese-cloth and boil the juice fifteen minutes, then add as much hot sugar as you have juice and boil until it thickens when poured on cool plate.

FRIED CELERY.—Wash, scrape and cut celery into two- or three-inch pieces, dip in batter and fry in hot fat and serve with tomato sauce. To make batter, mix one half cup flour, one quarter teaspoon salt, one egg and one half cup of milk.

The Rendezvous of Good

The earth is being torn by Armageddon, the great conflict between the positive forces of good and the negative forces of evil.

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We have one child, a boy of twelve years, and although we are not very well off in this world's goods, we are a happy family.

With best wishes for COMFORT,

MRS. STELLA BROWN.

HUNTINGTON STATION, LONG ISLAND.

Box 114, NEW YORK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND FRIENDS:

Several years ago I wrote to COMFORT, and was rewarded by many delightful letters. I still exchange letters with a score of my COMFORT acquaintances and have made a number of dear pen friends. Many who wrote did not reply to my letters more than once or twice, so being very busy they dropped from my list.

However, I am grateful for the many friends I have made and find great help and interest in their letters. What a wonderful band of readers COMFORT has and how good they are. Always ready to help or to give kind advice when needed. There are so many good and interesting things in COMFORT, it is often hard to tell what to read first. But to me, the Sisters' Corner and Uncle Charlie's Department are the dearest. The letters are so full of real human interest and everyday problems. What a help to young housekeepers this dear old COMFORT is. And how many who read it, never write to express their gladness over its coming to their home? Now, I hope all the sisters who are afraid they can't write a letter, will take courage and send in a few words of appreciation with any real helpful things they have found out, that it may help the many readers who have given their "mite" in the way of experience. Surely, there are countless things, small in themselves, that will nevertheless, be of some help to someone.

When I was but seventeen years of age, I was a practical housekeeper, so don't be surprised if I sound "housewifery" at times. But since then I have taken up office work, and am now stenographer for two women who are writers, one for magazines, the other for newspapers. One of them is also a lecturer of note, and the work is very interesting, that is typing speeches and lectures, etc. And it takes a lot of typing to keep newspapers supplied with "copy" too. Probably some of the sisters have read a number of articles by Mrs. Christine Frederick in the "Ladies' Home Journal," which is one of the most popular of home magazines. Not only does Mrs. Frederick write for magazines, but she has also written an excellent book for homemakers containing much valuable help on convenience in the kitchen, the most efficient methods of doing work, and numerous other things. She also tests all kinds of household devices to determine their worth. There are so many new things continually on the market, but not all of them are practical, and labor saving. Such devices which measure up to the standard are featured in some good magazine, and readers can then obtain the name of the manufacturer, price of article, etc., by writing to the Information Dept. of that magazine. I wonder how many of the sisters use the labor savers within their reach? There are so many devices that help to conserve the housewife's energy, that she should take advantage of all she can in this line. I know of one thing that many women use which is about the greatest labor saver to be had, and that is a kitchen cabinet. How easy it is to have everything at hand, except perhaps the articles in the refrigerator. No running for the flour, and sugar in the pantry, or the baking powder perhaps in some other place. Also the open shelves for dishes and meat as possible to the sink, so one doesn't have to cross and recross the kitchen a dozen times to put away things after they are washed. The tools that are used frequently should be as near as possible to the working table. Here also, the proper height of working surfaces is most important, as this will save the back from getting so tired with needless bending in the performance of daily tasks. In cleaning too, a long-handled dustpan is much easier to use than the old kind, thus saving bending over. Indeed, I could mention many other helps, small in themselves, but greatly increasing the comfort of the housekeeper. Especially now with warm weather, put aside all things not actually necessary for comfort and convenience. How many things would you actually miss either for comfort or convenience, were they removed? Unless they fill a specific need, store them away. Don't waste time and energy dusting and caring for such things. If they are a joy to the eye by virtue of their own beauty, then keep them by all means. Otherwise, the fewer "frills" in a house, the better for all concerned. Similarly, with pictures. A large open wall space looks ever so much more restful, than a "dizzy" array of photos, framed pictures, calendars, etc. In the hot sultry days, try to conserve energy instead of wasting it on the things one can do well without, and much of the household tasks will be banished. What does it profit you if your house is spotless and shining, if you yourself are so tired that your limbs ache with weariness and you are too tired to enjoy even a new book or join your husband and children in a pleasant evening? And how good it is to go out occasionally to some new diversion, outside of the petty details of housekeeping which assume such a mountainous aspect when one is nervous or irritable. But, after such an evening of new interest affording a good laugh, one feels like tackling almost anything with a feeling of renewed vigor and content, that one has a cheery home to work in. An occasional good concert or good play is better than any medicine you can take for "nerves," or "the blues." Just try it!

If I can help the sisters in any way, I shall be glad to do so. Anyone desiring to know of good household tools, or anything else I have mentioned, I shall be glad to answer if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, as this saves much time, owing to the fact

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Sibyl's Influence

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



She found beside her plate an enchanting little basket filled with the freshest, dewiest, sweetest roses.

With a graceful salutation he deposited his gun and bag upon the ground.

"Arthur d'Aubigne, we meet at last!" "Great Heaven! Judith!"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Prescott, wife of Sir Athelstone Prescott, and her son Raymond, while traveling by coach, lose their way, and night overtaking them, they stop at a miserable inn, in a little fishing village on Flamborough Head. They are attracted to a little girl, Sibyl, who waits on them. Her winning ways, her admittance of the cruel blows given by Mistress Sloan, and that her own mother would not do it, convince them that the innkeeper is not her father, and they determine to take the child away. Seeking Mistress Sloan, they learn that a woman who had been in a railroad smash up and injured leaves the child, who for weeks cries for Nansie, Mistress Sloan, for the consideration of thirty pounds, consents to let the child go, muttering she will keep her secrets. That night Sibyl is awakened and overhears her mother's conversation with the innkeeper, and through a chink in the wall she detects the place where an invaluable trinket, belonging to her, is concealed. The next morning she secures it. To Lady Prescott she traces three letters "S. H. S.," which she dimly remembers and which convinces Lady Prescott that the gem is Sibyl's, and by it she may be restored to her own people. Five years later, her nineteenth birthday, Lady Prescott introduces her to society. She clasps a beautiful chain, to which is suspended the trinket, around her neck, and with Raymond they seek the drawing-room, where with Lady Prescott Sibyl assists in receiving the guests. Raymond, watching and anxious, admits to his mother how beautiful Sibyl is, and that no one attracts him as she does, and that his mother has the first right to his confidence. She will like nothing better than to keep her children with her. Sibyl is introduced to Miss Ada Therwin, the adopted daughter of Count Egbert Shirley and the guest of General Mapleswood. Seized with a sudden faintness, Miss Therwin is carried to a quiet room. Sibyl remains with her. Regaining consciousness, Miss Therwin refers to the ornament Sibyl wears, and to her surprise discovers the letters S. H. S. interwoven in the jewels. To the query if it is an heirloom, Sibyl says she supposes it belonged to her mother. Asking permission from Lady Prescott for Sibyl's friendship, Miss Therwin promises to call. Sibyl has a strange distrust for her. Scheming to estrange her from the Prescotts, she calls on Lady Prescott, Sibyl and Ray and invites Sibyl to ride with her, and to further her plans, requests Robert to stop at the Widow Martin's, who does work for two orphan girls under her care at home. Sibyl's belief in Ada's work of charity arouses her interest, and, unsuspecting of her designs, Ada gains her confidence and the story of her early life, the vision of a beautiful face, the faint remembrance of her mother, the railroad accident and the hope that some day, through the ornament which so strangely affected Ada, she will find her. Arriving home, Ada plots the ruin of Sibyl and the winning of Raymond Prescott, and, offering five thousand pounds, enlists the aid of an unscrupulous woman, Judith, to be known as Sylvia Hortense Stillman. Raymond requests Sibyl to give her opinion on a picture he contemplates buying, and she goes with pleasure, but deprecates her opinion, feeling her littleness and Raymond's superior mentality. He begs her not to fear his criticisms or to shut him out in the cold. Ada Therwin, seeing Raymond and Sibyl enter the studio, joins them, and leaving, tells her of the woman, Mrs. Stillman, who needs help. Realizing the necessity of placing Sibyl beyond the reach of Raymond Prescott, she makes a compact with the Duke d'Aubigne, to whom Sibyl conceives a dislike, and repulses his attentions. Raymond asks Sibyl to be his wife. Going with Ada Therwin, Sibyl meets Mrs. Stillman, a widow and childless, who excites not only Sibyl's sympathy, but her suspicions, when she hears the story of the railroad accident, the death of her little Sibyl and the resemblance Sibyl has to her; and with the assurance that she watches for her coming her heart sinks—what she fears is true, and going home Raymond realizes Sibyl is sick. To further her scheme, Ada Therwin admits to Mrs. Stillman her anxiety to get Sibyl away from Raymond Prescott's company and the opportunity Mrs. Stillman has to make a snug fortune if she will assist one who is enamored with Sibyl. Telling his name, Judith queries why she knows so much about him. Mrs. Stillman gives the story of her shameful life, and with no doubt in Sibyl's mind as to her parentage she refuses to become Raymond's wife, even when he places the ring upon her finger. Nancy Crawford, known as Nansie, calls upon Mistress Sloan. If she will divulge where Sibyl is, Nancy can restore her to her mother. The winter passes. The Duke d'Aubigne is persistent in his attentions to Sibyl. Mrs. Stillman, recognizing him from the window cautions Sibyl that she does not share the fate she did. Sir Athelstone makes arrangements for Sibyl and Mrs. Stillman to go to the seashore, and, alone, Sibyl tries to lead her mother's thoughts to a higher and purer life.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DUC D'AUBIGNE'S ATTENTIONS.

"SHE will conquer me yet in spite of myself," she said at last. "I cannot do it—I must not do it! Oh! Ada Therwin, I believe you are rearing a fabric which will some day fall and crush us both to the earth. Great Searcher of Hearts!" she repeated, with a shudder, and dropped her head again into her hands.

A long time she sat there in deep, troubled thought, but lifting her eyes now and then to look out at that pretty figure down by the sea.

Finally she opened the sacred book upon her lap, and began to read.

Meanwhile, Sibyl rambled along the smooth, white beach in a happier frame of mind than she had been for many a long day.

"Ah!" she murmured, as she breathed in the pure, strengthening air, and looked thoughtfully out over the blue waters, "what greater reward could I desire than to help lead the dear wanderer home to her father's house?"

Many, many times Sibyl would thus review the past, and this was always where she had to stop, because she could go no further.

Who could have tempted her mother—who had ruined her life when she was young, and pure, and happy? And more than all she wondered, yet dreaded to know, who had been her father.

She could never think of it at all without a feeling of faintness and dizzy horror creeping over her, and her whole soul crying out for help to bear this great and terrible burden of her life.

But today, even this grief seemed less fearful beside the light of the new hope that had come to her—that her mother was perhaps being led toward a better and higher life.

A half hour later, while she was sitting there, thinking and listening to the waves as they broke on the crags beneath, she heard steps crunching the gravel behind her.

Glancing over her shoulder, she saw a manly form approaching, and thought there was something familiar in his appearance, yet she did not at the moment recognize him.

The stranger came nearer, and lifting his hat said, politely:

"Madam, can you point me the nearest way to the village?"

Sibyl lifted her face to answer him, pushing back her wide-brim hat as she did so, when, with an exclamation of pleasure he sprang toward her.

"Miss Prescott—or, pardon, Miss Stillman! truly this is an unexpected pleasure," the stranger cried, extending his hand, and then she saw that he was none other than the Duke d'Aubigne.

He had shaven his beard, leaving only his long, curling mustache, which made him look much younger than when she had last seen him in Dumfries and which had also prevented her from recognizing him.

She gave him her hand in kindly greeting, and then answered his query regarding the nearest way to the village, but he seemed in no haste to depart now, and seating himself upon a boulder beside her, began chatting in his usual lively, off-hand manner.

He had left Dumfries only three weeks before, and had all the latest news to tell her—for, be it known, Sibyl, to her great anxiety and perplexity, had received no letter from either Raymond or his mother for a longer time than that—and she listened with eager interest to all he had to say, which fact he was quick to perceive and to make the most of.

"Do you enjoy Barmouth?" he asked, bound to make her talk.

"I do not know much about the place, for I seldom go to the village, but I love the sea wherever it is."

"Are you fond of yachting, Miss Stillman?—if you love the sea, I should think you would like it."

"I don't know," she answered with a little smile. "I never was in a yacht in my life."

"Would you like to try it?" he asked eagerly. "Mine is at your disposal any day. We could take a run down the bay some fine morning and return by moonlight. I should be delighted to give you the pleasure."

Sibyl thanked him, but declined, because of her mother's feeble health and she could not leave her long at a time.

Then she changed the subject and inquired after Miss Therwin.

"I have not seen her for a month," the duke replied, gnawing his lip with vexation at her refusal, "but," he added, with a keen glance at her out of the corner of his eyes, "report says that she contemplates changing her name one of these days."

Sibyl looked her astonishment.

"Is it possible?" she said, at last.

"Yes; have not your friends, the Prescotts, written you about it?"

Her beautiful face paled.

It was so very strange that she had received no word from them for the past four weeks.

But she answered, quietly.

"No, they have written me nothing about it."

"That is singular; but perhaps young Prescott—your adopted brother, is he not?—wishes to surprise you. You and Miss Therwin were quite intimate, I believe, before you left Dumfries—how would you enjoy her as a sister?"

Sibyl turned her dark eyes full upon him.

"I do not think I fully understand you, my lord," she said.

"I'm afraid I have made a mess of it," he returned, with pretended vexation, "but as I have said so much, it would be unkind not to explain. Mrs. Grundy has it that Mr. Prescott is to marry Miss Therwin. I thought, of course, that you must be aware of the fact, or I would have said nothing about it."

A beautiful color rose to Sibyl's cheeks, and her lip curled a trifle in scornful unbelief, while her slender fingers almost unconsciously turned the diamond circlet which gleamed on her left hand.

"It cannot be true, my lord. Mrs. Grundy is at fault for once," she quietly replied.

"By George, they are engaged!" was his lordship's mental exclamation, as he caught the sparkle of the moving diamonds, and noted her

tone of calm assurance. But he knew from the quick, bright color in her cheeks that the report had stung her.

"I am sorry if I have been repeating idle gossip," he said, with apparent regret, "but I supposed it must be true, since Miss Therwin has been Lady Prescott's guest for some time past, and young Prescott attends her everywhere."

It was nearly noon, and she arose, saying she had already been out too long. Would he excuse her? Her mother required her attention.

"I wonder," he said, "if Mrs. Stillman would allow me to pay my respects to her."

"My mother is not able to receive any visitors," Sibyl said, in reply.

"Then may I waive the customs of etiquette, and call upon Miss Stillman occasionally?" the duke persisted.

"I fear there would not be much to entertain you at our quiet cottage. We have no visitors, and see very few people."

"So much the better, since quiet and retirement are what I am myself seeking this summer. If I might presume to seek your society, however, once in a while, I should appreciate the favor."

"Take care!" he cried, as she stepped on a rolling stone almost on the brink of the ledge, and came near falling. "That is a dangerous place, and I warn you never to go so near the edge again."

"Thank you," she said, quietly, as she released herself from the hand which he had put forth to save her. "I have been here often, and I have no fear."

"Nevertheless, the waters are deep beneath these rocks and there would be danger of your drowning if you should fall—that is, unless you can swim," he returned, wondering at her composure.

"I cannot swim, but I do not fear," and she found herself feeling thankful to that rolling stone for saving her the necessity of replying to his lordship's request to call upon her.

But the day came when she would have given worlds, had she possessed them, if she had paid better heed to his warning.

He accompanied her to her own door, having apparently forgotten his own request, though inwardly chafing at the cool indifference which she manifested toward him.

She did not invite him to enter, and he left her with a smile and bow, and went his way.

The next morning, as Sibyl took her seat at the breakfast table, she found beside her plate an enchanting little basket filled with the freshest, dewiest, sweetest roses.

A card lay on top, directed to Miss Sibyl Stillman, with the compliments of a friend.

The following day a basket of choicest fruit "for Mrs. Stillman" found its way within their cottage.

"Who sent it, do you suppose?" she asked, her eyes gleaming with pleasure, as she observed its dainty arrangement and inhaled the sweet perfume.

Sibyl then told of her meeting and interview with the Duke d'Aubigne, and said she supposed the attention must have come from him.

Mrs. Stillman made no reply to this information, but the basket of fruit remained untouched from that moment, and she retired to her room immediately after breakfast, where she remained all day, upon the plea that she did not feel as well as usual.

One bright day Sibyl took her book and a little basket in which to gather ferns and mosses, and strolled away from the seashore, part way up the mountains, which rose very abruptly from the coast, and not far from their cottage.

A half hour later her basket was filled to the brim with lichens, ferns, and delicate moss.

Seating herself upon a rustic throne, and throwing aside her hat, she lay back against the great gray rock, and prepared to enjoy her solitude to the utmost.

She read for an hour or more, when she was suddenly startled by the sound of steps not far from her retreat.

The steps came nearer, and soon, to her great annoyance, the Duke d'Aubigne came into view, clad in a handsome hunting costume, a rifle and a well-filled game bag hanging from his shoulder.

His face lighted with a smile of intense gratification as he saw her, and noted the pretty picture she made outlined against the brown, moss-grown rocks.

With a graceful salutation he deposited his gun and bag upon the ground.

"I fear I am intruding, but I pray your leniency for a little season, for I do assure you, most gracious lady, that this heat and the weariness of my bones are unsupportable; while nature, with her wondrous charms," looking into her flushed face, "binds me irresistibly to this spot," he said.

He bowed with pretended humility and supplication before her, and Sibyl laughed, in spite of her vexation, at his words.

"Test yourself, my lord; I have not the right, if I had the heart, to forbid you," she replied; but her color rose higher beneath his glance of undisguised admiration.

"What book have you there to beguile the quiet hours, oh, maid of the mountain?" he asked, a moment later, and holding out his hand for the volume.

She gave it to him.

"Ah! Tennyson. Are you fond of him?"

"I have always liked him since I was a child," she answered, remembering who, by his eloquence and power, had first taught her to love the "Poet Laureate."

"What think you of 'The Princess'?" he asked, with a peculiar look.

Again Sibyl's eyes drooped beneath the glance which told her very plainly what he thought of the one whom Raymond called "Princess."

"I have not yet read it thoroughly enough to pass judgment upon it as a whole. Some parts of it I like, some I do not," she answered, wishing that he would go, or that she could find some excuse for leaving him.

"Let me read you a little of it, will you?" he asked.

She smiled, and nodded assent.

He turned to the seventh part of the tale, and read it through—read it with a power and expression that held her wrapped throughout the whole, until he came to those last few passionate lines, when he dropped his tones to a tender cadence, and threw his whole soul into his voice:

"Indeed I love thee; come, yield thyself up; my hopes and thine are one; Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself; Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust to me."

With one swift glance at the flushed, downcast face opposite him, the Duke d'Aubigne laid down the book; then his eyes wandered off to the distant sea, which looked like one vast sheet of silver in the strong sunlight, and there was a silence of several minutes.

"Will you, Sibyl?"

"My lord, I do not understand you," she replied, quickly, and lifting her small head with a gesture of hauteur.

Then, with increasing ardor, he went on:

"My beautiful one, I have long been wishing to tell you how I love you, but I saw how shy you were of me, and feared to startle you. Now I can keep the secret no longer; every day in your presence only serves to rivet anew the chains that hold me captive. Give me, my beloved, the right to care for you, and love you all that my fond heart dictates, and to make your life one long, enchanting dream."

Sibyl here stretched forth her hand with an exclamation of pain.

"Don't—please don't!" she said, with white lips.

"And why not, love? You have drawn me irresistibly from the first moment that I saw you. Poor, little white dove!" he went on, looking compassionately into her pale face, and reaching forth his hand to take hers, "have I frightened you? Have I been too precipitate? I can wait, dearest, and give you all the time you wish to think of this."

He raised her hand to his lips, and, as it happened, they pressed the very spot over the circlet of diamonds where Raymond had kissed it that day when he had put it upon her finger.

With a feeling as if it had been desecrated, she released it from his hand, saying, in tones of distress:

"No, my lord, I do not wish for time. I can never be your wife."

If she had looked up at him, she might have seen something very like a cruel sneer curling his lips beneath his heavy yellow mustache.

He had not asked her to be his wife, but her pure heart never dreamed but that his words had intended to convey an honorable offer of marriage.

"I cannot have it 'no,'" he said, with extreme gentleness. "I cannot give up this hope that has been growing within my heart for so long. Dear Sibyl, pray give me a little hope that I may some time win you."

"My lord, my answer would have to be the same at any other time. I do not love you, and I can give you no hope," she said, deeply agitated.

"Why cannot you love me?" he demanded, in a concentrated tone, his piercing eyes fixed in keenest scrutiny upon her troubled face.

"Pardon, but I think you should not ask me that," she replied, with gentle dignity.

"Do you love another?" he cried, in the same tone as before.

She arose and stood before him, calm, reserved, even haughty.

"My lord, I can only give one reply to your suit. I do not love you, and I never can love you, and I have no right to give you any hope for the future."

"You will at least allow me to claim your friendship still?" he said, with a deep-drawn sigh, and an appealing quiver in his voice.

"I have too few friends to be willing to lose any," was her sad reply, as she thought how short a time ago they numbered legion, and now she stood almost alone in the world.

She stooped to pick up her book and basket, preparatory to returning home, but he gently took them from her, and then, with respectful attention, guided her steps down the steep mountain path, and attended her as usual to her own door.

A white, almost convulsed face, peered out at them through the closed blinds of the cottage, and a pair of dark eyes, filled with passionate fire and pain, watched the duke's figure as he passed down the street.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

CANNING AND DRYING IS EFFECTIVE FOOD THRIFT



STORE YOUR PANTRY
WITH HOME PRODUCTS

By Violet Marsh

IN this great hour it is necessary that all women live greatly. At the battle front they have performed prodigies of valor and have been decorated with the Cross of War for heroism under fire. You too would like to drive an ambulance and bring out the wounded under shell fire; but the work behind the lines is even more important. It is not the single act of heroism that will win the fight, but the steady sticking to the job.

This year's campaign is a struggle of reserve against reserve. America is the last reserve; in overwhelming numbers our forces are being moved to the front; and behind the lines the women are asked to bring up their last reserves of energy and intelligence in the practical carrying out of food orders.

The food situation must steadily degenerate as long as the war lasts. It is therefore of prime importance to add every item to the total production. No woman with fruits and vegetables at her disposal can afford to be merely a destroyer of rations; a dependent on the food supplies of a starving world. America is today the careful guardian of the needs of the world. As the Food Administration anxiously counts the dwindling bushels of wheat, it asks of every woman, "To what extent can you make your home independent of this common store?" And the answer is, that the women of America will continue their real war work of conservation, holding every position they took last year, and going forward to new ground this year. That they will back up their gardening plan with a cellar and pantry plan.

To sit down with pencil and paper and put in figures just how many jars of fruit and vegetables it will require to carry the family from one harvest to another, how many potatoes and beans you will need, how much sorghum syrup and honey can be substituted for sugar, and to what extent rice and neighborhood meals and flours can be used in place of shipped breadstuffs, is a practical plan and most useful when the question of substitutes has to be met. And do not leave out the home-canned meats, that your home-pantry may be as independent as possible of the world pantry.

The preservation of foodstuffs by canning and

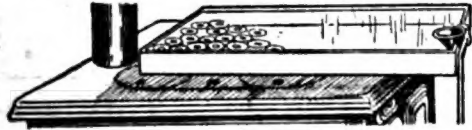


FIG. 4.—COMMERCIAL DRIER.

drying is always effective food thrift. It enables the housewife to take advantage of summer's low prices for fruit and vegetables, even if no garden has been planted. It effects the saving of a surplus of foodstuffs that would otherwise be wasted through excess of supply over immediate consumption. It eliminates the cold storage cost that must be added to the prices of commodities bought during the winter, but of vital importance to every individual is the saving of transportation, the greatest problem of the war, for shipping space has become the most precious thing in the world.

Food will win the war, and the willingness

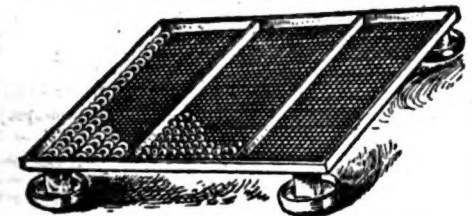


FIG. 3.—SIMPLE TRAY FOR SUN DRYING.

with which American women are going about this real conservation and the hard and steady day-by-day work it involves, proves their intelligent insight and lofty spirit.

Mrs. Robert Lansing, wife of the Secretary of State, gave a luncheon at her home, the entire menu of which was composed of dried foods. The meal was pronounced a success by all present. As one of the Cabinet wives present remarked afterwards: "A dried luncheon does not sound appetizing, but we have found today that it is: everything served from soup to dessert, was most delicious and delicate."

Drying or Condensing Food

Vegetable and fruit drying have been little practiced for a generation or more. Its revival on a general scale is the purpose of this article. There is no desire to detract from the importance of canning operations. Drying must not be regarded as taking the place of the preservation of vegetables and fruits in tins and glass jars. It must be viewed as an important adjunct thereto. This year's need for vegetable and fruit drying is given added emphasis by the shortage of tin for the manufacture of cans. This condition has created an unusual demand for glass

jars. Dried products can be stored in receptacles that could not be used for canning. Drying makes it possible for the over-abundance of summer to be made the normal supply of the winter.

GENERAL RULES FOR DRYING.—As a general rule, vegetables or fruits, for drying, must be



FIG. 8.—CARROTS CUT FOR DRYING.

cut into slices or shreds, with the skin removed. In using artificial heat, be careful to start at a comparatively low temperature and gradually increase. To be able to gauge the heat accurately, a thermometer must be used. An oven thermometer may be bought at slight cost. If the thermometer is placed in a glass of salad oil the true temperature of the oven may be obtained. The actual time required for drying cannot be given, and the person in charge must exercise judgment on this point. A little experience will make it easy to determine when products are sufficiently dried. When taken from the drier, vegetables should be rather brittle, but not so dry as to snap or crackle, and fruits rather leathery and pliable. One method of determining whether fruit is dry enough is to squeeze a handful, and if the fruit separates when the hand is opened, it is dry enough. Another way is to press a single piece; if no moisture comes to the surface, the piece is sufficiently dry. Berries are dry enough if they stick to the hand but do not crush when squeezed. Raspberries, particularly, should not be dried too hard, as this will keep them from resuming their natural shape when soaked in water for use. Material will mold if not dried enough.

STORAGE OF DRIED PRODUCTS.—Of importance equal to proper drying is proper packing and storage. Tin cans, pasteboard boxes having tight-fitting covers, strong paper bags, and patented paraffin paper boxes. Covers of either tin or pasteboard containers should be sealed by pasting a strip of paper around the top, covering the joint between box and cover.

If a paper bag is used, the top should be twisted, doubled over and tied with a string. An extra precaution is to store paper bags in ordinary lard pails or other tin containers.

Produce should be stored in a cool, dry place, well ventilated and protected from rats, mice and insects. In sections where the air is very moist, moisture-proof containers must be used. Label packages.

Methods of Drying

OVEN DRYING.—The simplest form of oven drying is to place small quantities of foodstuffs on plates in a slow oven. In this way left-overs and other bits of food may be saved for winter use with slight trouble and dried while the top of the stove is being used. This is especially effective for sweet corn. A few sweet potatoes, apples or pears, or even a single turnip, may be dried and saved. To keep the heat from being too great, leave the oven door partially open. For oven use a simple tray may be made of galvanized wire screen of convenient size, with the edges bent up for an inch or two on each side. At each corner this tray should have a leg an inch or two in length, to hold it up from the bottom of the oven and permit circulation of air around the product. See Fig. 5, Commercial Drier for Oven.

An effective drier for use over a stove may be made easily at home. As represented in Figure 1, use strips of wood one half inch thick and two inches wide. The trays or shelves are made of galvanized wire screen of small mesh tacked to the supports, or separate trays sliding on strips attached to the framework are desirable. This drier may be suspended from the ceiling over the kitchen stove, or over an oil, gasoline or gas stove, and it may be used while cooking is being done. If an oil stove is used, there must be a tightly fitting tin or galvanized iron bottom to the drier, to prevent the fumes of the oil from reaching and passing through the material which is to be dried. A bottom of this kind may be



FIG. 7.—POTATOES PREPARED FOR DRYING.

easily attached to any drier, either home or commercial. A crane, as represented, makes it possible for this drier to be swung to one side when not in use.

FIG. 2, SMALL OUTDOOR SUN DRIER.—Sun dry-

ing has the double advantage of requiring no expense for fuel and of freedom from danger of overheating. For sun drying of vegetables and fruits the simplest form is to spread the slices or pieces on sheets of plain paper or lengths of muslin and expose them to the sun. Muslin is to be preferred if there is danger of sticking. Trays may be used instead of paper or muslin. Sun drying requires bright, hot days and a breeze. Once or twice a day the product should be turned or stirred and the dry pieces taken out. The drying product should be covered with cheese-cloth tacked to a frame for protection from dust and flying insects. If trays are rested on supports placed in pans of water, the products will be protected from crawling insects. Care must be taken to provide protection from rain, dew and moths. During rains and just before sunset, the products should be taken indoors for the purpose of protection.

To make as represented, use light strips of wood, a sheet of glass, a small amount of gal-

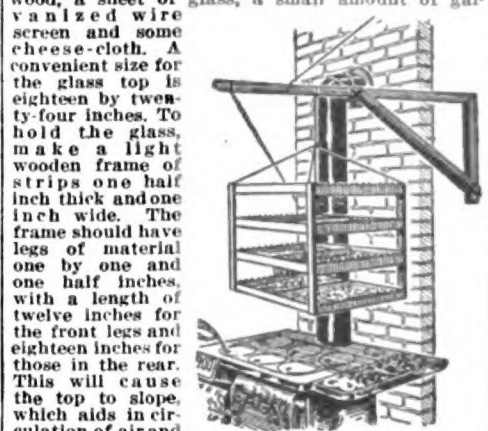


FIG. 1.—HOME-MADE DRIER SUSPENDED FROM SWINGING CRANE OVER COOK STOVE.

vanized wire screen and some cheese-cloth. A convenient size for the glass top is eighteen by twenty-four inches. To hold the glass, make a light wooden frame of strips one half inch thick and one inch wide. The frame should have legs of material one by one and one half inches, with a length of twelve inches for the front legs and eighteen inches for those in the rear. This will cause the top to slope, which aids in circulation of air and gives direct exposure to the rays of the sun. As a tray support, nail a strip of wood to the legs of each of the four sides, about four inches below the top framework and sloping parallel with the top. The tray is made of thin strips of wood about two inches wide, and has a galvanized wire screen bottom. There will be a space of about two inches between the top edges of the tray and the glass top of the drier, to allow for circulation. Protect both sides, the bottom and the front end of the drier, with cheese-cloth tacked on securely and snugly, to exclude insects and dust without interfering with circulation. At the rear end place a cheese-cloth



FIG. 2.—SMALL OUTDOOR SUN DRIER.

curtain tacked at the top but swinging free below, to allow the tray to be moved in and out. Brace the bottom of this curtain with a thin strip of wood, as is done in window shades. This curtain is to be fastened to the legs by buttons when the tray is in place.

FIG. 3.—SIMPLE TRAY FOR SUN DRYING.—It is made of wire mesh with light framework and rests on bricks placed in pans of water. This arrangement protects the material from creeping insects.

FIG. 4.—COMMERCIAL DRIER FOR USE ON TOP OF STOVE.—A shallow metal box to be filled with water, and so constructed that one end may rest on the back of the stove and the other on a leg reaching to the floor, or it may be suspended over a lamp.

FIG. 5.—COMMERCIAL DRIER FOR USE IN OVEN OF STOVE.—Remove grates from oven. This requires less fuel than is used in cooking. Trays are eleven by ten inches.

FIG. 6.—COMMERCIAL DRIER FOR USE ON TOP OF STOVE.—This same type of drier is also made with its own furnace underneath.

Preparing Food Material for Drying

A sharp kitchen knife will serve every purpose in slicing and cutting vegetables and fruits for drying, if no other device is at hand. The thickness of the slices should be from an eighth to a quarter of an inch. Whether sliced or cut into strips, the pieces should be small so as to dry quickly. They should not, however, be so small as to make them hard to handle or to keep them from being used to advantage in preparing dishes for the table such as would be prepared from fresh products.

FIG. 7.—This shows one form of preparing sweet potatoes for drying, which was done with a meat chopper, using the coarse cutter.

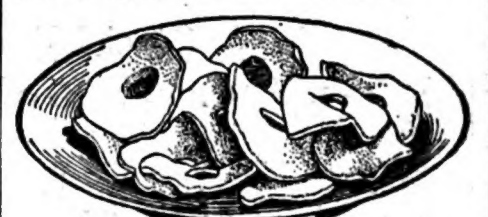


FIG. 9.—APPLES PEELLED AND SLICED FOR DRYING.

FIG. 8.—Carrots cut lengthwise for drying.

FIG. 9.—Apples peeled and sliced for drying. Vegetables and fruits for drying should be fresh, young and tender. As a general rule, vegetables will dry better if cut into small pieces with the skins removed. Berries are dried whole. Apples, quince, peaches and pears dry better if cut into rings or quarters. Cleanliness is imperative. Knives and slicing devices must be carefully cleaned before and after use. A knife that is not bright and clean will discolor the product on which it is used, and this should be avoided.

Blanching is desirable for successful vegetable drying. Blanching gives more thorough cleansing, removes objectionable odors and flavors, and softens and loosens the fiber, allowing quicker and more uniform evaporation of the moisture, and gives better color. It is done by placing the vegetables in a piece of cheese-cloth, a wire basket or other porous container, and plunging them into boiling water. The time required for this is short and varies with different vegetables. Blanching should be followed by the cold-dip, which means plunging the vegetables into cold water for an instant after removing from the boiling water. Cold-dipping hardens the pulp and sets the coloring matter. After blanching and dipping, the surface moisture may be removed by placing the vegetables between two towels.

In addition to exercising great care to protect vegetables and fruits from insects during the drying process, precautions should be taken with the finished product to prevent the hatching of

eggs that may have been deposited. One measure that is useful is to subject the dried material to a heat of 160 degrees for from five to ten minutes before storing it away. By the application of this heat the eggs will be killed. Be careful not to apply the heat long enough to damage the product.

DRIED SWEET POTATOES.—Wash, boil until almost cooked, peel, slice or run through meat chopper, spread on trays and dry until brittle. Sliced sweet potatoes may be dried without blanching. If this is done, dipping in cold water just before drying will brighten color.

DRIED TOMATOES.—Blanch long enough to loosen skins, cold dip, peel, slice to thickness of one eighth of an inch. Start at temperature of 110 degrees and gradually raise to 145 degrees, continuing until thoroughly dried. Another method is, after peeling, to cut crosswise in center, sprinkle with sugar and dry at temperature as above until the finished product resembles dried figs.

SWEET CORN.—Select ears that are young and tender and freshly gathered. Blanch on cob in steam or boiling water—preferably steam—for five to ten minutes to set milk. If boiling water is used, add a teaspoon of salt to each gallon. Cold dip, drain thoroughly and with a sharp knife cut off in layers or cut off half the kernel and scrape off the remainder, taking care not to include the chaff. Drying time, three to four hours. Start at temperature of 110 degrees and raise gradually to 145 degrees.

In using field corn, it should be taken at the roasting-ear period of ripeness, and the ears should be plump.

To prepare for sun-drying, corn may first be dried in the oven for ten or fifteen minutes. After sun-drying is completed, the corn should be heated in oven to 145 degrees to kill possible insect eggs.

DRIED PUMPKIN AND SUMMER SQUASH.—Cut into one half inch strips and pare. Blanch three minutes. Cold dip, remove surface moisture and dry slowly. Drying time, three to four hours. Start at temperature of 110 degrees and raise to 140 degrees. The strips may be hung on strings and dried in the kitchen above the stove.

GREENS AND HERBS.—After washing carefully and removing leaves, slice or cut into strips a few inches long, and dry in sun or artificial heat. If steam is not easily available, dry without blanching or cold dipping. Drying time, three hours, starting at temperature of 110 degrees and raise gradually to 145 degrees. These directions apply to spinach, kale, dandelions and parsley. Celery tops, mint, sage and herbs of all kinds for flavoring are treated in the same way. This rule applies to cabbage, which should be blanched ten minutes and dipped.

GREEN STRING BEANS.—Select only such beans as are in perfect condition for table use. Wash carefully and string. If full grown they should be slit lengthwise or cut—not snapped—into pieces one quarter to one inch long. If young and tender, dry them whole. Blanch six to ten minutes. To set color, add one half teaspoon of soda to each gallon of boiling water. After blanching, dip quickly into cold water, then drain thoroughly to remove surface moisture. Drying time for young beans, two hours, for those more mature, three hours. Start at temperature of 110 degrees and raise gradually to 145 degrees.

DRIED CARROTS AND PARSNIPS.—Clean thoroughly and remove outer skin, preferably with a stiff bristle brush; or the skin may be removed by scraping. Slice into thickness of one eighth of an inch. Blanch six minutes, cold dip and remove surface moisture. Carrots may also be cut in thin strips. Drying time, two and one half to three hours. Start at temperature of 110 degrees and raise gradually to 150 degrees.

DRIED BEETS.—Boil whole until more than three quarters cooked, without removing skin. After dipping in cold water peel and cut into one eighth to one quarter inch slices. Drying time two and one half to three hours. Start at temperature of 110 degrees and raise gradually to 150 degrees.

DRIED PLUMS AND APRICOTS.—Select fruits which are ripe. Remove pits by cutting fruit open with a sharp knife. Arrange halves on trays.

DRIED APPLES, PEARS AND QUINCES.—Pare, core and slice, dropping slices into cold water containing eight teaspoons of salt to the gallon, if a light-colored product is desired. Leaving them a minute or two in the salt water will prevent discoloration. Or the fruit may be cut into rings. Remove surface moisture. Drying time, four to six hours, or until leathery and pliable. Pears and quinces may be steamed ten minutes after slicing and before drying. Start temperature at 110 degrees and raise gradually to 150 degrees.

DRIED PEACHES.—Dip peaches into boiling water long enough to loosen skin. Then dip in cold water and peel. Cut into halves or quarters, remove stones and dry.

DRIED BERRIES.—Pick over, handling with care to prevent bruising. Spread in thin layers and dry slowly. The total time for drying is four or five hours. Start at temperature of 110 degrees, raising to 125 degrees in about two hours. Then raise temperature to 140 degrees and maintain two or three hours longer.

DRIED CHERRIES.—After washing and removing surface moisture, spread unpeeled in thin layers. Drying time two to four hours. Start at temperature of one hundred and ten degrees, and raise gradually to 150 degrees. If preferred, the pits may be removed, although this causes loss of juice.

DRIED CELERY.—After washing carefully, cut into one-inch pieces, blanch three minutes, cold-dip and remove surface moisture. Dry slowly, about three or four hours. Useful as flavoring in soups and stews.

DRIED PEPPERS.—Steam until skin softens, or place in biscuit pan in oven and heat until skin blisters. Peel, split in half, take out seed. Start drying at temperature of 110 degrees, and gradually increase at 140 degrees. Small varieties may be dried in the sun.

Can All Food That Can Be Canned

Modern methods have made the canning of fruit and vegetables a very easy matter. In many towns community work has proven very satisfactory. Several families club together for the work, meeting at some central place where heat and water can be had, and by joining in the purchase of equipment, each participant will be in a position to save money as against individual purchases and at the same time have the advantage of larger and more complete equipment.

Equipment should be bought as early as possible, to prevent disappointment in delivery. The cut in our heading shows one type of home or community canner and steam cooker, which holds fourteen one quart jars. Canning is very rapid when sterilization is done in steam maintained at a pressure. There are several canners of this type. Each is provided with pressure gauge and safety valve and they carry from five to thirty pounds of steam pressure.

Note.—The foregoing illustrations and recipes are taken from the interesting and instructive Home Canning and Drying Manual recently copyrighted and issued by the National War Garden Commission, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the privilege of reproducing them here. The Manual contains many other illustrations and recipes and much other valuable information. A copy of this Manual and of the Commission's Manual on War Vegetable Gardening with directions for Home Storage of Vegetables will be sent free to any one on application, provided postage is enclosed, two cents for either manual. We advise our readers to write at once to the National War Garden Commission, Maryland Building, Washington, D. C., for a copy of both manuals. Don't send to COMFORT; we have none for distribution.—EDITOR.

Cubby Bear's Mid-Summer Night Adventure

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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MIDSUMMER Night was always a time of frolics in the forest where Cubby Bear lived. No one wanted to sleep—they could do that next day—and all the animals met together for games and merry-making.

"What will you do with your Bunny Babies?" asked Cubby Bear of Bunny Rabbit. "They are not old enough to play with the others, and you cannot leave them at home alone."

"Oh, I shall take them out," said Bunny Rabbit. "See, I have them all washed and brushed but this one! They will be happy sitting in their little cart and watching the games."

So the Bunny Babies went to the Midsummer Night frolic. They laughed in glee as they watched the animals running around and around and singing loud enough to wake the echoes of the forest, while they played "Here we go 'round the mulberry bush."

The moon was shining brightly up in the sky, smilingly watching the happy little woods people below.

Tired with so much running, they stopped at last to rest a while and get their breath and drink some cool, fresh water from the Big Brook. And then it was they heard a chorus of frightened little shrieks, and the Bunny Babies tumbled out of their cart as fast as they could, and came running to Bunny Rabbit. Their round eyes were bulging with fright, and they cried shrilly:

"Foxy got one of us! Coming back for more!" Bunny Rabbit hurriedly counted his Baby Bunnies. "One, two, three, four, five, six—why!" he cried, "there should be seven! You count them, Cubby Bear, to see that I have made no mistake."

So Cubby Bear stood them all in a row and counted carefully. "One—two—three—four—five—six," while all the other animals stood looking on.

"Yes," they said solemnly to each other, "it is quite true. One of Bunny Rabbit's babies has been carried off while we were at play!"

"Went that way! Went that way!" cried the Bunny Babies, pointing with trembling little paws. Mamma Bruin stepped forward.

"I will stay with the Baby Bunnies and Betty Badger's children," she said, "while the rest of you follow Foxy. Nothing shall harm them while I am near."

Through the moonlit forest they searched wildly, looking under clumps of bushes and behind rocks, diving into dark corners, peering up through branches of trees, but nowhere did they see the round face and long pink ears of the lost one.

Tears ran down Bunny Rabbit's fat cheeks, but he did not even stop to wipe them away.

They found Mr. Wise Owl sitting on a branch of a dead mountain-ash tree, staring with big eyes at the bright moon.

"My Bunny Baby is lost!" Bunny Rabbit told him.

Mr. Wise Owl slowly turned his staring eyes from the moon to the excited crowd of little forest people.

"Who? who?" he asked.

"My Bunny Baby! He was stolen and carried off!"

Mr. Wise Owl's feathers bristled out, and his eyes were larger than ever with indignation, as he asked, "Who—whoo—ehoo—oo dared do such a thing?"

"It was Foxy Reynard," answered Bunny Rabbit, "and we are all trying to find him."

"Who—who?"

"Cubby Bear, and Busy Beaver, and Brother Binny Beaver, and Betty Badger, and Chirpy Chipmunk, and Furry Otter, and Minnie Mink, and Molly Muskrat—"

Just then, who should come among them but Foxy Reynard, calm and smiling, and alone.

Night party, and am so glad to have you come to meet me!"

They stared at him, speechless for a moment. Then Bunny Rabbit, with quivering whiskers, stepped up boldly. "Where is my baby?" he demanded.



"BABY?" ASKED FOXY. "ARE THEY NOT AT THE PARTY—OR IS THIS THE PARTY?"

"Good evening, good evening!" he called gaily, waving his hand at them.

"Ah, there you are, Foxy Reynard!"

"We have you now!"

"You shall not get away from us!"

"We were after you!"

"Oh, were you?" asked Foxy. "Now that is pleasant. I was on my way to the Midsummer

"Baby?" asked Foxy. "Are they not at the party—or is this the party? What's that—lost, you say? Sad, sad indeed! But come, I will help you to find him!"

Busy Beaver and Brother Binny Beaver each took hold of one of Foxy's fore paws.

"We do not trust you," they said. "We will watch him," they told the others, "while you all

look for the lost Baby Bunny."

"We will go to Foxy's den," cried Bunny Rabbit, leading the way.

Mr. Wise Owl slowly came down from his perch and started out to search by himself.

No Baby Bunny was in Foxy's den, but as the crowd was returning, disappointed, they heard a loud laugh. "Ha, ha! Who, who! Here, here! Come this way and see what I have to show you!" And there was Mr. Wise Owl coming to meet them, holding the lost, frightened Bunny Baby under his great wing.

Bunny Rabbit seized his rescued baby, and looked him over carefully, then gave a deep sigh of relief.

"I cannot see that he is hurt," he said. "Your name fits you, Mr. Wise Owl. You were wiser than all of us, and knew where to look."

"I was passing Mamma Bruin's house, said Mr. Wise Owl, and heard a little cry! I looked in through the window, and there was the lost Bunny Baby sitting on Cubby Bear's bed, crying and rubbing his eyes. Finding that the door was not locked, I went in and brought him out with me."

"But why," asked Cubby Bear, wonderingly, "did he put him there?"

"It was to make us believe you stole him," said Bunny Rabbit.

"But you would never have believed that," said Cubby Bear.

"Not I, indeed," declared Bunny.

They found Busy Beaver and Brother Binny Beaver still holding grimly to Foxy Reynard, but tired, for Foxy had tried by many sly tricks to get away from them.

Mr. Wise Owl looked at Foxy solemnly.

"The prisoner must be brought into court," he said. "Bring him to my hollow tree. You must all come, and the other Bunny Babies must be brought for witnesses."

When they reached the tree, Mr. Wise Owl went inside, but soon came out, wearing big glasses and a judge's black gown.

"Order in the court!" he commanded, though all was still.

Betty Badger had gone to bring the Bunny Babies, and soon came back, pushing their little cart, while Mamma Bruin and the little Badgers followed.

"We do not need a long trial," said Mr. Wise Owl; "time passes, and the Midsummer Night party must not be delayed. I am going to it myself. Racky Coon is counselor for the defence, but he has nothing to say, for there is no defence! The witnesses are all here."

Then he looked hard at Foxy.

"Prisoner at the bar," he went on, pointing his great claw at Foxy, "you are guilty of kidnapping, stealing, and carrying off one gray Bunny Baby, child of Bunny Rabbit, from his own little cart in this forest. As judge of the forest tribunal, I command you to go by the light of the moon, to the lone, dismal swamp where the Blue Bittern booms, and the green-coated frog groans his dreariest tunes. Ten days you must stay in that region of woe, before in this forest your face you may show. Now loose him, good Beavers, away let him go!"

Bad old Foxy Reynard slunk away while the others all went back to their party, Mr. Wise Owl going with them.

The lost Bunny Baby was kissed by all his brothers and sisters, and sat down contentedly with them in the little cart to watch the games once more, while Mamma Bruin stayed near by to see that they were safe.

Many happy sights the Midsummer Night's moon looked down upon in many lands, but nowhere did he see a happier one than in the pleasant forest where Cubby Bear and his friends held their Midsummer Night's merry-making.

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)
CHAPTER XXVIII.

"WE MEET AT LAST."

For several days after the duke's proposal Sibyl did not go on her accustomed strolls, for she was fearful of meeting him, and she heartily wished that he would go away entirely from the place, and leave her in peace.

He, on the other hand, sought her continually, in every place she was accustomed to go, and grew furious as he became conscious that she was intentionally avoiding him.

In proportion as his designs seemed likely to fail, his purpose to win strengthened.

At length, driven to desperation, he made a bold venture and called at the cottage.

Sibyl received him courteously, and entertained him like the perfect lady she was, and, finding that she did not resent his assurance, even

though she did not invite him to come again, he repeated his calls, until his visits grew to be quite frequent.

He always made some errand or excuse for coming. He wanted a book which he knew she had, or he had just received some new music, and would she play it for him?

He never saw Mrs. Stillman; she had not been as well of late, and did not feel able to receive visitors, was the excuse which the young girl always made when he inquired for her, while he felt an intense curiosity to behold the woman who claimed his beautiful innamorata as her daughter.

He was destined to have his curiosity satisfied in a very unexpected manner.

One afternoon he came to call, bringing with him some very choice tropical fruits, a roll of new music, and some new periodicals.

Not doubting that he should find the object of his search in the cool, charming little parlor, the duke stepped quietly within the hall, without the

ceremony of ringing, and tapped gently upon the half-opened door.

A voice bade him enter, and he obeyed.

The room had been darkened to keep it cool, and coming in so suddenly from the strong sunlight without, it was a minute or two before he could distinguish a single object in the apartment.

At last he discovered a figure rocking slowly back and forth in a large comfortable chair; he saw a white cap above a startlingly colorless face, and a spotted lace handkerchief folded across a pair of symmetrical shoulders.

Instinctively he knew at once that he was in the presence of Mrs. Stillman.

Disappointed at not finding Sibyl there, yet somewhat anxious to see what manner of woman this was, he advanced nearer to her, and said, suavely:

"Pardon, madam; but I expected to find Miss Stillman here. I did not mean to intrude."

He stopped suddenly, for at the first sound of

his voice the woman had risen from her chair, her face like marble, and bent forward, seeking in the dim light to distinguish his features.

"Sibyl has gone down to the beach," she said, in a voice that made him start and regard her with surprise.

She advanced and stood before him, looking into his eyes with great dark orbs that made the cold sweat start suddenly out upon his brow.

With a sudden movement she tore the cap from her head, then laid her hand upon his arm in a grip that made him wince, while bending toward him, until her lips nearly touched his ears, she hissed rather than spoke:

"Arthur d'Aubigne, we meet at last!"

"Great Heaven! Judith!"

"Hush," she said, authoritatively, but with a bitter sneer, "you must not call me that here. My name, just at present, is Mrs. Sylvia Stillman. I am neither Judith Hoffman nor Mrs. Aubrey now."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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SEPTEMBER COMFORT

our Home Outfitting Number will be helpful to the housewife in fitting out the home and the family for winter. It will specialize on clothing which is such a troublesome problem in these times of high prices and scarcity of good material. These are some of the

Other Special Features for September

Fall Pickling and Preserving Gives a lot of useful directions and recipes for pickling, canning, preserving and condensing fall fruits and vegetables.

"Out of Her Travail" A gripping war story written from the heart of a war mother who has felt the mingled pride and heart pangs of sending her two boys to the war.

"Giving Your Boy a Start in Life" A large proportion of the failures and wrecked careers are due to the boy having had the wrong start at home. This article is of value to children as well as parents.

"Barrel Furniture" Tells how rockers, divans, dressing tables, cabinets and a surprising number of other useful and pretty pieces of furniture can be made from barrels. Any woman can do it.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 359, or any less number, it means that your subscription needs to be renewed at once. Send 50 cents today for a two-year renewal and make sure not to miss September COMFORT. Use coupon below.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Keep in the sunlight.
Fame is sweet self-homage.
Men are spirits saturating clay.
Never be positive; all must err.
Economy is the poor man's mint.
Sins may be crooked generousities.
No estate can enrich a poor heart.
Good books are legacies of genius.
A general does not need a fine coat.
Light wives can make heavy husbands.
The world is advancing; advance with it.
Carve your name on hearts and not on marble.
Beware of a man who hates the laugh of a child.
Ostentation is the signal flag of hypocrisy.
Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead.
Life is but a loan to man by a careful creditor.
Fortune does not change men; it only unmasks them.
Knowledge without justice is not wisdom but cunning.
The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.
A man's eyes are spectacles through which his heart may be read.
Moderate riches will carry you; if you have more you must carry them.
To have learned to say "No" is better than to have learned Latin and Greek.
We have to arrive somewhere; why not reach a place worthy of the journey?
There can be no persevering industry without a deep sense of the value of time.
When there is much pretension, much has been borrowed, for Nature never pretends.
The ideal that you enshrine in your heart, this you build your life by, this you will become.
Life is like a game of chess, where an ill move may bring loss, and a pawn can insure victory.
Through the determination to be kind a life may be increased in happiness and usefulness.
Every man has within himself a gold mine whose riches are limited only by his own industry.
In order that men should change their way of living, they must first of all change their way of thinking.
Nine times out of ten, the first things a man's companion knows of his shortcomings is from his apology.
We suffer more from our anger and grief than from the things for which we are angered and grieved.
A man who defers working because he wants tranquility of mind, will have lost the habit when tranquility comes.
The world would be both happier and brighter, if we would dwell on the duty of happiness as well as on the happiness of duty.

Come and Join the Happiest Family in the World



COMFORT'S League of Cousins

LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To be kind to dumb animals. To protect the weak and aged. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

WHEN this terrible war started, millions of simple minded Americans, who let others do their thinking for them, were, thanks to German lying, spying and buying, fooled into believing that Germany had been forced into this war. First of all they were told that Germany was surrounded by enemies who wanted to destroy her. A glance at the map will prove that this was a lie. All those nations that were armed had been straining every effort at various Hague conventions to promote disarmament and have international disputes settled by arbitration. Germany steadily opposed all that. It was not only the outside world that official Germany attempted to fool, but she fooled (and that was a very easy job) her own docile, servile people, too. She pictured Russia as a terrible bogey, the great Slav state with its nearly two hundred million people, that was going to overwhelm Germany "kulturally" and Europe generally. As a matter of fact Germany had nothing but contempt for Russia from a military point of view. She knew Russia was devoid of strategic railroads, short of heavy artillery and other necessary military equipment; she knew too that France was but half prepared. How little she feared Russia is demonstrated by the fact that instead of attacking this supposed menace, she dashed into Belgium and headed straight for France. German hate at first was directed against Russia. In German estimation the French people were a bunch of degenerates who could be easily swallowed, so to hate them was superfluous; England cared only for money, was decadent and had no army and would not have spunk enough to interfere. England, however, did interfere, and then German hate was switched from Russia to England. Next Italy came in and got her dose of hate or "strafing," and now it is Uncle Sam who is catching it.

Everyone who was at all informed knew that Germany had planned this war years ago, but you could not get the prejudiced and the credulous who had been fooled by the German language press and German sympathizers, to believe that it was Germany who had plotted, planned and willed the whole bloody business. Bit by bit the damning facts have been coming out and now at last Prince Lichnowsky, German ambassador to Great Britain at the time of the war, has given the whole snap away, and Germany stands before the world today a confessed international liar, perjurer and murderer, condemned as guilty even by her own people.

Read this, you pro-German fanatics, you Britain haters, you worshippers of the vilest monster that ever cursed the earth or disgraced a throne—and the Kaiser is no worse than the rest of the ruling party in Germany. Here is what Lichnowsky says: "My London mission was wrecked by the peridy of our own policy. I had to support in London, a policy which I knew to be fallacious. I was paid out for it, for it was a sin against the Holy Ghost. We pressed for war. We deliberately destroyed the possibility of a peaceful settlement. Sir Edward Grey (Great Britain's foreign secretary) throughout the whole of the negotiations never took open sides with Russia or France. We encouraged Count Berchtold (the Austrian foreign minister) to attack Serbia, although no German interests were involved. We rejected the British proposals of mediation. We, without Austria having been attacked, replied to Russia's mere mobilization by sending an ultimatum to St. Petersburg (Russia) and on July 31, we declared war on the Russians, although the Czar had pledged his word that so long as negotiations continued not a man should march—so that we deliberately destroyed the possibility of a peaceful settlement. In view of these indisputable facts, it is not surprising that the whole civilized world outside Germany attributes to us the sole guilt of the world's war."

Germany's ex-foreign minister, Von Jagow, also acquits Great Britain of having any hand in starting the war. The leading newspapers of Germany also exonerate England. The Berliner Tageblatt says: "An understanding ought to be easier now since we have heard from two opposing forces that England was not responsible for the war." The Mannheim Volkstimme comments as follows: "The memorandum is an important testimony, accusing Germany and acquitting English policy. The Bremerburger Zeitung speaks thus: 'The doctrine of England's responsibility for the world war has been drummed into us for nearly four years. Now we learn that this doctrine is false and was never believed, either by our foreign secretary in 1914 or by our London ambassador.' The German Imperialists who want to extend German rule over all the earth, humbugged the German people into believing that Britain who had practically no army, wanted Belgium as a base to attack Germany. The Münchner Post, a German paper, exposes the ridiculousness of this malicious foolery in the following paragraph: 'Now we learn that England intended no war against Germany, and with this the whole Anglo-Belgian legend explodes. Through an untruth we have been driven into an attitude of unconsciously intensified opposition to England. The German government knew that this lie was a lie, but had not the courage to resist Pan-German Anglophobia.' Another lie has been going the rounds that the Crown Prince and the German general staff forced the Kaiser into the war against his will. Prince Lichnowsky confirms a fact already well known that the war was decided on at a conference at the Kaiser's Potsdam Palace on July 5, 1914. Later the Kaiser, to further fool the world, went off on a brief yachting trip to Norway, though he was in constant communication with Berlin. At the psychological moment he dashed back home, unleashed the dogs of war and swore, like the lying hypocrite he is, that the sword had been forced into his hands. Now Captain Persius, Germany's greatest naval critic, writing in the Berliner Tageblatt, explodes another lie which German propagandists have spread broadcast in this country and the entire world. England was supposed to be jealous of Germany's growing sea power and trade expansion generally. It is well to remember in connection with this, that England is a free trade nation, that German goods go into England without paying any duty, while English goods going into Germany are taxed to the limit. But listen to what Captain Persius says, and he is German to the bone: 'It is unquestionable that England's economic jealousy is a phantom that rose under the pressure of war psychology in heads that were not capable of

any degree of judgment. It is high time that this mistaken view underwent revision.' Poulney Bigelow, an American historian and traveler, who went to school with the Kaiser and was his closest personal friend, writes as follows in the New York Times: 'At Singapore (a British colonial port) I counted twenty-five funnels of a single German steamer line. From Singapore I went to North Borneo; there was but one line (a German) and that carried the British mail. Later I went to Australia,—it was on this same German line. To Java and the Eastern Archipelago, to Penang,—it was always this vast German company doing not only all the German but the British mail service as well. The German traders with whom I mixed freely marveled at the infantile generosity with which Great Britain opened all her ports to German enterprise. Nowhere in the British Colonial world have I found the slightest evidence of commercial monopoly and certainly no favoring of Englishmen at the expense of Germans. Even in India the German commercial traveler has roamed at will and driven the Englishmen out of business.' Poulney Bigelow says that nowhere did he find any British hostility to German traders. What he did find, however, he expresses thus in his terse and forcible manner: 'Where I have found a most gigantic conspiracy in restraint of trade has been in the Imperial German Colonies, where competing English traders have been treated to a systematic course of petty official restrictions so vexatious that they finally have given up the attempt to do business under German conditions. When I was in German New Guinea, this official persecution went so far that a British trading steamer was even forbidden to get water. Why is it that the British colonies are crowded with Germans? Why is it that no German is willing to colonize on German soil? Nearly everyone of Germany's colonies were virtually a gift from England, at a time when Bismarck was anxious to amuse his people with foreign toys, and when Lord Salisbury held all tropical colonies as of doubtful value. Wherever the (German) Black Eagle has shown itself on colonial soil that soil has suddenly pined as with blight. . . . The natives have been reduced to slavery, or escaped to the jungle; German colonists have been conspicuous by their absence. Let me state that to-day the British flag in every one of her various colonial possessions represents to the German no less than to the native more of justice and liberty than that either of them have ever tasted before.'

Now you German sympathizers, England haters, traitors and mush-heads generally, can stew over these facts from German and American lips and get what comfort out of them you can. Truth crushed to earth will rise again and here are some truths that though they may not be palatable to fanatics, will be mightily comforting to all honest men.

On the twenty-fifth of next month I celebrate my fifty-fifth birthday, and shall be glad if everyone of you will write me as cheerful a letter as possible. At the beginning of this year I suffered a complete physical breakdown, and for months it looked as if your Uncle Charlie never see another birthday, and that your old friend and relative who has talked to you so many years in these columns was going to become merely a memory. I am still on the ragged edge but am hanging on with all the courage I can muster. The strain of this terrible war, every move of which I have followed night and day has been almost unbearable. I knew the break would come sooner or later. As I write I can see the airplanes and dirigibles and hear the roar of their engines as they swoop seaward to watch for enemy submarines. The war has been brought to our very doorsteps, but with a few sunny letters from you I think I can hang on until we get the Kaiser licked, and once he is licked, nothing else matters, so send those letters along and God bless you.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poem, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Picture Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best Christmas gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

TOSHES, R. R. 2, Box 33, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I can do most all kinds of housework, such as cook, sew, milk, churn and can cut wood like a boy. I love outdoor life. Will you please make me a good little verse for my collection, which I am collecting from different people and I hope to have printed some day for a souvenir. Would be proud to have yours among the list. I thought once the letters that appeared in COMFORT were not written by real boys and girls. I however, have corresponded with some of those whose letters have appeared in print and now I know that the letters are genuine and I appreciate COMFORT all the more. Am a brunette, weigh 120 pounds, have dark brown hair and eyes. Guess my age and I will send you a dime, as soon as I see this letter in print and find your reply is correct. I am in the fourth grade. Love and best wishes. Your niece, LILY F. LIPSCOMB.

Lily, I shall be only too happy to contribute to your verse collection, so here goes:

Lily, Lily Lipscomb, you have given my heart a twist
And if Miss Lipscomb's lips come near me, they're likely to be—

You surely are able to do some wonderful things around the house, Lily, and you must be

quite an artist if you can cut wood like a boy. Who taught you this wonderful art of wood carving? The Goat says you mean that you can cut wood as well as a boy can. If that is so, Lily, it is evidently a case of muscle and not of art. Glad you have proved to your complete satisfaction that all the letters that appear in COMFORT are genuine. As I receive thousands of letters from all over the United States and even from the remotest corners of the earth, I would be an awful chump to waste time inventing what others so liberally supply. I also am supposed to be a myth and not to exist. A peep into Uncle Charlie's picture book would settle that matter quickly. I won't guess your age, Lily, not even for a whole dime. You are a bright girl, however, no matter what your age, and when you have time some day you can carve out a statue of me in wood for the Goat's breakfast.

Battery A, 52nd Artillery, C. A. C., American Expeditionary Force.

Via New York.

I write this to let you and the cousins know that Fritz hasn't got me yet and that I'm still on top. It is impossible for me to answer all the letters received from the cousins as I have not much time, but will reply to all I can. I am deeply grateful for all the kind and welcome letters I received. The greatest battle of the war is now being fought. The Kaiser is licked and he knows it but he won't give up until the last moment. If I were the Allies I would take no prisoners and after the war would parcel Germany out to the different nations, for the Prussians are the most treacherous and brutish people the world has ever known. I want to see this cruel war ended, but not until it is ended right. As long as Prussianism exists the war will have to go on, for freedom and justice are what we are fighting for and the whole civilized world knows it. Some day I hope to see America's starry banner waving triumphantly over the black flag of German oppression. With lots of love to you and the cousins, I am, Your affectionate nephew, JOHN W. MORRISON.

I am delighted to get John Morrison's letter, and for a reason which you will probably not guess. Before the war, his ideas were in line with a lot of other half-baked pacifists and pro-German socialists who have an idea they can tame the Prussian wolf by reading Bible texts to him and whispering words of brotherhood in his ear. John has got the truth now, but he had to go to France to get it. I had been giving him and others the truth for years but they refused to accept it. Experience, after all, is the only teacher for some people. If I could take every man, woman and child in America, including the Budweiser beer followers of the great German jingo Kaiser, "socialist" Herr Berger, over to Europe and show them the devastation Germany has wrought in the countries she has conquered and devastated, I could convince even native-born Germans that the country of their birth needed licking and that their own blood relatives ought to be given the same dose that they have given others, or be locked up in a prison or a madhouse. Feed a child in the cradle on Kaiserism, and by the time that child comes to manhood he will be a raving fanatic ready to murder or slaughter anybody who comes within his reach. Even the German socialist prattling of brotherhood was ready to betray his comrades and wade up to his neck in the blood of innocent people and the same bunch are using socialism to do the Kaiser's dirty work in this country right now. Once we thought only the German ruling class was at fault, but the preachers in the pulpits, the professors in the universities, are all tarred with the same murderous brush; they and the common people are all cogs in the great state machine of murder and pillage, and they boast and glory in Prussian deeds of rapine and violence. They have no sense of shame and decency, let alone a sense of fair play, honor and righteousness. Like the Mohammedan, anything that is done in the name of the Kaiser, their god, is a worthy and noble deed, no matter how horrible and atrocious it may be. Dr. Bang, a Danish minister, has published a book entitled, "Hurrah and Hallelujah," which gives extracts from sermons, or rather the bloody diatribes that German ministers have shrieked from their pulpits. This book is simply astounding. In "Conquest and Kultur," and "German War Practices," No. 1 and 2, which you can get from Uncle Sam's Washington Bureau of Information free of charge, you will find why an otherwise decent, lovable people have become infected with the blood madness which threatens your home and mine and all mankind. The safety of yourself, your family, your home, all depends on a thorough knowledge of what is taking place on the battlefields of Europe. If you know what is going on, you will know how to meet this great crisis. If you are content to remain in ignorance and let prejudice warp your vision, you too will go down in the dust under the Prussian iron heel. John is awake. It is time you too were awake. God help those who sleep the sleep of ignorance in a time like this.

ELMIRA, OREGON.

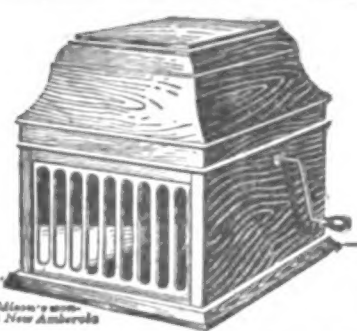
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a little girl, twelve years of age, have brown hair and brown eyes. I have one sister who is sixteen years old and one brother who is fifteen. I am in the fifth grade. I can tat, crochet and embroider a little. I wash and dry the dishes and help keep the house clean. Our cow has a little calf now. My mother takes the COMFORT and I like it very much. My father is a carpenter. I would like to see you and all the children that write letters to you. I should like to see Billy the Goat, too. We had a spelling contest last Friday and I got one hundred. I have three dolls, the largest is twenty-four inches high. I like to read books but Mama won't allow me to read much while school is going, on account of my eyes. Your loving friend, LEOLA MOORE.

Leola, we should all be delighted to see you embroider a little, if we only knew what that little was. Now try and get out of the little class and embroider a whole lot and Billy the Goat, Maria and I will come and build a house on the lot and we will let you embroider a chimney for the roof to set it all off. So, Leola, you got a hundred at a spelling contest, did you? One hundred what? Dollars, pianos, steam yachts, or automobiles? The Goat says you mean you got one hundred marks. When I was a boy I got one hundred marks in a similar contest, and when I look in the mirror I can see some of those marks today. After one spelling contest, one of my marks was so painful that the doctor said he would give me something for it. I told him he did not need to give me anything for it, as I would gladly let him have it for nothing. I'm glad your mother is taking care of your eyes and does not allow you to strain them. In a previous letter I spoke of something that is good for overstrained and inflamed condition of the eyes. It did wonders for me. It is prescribed by the best known specialists and is called argyrol. Ask your doctor about it as it is unwise to use anything on the eyes except boric acid solution, without the advice of a physician. Druggists, however, can always secure anything in the drug line from their wholesale houses.

WOLFE CREEK, OREGON.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a country boy sixteen years old. I am greatly interested in the war, and if old enough, would be in France by now, exerting my energies, upholding the principles of humanity against the fiendish desires of the German Kaiser. I admire the stand Ernest Graf has taken, and heartily wish that all socialists would believe the same way. I'm not against socialism in particular, but there are many who claim to be socialists when in reality they are traitors and anarchists. It is as the saying goes, "A bad egg spoils them all." Your sincere friend, CLYDE WILLIAMS.

Clyde, the trouble with the socialist movement in America is, that it has been, and still is, essentially a foreign movement, dominated by fanatical German economic fakers, whose socialism



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Keep the New Edison Amberole—Edison's great phonograph with the diamond stylus—and your choice of records, for only \$1.00. Pay balance at rate of only a few cents a day. Free trial in your own home before you decide. Nothing down. Write today for our New Edison Amberole and pictures, from F. E. BARSON, Edison Phonograph Dist. Co., 210 Edison Bldg., Chicago.



or choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous Ranger line of bicycles for you to keep and use a month as your own. Then agree to show your bicycle to ten or more of your friends and tell them the ridiculously low factory price, easy terms, unusual conditions and exceptional offers I would make, all of which I will explain to you within ten days of seeing this you will say in a letter or on a postal, "Send particulars of Bicycle Offer" and address your postal card or letter to MEAD CYCLE CO., c/o G. L. LEWIS, Manager, 13 Mead Block, Chicago.

even before the war was only skin deep, a mere humbug and camouflage. Since the war started, these dastardly hypocrites have thrown off the mask of deceit and under the guidance of Schiedemann, their leader, who is one of the Kaiser's chief boot lickers, the whole movement has been used both here and the world over, not to boost socialism, but to poison the minds of the workers, to undermine their loyalty to their native lands and make them believe that they had no enemies except those at home, and that protecting their homes and families would be a crime, as their only salvation lay in licking the Kaiser's feet and having Germany conquer and rearrange the world along lines that would be eminently advantageous to them. It is these wretches who tumbled Russia into the dust and made it one vast bughouse and slaughterhouse; it is these wretches who are responsible for Northern Italy being overrun by the troops of the Central Powers and reduced to a heap of ashes, its women outraged and the whole adult population enslaved. It is these wretches who have gained control of the movement in this country and linked it up with the I. W. W. gang and other Bolshevik anarchists. Schiedemann visited this country a year before the war to fix up matters with certain German and Jewish socialist elements, who have done the Kaiser's dirty work to perfection, and are still doing it in secret where they dare not do it openly. Here is what Herr David, one of Germany's great fake socialists, said in the Reichstag soon after the war began: "Germany must squeeze her enemies with a pair of pincers, namely the military pincer and the pacifist pincer. The German armies must continue to fight vigorously whilst the German socialists encourage and stimulate pacifism among Germany's enemies." It is these wretches who made conditions so intolerable that genuine Americans in this country were forced out of the socialist movement and these high-minded, patriotic men were called by the dupes of the German-American socialist press, "parlor socialists and millionaires." They forgot that Hillquit, the Russian, who with Berger, the Austrian, controls the Germanized socialist movement in this country, lives in a mansion on Riverside Drive, New York's most exclusive millionaire residential section. The workers of this country have been beautifully fooled, but they are getting the truth at last. If American socialists want to know how beautifully they have been fooled, let them send a stamped, addressed envelope to J. G. Phelps Stokes, care of the Social Democratic League of America, 100 William St., New York, and ask for their pamphlet entitled, "The Allied Cause is the Cause of Internationalism." This pamphlet is the finest thing of its kind I have ever seen. It gives a history of the war and its connection with the German Socialist fakers in the Fatherland, and shows up the fake German socialist party of the United States in its true, traitorous colors. Read that pamphlet and get your eyes opened. Unless the masses of the country are ready to work and fight, the only "ism" they will get, will be Kaiserism and the lash. This is an attack, not on socialism, but on those who have disgraced and dishonored socialism and used it to Prussianize American workingmen.

MAHAFFET, R. R. 4, Box 1, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a little girl thirteen years of age and have red hair and brown eyes. I live on a farm on the top of a hill and it is very cold up there now. We have horses, cows, pigs and chickens and one dog named Mammie Bill, but not Kaiser Bill. I have a little song and I want you to help me get a tune for it:

Sit a pill to Kaiser Bill and make him shed a tear,
Shoot the enemy in the back while he runs to the rear.

I go to school and teacher is very cross. I would like to know what to do to please her.

MARTHA BEATTY.

I would like to be introduced to that dog, Mammie Bill. That is the first time I ever knew a dog to bear both a lady's and a gentleman's name. Barnum would have given a fortune for that dog. It is not necessary to shoot the Germans in the back. No good soldier cares to shoot even the meanest enemy in the back. If those who start wanton, aggressive wars, no matter what their rank or station, were publicly hanged when the fighting was over, just as other common murderers are, there would be no wars. This war has been so wanton, wicked and horrible that Kaiser Bill and the Potsdam gang should get more than a pill. They should get the same treatment other murderers get, the rope or the electric chair. Sorry, Martha, you can't get along with your teacher, but if you want to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Clear Your Skin While You Sleep with Cuticura

All druggists. Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 3, Boston."



Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



THE most fascinating and youthful fashions are in the simple wash dresses of this season. Pretty voiles, silk and cotton foulards, and charming gingham—last but not least—real calico is to be used for summer gowns. It is indeed a cotton age.

Surplice effects on waists and blouses, deep cross tucks on skirts, loose flowing sleeves, fichu collars, and ever so many pretty chemisettes, vestees and waist coats.

A waist coat is a dress accessory not to be despised. With a coat suit, the waist coat may fill the place of a blouse or guimpe, being fastened in place under the coat with snaps, hooks or buttons.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 12c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated

2108.—A Comfortable Play or Beach Suit for Small Boys. Gingham, drill, serge, linen, chambray, poplin, repp and galatea are nice for this style.

Cut in four sizes; two, three, four and five years. It requires two and one fourth yards of 36-inch material for a three-year size.

2112.—A Set of Serviceable Caps. These models are nice for silk, satin, poplin, cravenette and other rubberized cloth. They are ideal for motor-ing and traveling. The pattern includes the three styles portrayed.

Cut in two sizes; medium and large. No. 1 will require one yard, No. 2 will require seven eighths yard, No. 3 will require seven eighths yard of 27-inch material for the medium size.

2162.—Ladies' Two-piece Morning or House Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. Percale, seersucker, lawn, linen crepe, silk, washable satin, flannelette, challie and cashmere may be used for this model.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size, five and three eighths yards of 36-inch material.

2170.—An Ideal House Dress. This model is made with reversible closing, and its fullness is held by a belt that fastens at the center back.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size, six and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material.

2229.—A stylish Shirt-waist with Long or Short Sleeve. This pattern is pretty for madras, pique, striped flannel, serge, taffeta, voile, crepe and crepe de chine.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires three and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

2368.—A Neat, Practical Apron Model. Very attractive in brown checked gingham, with facings of brown or white, or in blue chambray, with white braid for trimming, or in khaki or galatea, with pipings of red or white.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires six and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

2476.—A Smart Suit for the Little Boy.—This is a good style for flannel, serge, chevrot, galatea, gingham, velvet, corduroy, repp, pique and poplin. The shield is fastened to the jacket, underneath. The trousers are made with a straight lower edge.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. Size four will require three and one eighth yards of 44-inch material.

2484.—A Pretty Slip-On Night Dress. You may have this in nainsook dimity, batiste, crepe or silk, or in muslin, cambric, longcloth or flannelette. The gown may be finished with openings at the shoulders if the slip-on style is not preferred.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires seven and one half yards of 27-inch material.

2486.—A Comfortable Suit for the Small Boy. Serge, galatea, drill, corduroy, velvet, chevrot and khaki are nice for the trousers. The blouse may be of percale, linen, soisette or flannel.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. Size four requires two and one eighth yards of 40-inch material.

2488.—A Pretty Frock for Summer. In organdie, batiste, dotted Swiss, foulard, linen, crepe, gabardine or serge this model will be very attractive. The bolero could be of contrasting material.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires five yards of 36-inch material.

Coat 2491; Skirt 2462.—A Smart Sport Suit. White serge was used for the skirt and striped satin with facings of serge for the coat. Coat 2491 is cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires two and three eighths yards of 44-inch material. Skirt 2462 is cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires two and one fourth yards of 36-inch material. Two separate patterns, 12 cents for each pattern.

Waist 2492; Skirt 2489.—Just the Dress for Business or General Wear. The waist pattern 2492 is cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires three yards of 36-inch material. The skirt 2489 is cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires three and three fourths yards of 36-inch material. Two separate patterns, 12 cents for each pattern.

2493.—A Good Model for School or General Wear. This will do nicely for serge, gingham, galatea, chambray, linen, or mixed suiting, plaids or checks.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, ten and 12 years. Size 10 requires three and three fourths yards of 44-inch material.

2495.—A Good "Service" Uniform. This model will be excellent for housework or for domestic science or canning clubs, as a uniform. Gingham, seersucker, galatea, chambray, percale, drill, linen, poplin and repp are serviceable materials.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires six and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material.

2496.—A Pretty Frock. Flouncing, embroidered batiste or voile, crepe, challie, dimity, lawn, dotted Swiss, silk and gabardine could be used for this style.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. Size six requires three and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

2499.—A Pretty Frock for a Little Girl. This is a lovely model for voile, batiste, dimity, lawn or Swiss. In silk, cashmere, challie or albatross, the style is also very attractive.

Cut in five sizes; two, three, four, five and

six years. Size four will require two and one half yards of 36-inch material.

2505.—A Practical Apron. This style is excellent for drilling, percale, gingham, alpaca, lawn or galatea.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires five and three fourths yards of 36-inch material.

2507.—A Simple, Comfortable Dress for Mother's Girl. Bordered goods, embroidered voile or batiste and flouncing, are just the thing for this model. The dress slips over the head, but additional opening may be made at the yoke fronts.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. Size eight requires three and one fourth yards of 40-inch material.

2508.—A Practical Design. Lawn, crepe and batiste are nice for the guimpe, and the same materials may be used for the dress, which is good also for serge, gabardine, gingham, seersucker chambray and linen.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. Size eight requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for the dress and one and three fourths yards for the guimpe.

2509.—A Popular, "Easy-To-Make" and "Com-

fortable-To-Wear" Model. This is just the style for satin, crepe, gabardine, foulard, silk or wool Jersey cloth and nice for other seasonable materials.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires seven and five eighths yards of 44-inch material.

2512.—Just the Style for Your New Dress of Silk or Cotton. The tunic may be omitted. This model is good for foulard, taffeta, lawn, batiste, gingham, chambray, gabardine, serge, wool or silk Jersey cloth.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires six yards of 40-inch material.

2513.—A Practical Set of Short Clothes for a Little Girl. The dress is a design good for lawn, batiste, gingham, chambray, voile or percale. For the undergarments, muslin, cambric, long cloth and nainsook could be used. If the combination undergarment is used as rompers, it could be of galatea, gingham, drill, linen, repp or percale.

Cut in five sizes; one, two, three, four and five years. Size four requires, for the dress, two and three eighths yards; for the petticoat, one and five eighths yard; for the combination, one and one half yard, of 36-inch material.

2525.—A Very Comfortable Dress. Gingham, galatea, percale, chambray, seersucker, voile, repp and poplin could be used. The bloomers may be of the same material or of saten, linen, repp, or any other serviceable fabric.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires three yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and one and three fourths yard for the bloomers.

2529.—A Simple, Pretty Frock. Net over organdie, or dimity, organdie, batiste, lawn, crepe, washable silk, foulard and charmeuse, voile and marquisette; all these are nice for this style. The sleeve may be gathered to the cuff or finished in short length, loose and flowing.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires five and three eighths yards of 36-inch material.

2535.—A Smart Style for the Growing Girl. Here is a very attractive style, showing a smart collar trimming, under which the fronts are closed. The style is good for organdie, voile, gabardine, linen, batiste, albatross, foulard and satin.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires four and one half yards of 44-inch material.

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The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"No, she's out of it," he said. "It could not have been her whom Tommy saw."

From sheer habit he stared once more at her house—and started to his feet in the dark, forlorn room.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"FALSE AS A PACK OF CARDS."

Mrs. Murray and her story were a thunderbolt in society. It chanced that the only person who did not hear of it was Lady Annesley, whom fate had afflicted with a sharp attack of neuralgia in the eyes—real this time—and her doctor consigned to a rest-cure at Horrogate, where newspapers and the outside world did not exist.

The duchess sent for Tommy at Valehampton, and aired her views on the character of Mrs. Murray.

But the boy cared very little. The conversation turned soon enough to the topmost thing in both minds—Ravenel in jail, and the precious days that were flying by and bringing out nothing to help her.

"I'll help her if I have to choke the home secretary," the duchess cried, tearful and regardless. "Oh, Tommy, it breaks my heart to see her! She's never cried, never broken down, they tell me. But I know she's past all hoping. I think she's just waiting to die."

Sir Thomas opened his mouth and shut it again.

After all, he had nothing to tell the duchess; his thought that night in the garden had come to nothing. He had played secret police on the boot-boy in vain; had questioned him uselessly. Wide-eyed, frightened, almost idiotic; Towers had stared at him; what answers he did make were not what Tommy Annesley wanted.

"Will she talk to you?" he said. All that pitiful, childish story of Adrian Gordon's letters and ring had Lady Levalion told her—and even the duchess could see that it would make Levalion's death look black enough—to a jury.

"Captain Gordon has never been near her. I suppose he dare not," she said heavily, as she wiped her eyes. "Where is he?" "Nobody knows," and Tommy could have killed the man who, instead of moving heaven and earth to set Ravenel free, had seen fit to vanish and leave her to her fate. The whole world, except the duchess and her lawyers, was doing that. Surely Gordon could not mean to do nothing at all!

"I must get home," he said, and got up to go. Not all the duchess could say would keep him away from Levalion Castle. The clue was there, if it were anywhere on God's earth. Night after night, while the house was asleep, the boy examined every inch of it, and look and wondered and hoped in vain. If there had been any one in tweed clothes on the other side of Levalion's door when Mr. Jacob's banged it—and was forced for his pains to run back through a passage and Lady Levalion's suite of rooms before he could get out into the corridor again—that man would not have dared to go into any of the guests' rooms, where the dog might keep him besieged. Nor would he have had time to gain the kitchen, where Jacobs had rushed. The only place he could have got to would be the housekeeper's room, which was up two steps as you went to the kitchen. And that was out of the question, because the housekeeper had been in there, and Carrousel, too. No man bounding into a quiet room to get away from a dog could do it without disturbing its occupants. The housekeeper had not heard a sound. And the theory of Carrousel having a hand in the poisoning did not hold water. A cook, dressed in white, could not tear tweed clothes on the latch of a door; nor if he had would he have had time to change them.

Mr. Allington looked up as they were at dinner, a lovely pair in a desolate house. The new development anent Mrs. Murray had nearly driven the good man frantic, for he had little doubt that her story was true. Most of it was, to his own knowledge. And, as for Lady Levalion, he had never for one moment imagined her guilty. Perhaps Tommy's watch on the servants was not the only one in that house that so far had been fruitless.

"Can you eat nothing, either?" he said precisely. "It seems to me our dinner is not so good as usual."

"Carrousel is out, sir," the butler put in respectfully. "The steward gave him leave to go at luncheon-time. He will be back tonight."

"Ah!" said Allington, too much annoyed to utter. If any servant left the house he had been able, so far, to ascertain just where he or she went. This was unbearable! "Has he friends in the neighborhood?"

"He went to take Towers, the boot-boy, to a new place in London, sir! Towers was frightened to go alone."

Sir Thomas nearly leaped off his chair. Not for one moment did he ever imagine Carrousel would be back tonight or any other night.

"Tommy!" said Allington quietly, and his eyes flashed warning, "let me advise you, at least, to drink your claret." He knew nothing about

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

that I have only the evenings for personal correspondence.

With all good wishes for the continuance of Comfort's good work and kindest regards to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the large Comfort family of sisters and cousins.

I am, Sincerely yours,

(Miss) NORMA H. NELSON.

Miss Nelson.—When this great war is over, it would be a good thing if all the farm women were to declare a little war of their own, or, at least, go on a strike and refuse to work unless they were provided with as many labor-saving devices as Friend Husband has, in cases where they could be afforded as well as not. I hope they will take advantage of your offer.—Ed.

The Well-ordered Home

"Really, Helen, we must save in some way, so I think that we can hardly afford the Comfort magazine another year," said my husband, "but don't feel badly dear and don't look so doubtful. I must go now and Aunt Alice at the station and I want you to look your brightest when she comes. Eat up at noon, and giving me a hasty kiss he hurried away. I sat with quivering lips for I had not expected this rebuff. What, gave up my beloved Comfort that has been my faithful friend during all my happy girlhood days? Was this what marrying Horace meant?"

Horace's Aunt Alice, a widow with no children but who had filled a mother's place to Horace, was expected at noon, from Austin, and my husband had quoted her very excellent housekeeping to me until I began to regard her as a paragon of housewives, and to dread her coming. So between fearing her criticisms and the thought of losing my magazine, I was quite low spirited all the morning. I spent the time in tidying up the house and cooking the best dishes I knew how to get up; but I had many misgivings as to Aunt Alice's good opinion of my housekeeping.

Precisely at noon Horace came into the dining-room saying, "Come, Helen, Aunt is in the parlor, and hurried me along with a noisy, 'Auntie, this is my little wife, you must teach her how to do things while you are here.'"

Aunt Alice was a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed woman whose gentle manners soon put me at ease.

"Dinner ready?" asked Horace, and on my assenting he led the way to the dining-room, remarking, "You must excuse our dinner, but after you have taught Helen some of your dishes we will get along better. Do you find the rolls heavy?" said he. "No," replied Aunt Alice, "I never ate better, and Helen, your chicken pie and salad are the best I ever tasted. Who taught you how to cook so well?"

"I saw the recipes in the Comfort magazine," I replied, looking at Horace who was very busy with his plate. "Well, my dear, I must again compliment you on your cooking, and Auntie at the use of the meat. 'Did your magazine tell you how to make this excellent apple pudding?' 'Yes, it did,' I said, noticing that Horace seemed rather anxious to hurry through our dinner.

After dinner, Horace went to his place of business and Auntie and I prepared to devote the afternoon to becoming acquainted with each other. On seeing her cozy chamber she exclaimed, "What beautiful pillow cases, and your toilet mats are quite a new pattern. Did you make the scarf on your dresser?" "Yes," said I, "I took the design of the pillow cases, toilet mats and scarf out of Comfort, also the pattern of this crocheted bedspread." "Helen, you don't mean that you made that bedspread? Pray, how long did it take you?" "Not an age, Aunt Alice," said I, "but I can scarcely tell when I did it for I worked on it only at odd moments." "Well, I must say, niece, that you and your maid keep a wonderfully attractive home. Just wait till Horace comes home tonight and I will tell him how blind he has been. Why, from his letters to me I expected to find rather an ill-kept house, poor cooking and yourself very wasteful and extravagant. Instead of this I see the careful and neat little body you are."

In the evening Auntie noticed the ferns which filled the bay window and said, "I got them free with subscriptions for Comfort."

Nothing had been said about my new dress, which I wore for the first time in honor of Aunt Alice, but now Horace remarked, "How nice you look this evening, Helen." "Yes, she does," said Auntie, "your dressmaker has good taste." "I am my own dressmaker," I replied, "with the aid of my helper and friend," holding up a number of Comfort. "Well, Helen," said Horace, "I cannot do without Comfort. I thought it was a useless expense and couldn't understand why you wanted it." "You only promote your own comfort, nephew," said Aunt Alice, "by subscribing for the magazine, for I think your careful little wife consults Comfort about everything and the result is a neat, well-ordered and cozy home." HELEN ARMSTRONG, Chicago, Ill.

ADA, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have been a silent but interested reader of Comfort for years but after reading Perplexed's letter have decided to keep silent no longer.

In the first place I would never consider going on a visit 375 miles away and stay only two weeks, for most of us cannot afford a trip so far very often; but I would tell my husband in a very kind but firm way that I was going and would stay, at least, four weeks, possibly five or six, if I would arrange to have the home satisfactorily cared for in my absence. I would also tell him that I would be glad to have him go along for company and to help care for the children; but if he really felt that he ought to stay at home that perhaps it would be the better plan. I would not fuss any further but would go right ahead with preparations for my trip, being kind to him all the while and never nagging or insisting that he go, for I am sure your visit will be more pleasant without him if he is of the disposition I think he is.

In regard to that suitcase, leave out everything you think you can possibly do without, taking a supply of plain, neat clothes. By all means dress yourself and children in plain, dark clothes while traveling and upon arriving at your destination, turn yourself and the kiddies loose to a good time and enjoy your visit to the fullest extent. Don't try or even pretend to try, to keep the children as neat as you do when at home, and when washing must be done have it done out if you can possibly afford it. If that husband of yours does what I think he will do—decides to go along—enjoy yourself just the same and do as you just what you would if he wasn't along. If he really does stay at home, write him a cheery letter once a week and between letters try to think as little about him and home affairs as possible.

If you will follow my advice you will go back home looking and feeling so much better, and he will have missed you so much during your longer stay, that both of you will be happier for it. A man really admires a spirit of independence in a woman, whether he admits it or not.

There is much more I would like to say for I have had some experience and have come out victorious. I now have one of the kindest, dearest and most indulgent husbands in the world. We must use tact, firmness and judgment.

Let us hear from you later as to how it turns out. INDEPENDENT.

KANSAS, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: We are a little family of four. We lost our little one last spring. It was a sorrow to give him up. I try to be a good mother to my two boys, eleven and nine years of age, and teach them the right way to live. I wonder how many of the sisters take time to play with their children? I play with my boys sometimes and so does Daddy. It gives them so much joy that I am always glad to take the time, once in a while, to play with them.

I am a farmer's wife and take great delight in raising poultry. My chickens bring me from \$35 to \$40 a month. I buy all our clothes and furnish the table with my egg and butter money. We have bought a little farm and I don't want my husband to have anything to pay for except the farm. We will soon have it paid for.

I don't believe in women letting husbands do all the hard work. I help my husband do such work as I can but he doesn't want me to attempt anything he thinks I am not strong enough for.

I was married when I was seventeen and have never regretted it. There are few women blessed with such a good husband as I have. I don't believe in quarreling and when husband gets out of humor, as all men do once in a while, I do not say anything to him, for I think it spoils the happiness of the whole day to have hard words said to each other.

I am saving all I can to help win the war and am willing to eat corn bread three times a day in order that our boys at the front may have the wheat they

The Thief Discovered

By Arthur Wallace Peach

See front cover illustration.

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SOMEONE had been stealing his grapes. True Hurley decided after one hasty glance at his vines. He examined the ground near the vines and made out the faint suggestion of a footprint.

"Some one of the neighbor's kids, I must catch the little duffer, and teach him a lesson," was Hurley's conclusion.

He was a newcomer to the small farming community, having bought a tiny cottage in which to keep bachelor hall while he was finishing the novel which was to be the best of the series he had published. He did not want to set his neighbors against him by any harsh action, nor did he want to arouse the enmity of a gang of boys whose ability to make a man miserable he knew from his own boyish skill in that art. But the grapes, which were just over the ridge from the cottage, were about all the fruit on the little place; and the stealing must be stopped. He knew that the culprit would probably appear about dusk, and he determined to stroll out that way now and then during the evening.

He went out quietly at seven o'clock, but there were no signs of the robber. At eight o'clock he strolled out again. As he peered over the ridge he saw a slight figure busy among the precious vines.

He strode rapidly down, ready to make a dash after the thief should he attempt to run. But no attempt was made. The soft turf silenced his own steps.

"Well, my boy, you seem to like grapes that don't belong to you!" he said, sharply.

The bending figure straightened quickly with a little gasp of surprise; and Hurley found himself staring into the smooth oval face of a dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, whose features, touched by the soft dusk, were beautiful indeed.

She recovered first, and paid him back for his sharp greeting with: "Really, sir, you would look more intelligent with your mouth closed!"

He realized that as usual when astonished he had let his jaw drop, and he hastened to close the aperture which his mirror had told him was a little above the normal in size.

His ire was a bit aroused. She was a serene small highness, and certainly possessed nerve to steal his grapes so boldly and then comment on his sagging jaw.

"What do you think of those grapes?" he asked with forced politeness. "Very good, are they not?"

She was puzzled; but her clear sweet voice found an answer. Pardon me, but I do not see what interest it is of yours?"

He drew himself up.

"I believe that under the supreme law of the land, that which a man buys he owns," he announced with some dignity.

She laughed, and the laugh rang like music in—well, wherever the music of a girl's laughter rings in a man.

"A Solomon comes in judgment—and wisdom," she replied, bowing with graceful mockery. "Don't be ah ass," Hurley's sub-conscious self reminded him.

She looked suddenly serious and her voice

carried out her expression. "Really, do these grapes belong to you? I am visiting my uncle, Mr. Browne, next door, and I thought sure he told me that these vines were his. Please—have I really been stealing your grapes?"

She was no longer the defiant little miss who could so coolly and sharply criticize his personal appearance, but a girl who was showing her real self—sincerely embarrassed by her predicament, and anxious to find herself released from the situation.

Hurley understood. He also knew that he must see more of the dark-haired invader of his private preserves. Moreover, he realized that he would not see her again if she discovered there and then that she had been bold venturing on another's property and rather saucily expressing her opinions.

Hurley hesitated with good effect in his next speech. "Well, come to think of it, I'm not absolutely certain—that these grapes do belong to me. You see, I'm a new arrival and I'm really not sure that I did buy these vines with the cottage. I'll have to look the matter up."

The relief that his words brought her was evident. "I do hope that you—I mean I hope I have not been doing wrong."

"I am sure that you have not," Hurley said heartily. "In fact, I think a good way to settle it would be for us to go immediately to Mr. Browne and make him the final arbiter."

"No, please—Uncle would make fun—I'll go—please pardon those—good by," she said hastily. She vanished among the orchard trees. He watched her slight, girlish, graceful figure disappear, then he turned back slowly to the cottage, hoping that the grapes did not belong to him, and trying to think of some plausible way in which he could wish them upon Browne.

A few minutes later he suddenly became all attention as he saw two figures coming to his porch. Mr. Browne and the girl appeared.

Browne was a blunt, straight-to-the-point sort of man, and his gruff voice spoke his errand. "Hurley, this is Theo Hill, niece of mine. She's been pinching your grapes and is sorry for it. She wanted me to explain. She got your vines and mine mixed up."

"Mr. Hurley, I want to ask your pardon for what I did—and for what—what I said," she broke in quickly.

"I must ask you to overlook what I said," Hurley added. "It was childish of—"

"I think you young folks better straighten this out by having a visit together. I've got to go to the store. Hurley, will you see Theo back to the house—Browne's friendly, rough yet understanding voice interrupted.

"Fine, I can—," she began hastily; but Hurley eagerly if impolitely forestalled her objections: "It will be a great pleasure; may I?"

She hesitated, then she slipped her hand lightly through his offered arm.

"I do want to ask your forgiveness for those unkind, saucy remarks of mine," she said shyly. He looked down into the dusk-softened face, and in spite of himself tightened his arm over her hand. He would tell her that he forgave her—and then there would be other things to say. It could be made a long walk to Browne's home—and it was a fine evening.

The Rock in a Changing Sea

By Robert Newton

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CAPTAIN Tom always said that he was an "unreconstructed rebel." In his slouch hat and black tie, his straight, lithe, militant figure, was a decided bit of local color on the platform at reunions, Memorial Days, and on that peculiarly Georgia holiday, Jeff Davis's birthday. His oratory teemed with references to the "flower of Southern chivalry" and the "beautiful women of the Southland." In more or less private conversation he was reputed to have said that, when he died, he hoped to "rest on the bosom of Father Abraham and look down and see the last Yankee roaring in hell."

His neighbors, for the most part, regarded these utterances as chiefly rhetorical.

In the younger social set there mingled with the native-born, schoolmates from above the Mason and Dixon line. New England schoolteachers taught the grandchildren of Confederate veterans, bankers entertained Northern financiers and millionaires, and yet Captain Tom preserved the eternal verities. He was as a rock in a changing sea—at least on the aforementioned holidays.

He had two grandchildren, who did not share his rabid views on the general outlandishness of Yankees. His grandson, Leonard Crawford, on the contrary, had a good deal of respect for one, John Woodman, who had come from Boston as an engineer on the construction of the Black Bend dam a few miles up the river. The Captain's granddaughter, who was a cousin of Len's, Mary Belle Benton, the sole feminine influence in the old soldier's household, had met John through Len and their acquaintance had grown to a mutual affection. At first Captain Tom said nothing in objection to such a state of affairs.

By the following spring the engineer's visits to Mary Belle had become so frequent that Captain Tom's pride rose to the point where it blinded his love for his granddaughter. He ordered her to discourage John's attention. He met with a firm refusal.

A long series of declamatory arguments ensued with Len and Mary Belle and finally John himself called on the Captain.

"Miss Mary has informed me that you object to my paying court to her. May I ask the reason?" inquired Mary Belle's lover.

The Captain, at first scrupulously polite, replied:

"You may. And I'll give it. She is a Southerner. You are a Northerner."

"There is no other?" questioned the engineer, quietly.

"That one is sufficient," came the barely courteous answer.

John spoke carefully, weighing his words.

"I recognize, of course, that you are her guardian, sir, but this is something—I have her word for it—affecting her happiness. And, permit me to say, something not bound by geographical limits."

"It is bound by racial and social limitations," flamed the Captain.

John, himself of proud family, flushed angrily, yet controlled himself. He saw the futility of continuing a discussion already tending toward cross-purposes.

"I shall leave the decision to Miss Mary Belle and abide by it," he said, and bowed himself out, leaving the Captain frowning in a rage of incipient oratory.

This time the venerable fire-eater commanded his granddaughter to relinquish all interest in the young Northerner, or leave his home, disinherited from her share in his estate.

That afternoon, Mary Belle sent her belongings to an aunt who lived on the other side of the town. There she began quiet preparations for a wedding. Her love for her grandfather had received an almost mortal wound.

The condition of affairs soon became noised about the little town, and Mary Belle, a general

favorite, came out best before the jury of literary, sewing and bridge clubs.

If the Captain received some cool returns to his salutations, as he passed to and from his office, he gave no sign that he had noticed their frigidity. But inside the breast of the old warrior was raging a battle between pride in his race and love of its progeny. There were hours of loneliness when he would be on the point of sending for Mary Belle. A talk with his grandson, during which the boy pleaded for his lovely cousin, seemed in a fair way to succeed but ended in an outburst of temper when Len unwisely sought to sing the praises of the engineer.

Sometimes when all alone in his office the Captain would recall the many carriage and tones of John Woodman, and he unconsciously felt a warming of the heart. Then he would remember that the man was one of a hated race and he would steel himself against the Northerner. Even so, the remembrance of John's gentlemanly attitude grew of more frequent occurrence in the old man's mind and it worried him for fear that he was basely weakening.

One afternoon, as he left his office, he observed a crowd in front of the bulletin-board of the "Sun." He had come to avoid crowds, but there was a certain silent suspense about this one which aroused a vague alarm in his mind, and he turned his steps toward it.

"Black Bend Dam Breaks," he read.

He read no more, but dashed into the newspaper office and up to the group that surrounded the telegraph instrument. The operator read off as he received the jerky words.

"Inc—la—thought—that two—engineers—were carried away—in the flood of water—" Then all was quiet.

Captain Tom hung over the instrument, his thoughts revolving in a circle of conjecture. The city editor cursed under his breath at the wait.

Now it ticked the next sentence.

"Construction Engineer Woodman missing."

Drowned! The thought flashed through the soldier's brain. No enemy now. Just a brave man—and—the tears sprang into his eyes as he thought of Mary Belle.

The voice of the operator, no longer colorless, broke the stillness again.

"Assistant Leonard Crawford—Missing."

His daughter's son! He stood there hopeless, helpless, while the world seemed to slip from under his feet.

Mary Belle, wide-eyed and white-lipped, rushed in and thrust herself into the group, and demanded in a whisper:

"Is he drowned?"

A mute stare of sympathy from the onlookers answered her. The Captain held out his arms and she threw herself on his breast.

"Be brave, my Mary girl," he whispered, through tightened lips. Their differences were forgotten and she gripped his arms as she strove for composure. He started to lead her away just as a new bulletin was being read. They hesitated.

Now there was a vibrant tone of excitement in the operator's voice.

"Negro workmen recover bodies. Life not yet extinct."

Mary Belle gave a low cry of hope. The Captain stood erect, waiting for he knew not what.

Then came an interminable pause while alternate hope and fear played havoc with taut nerves.

"Doctors working on engineers. Expect to resuscitate them."

Another terrible pause. Then: "Crawford revives. Says Woodman pulled him to safety." A break, and then, "Woodman yields to first aid. Both men now recovering rapidly."

The tension parted with a gasp. The crowd burst into a hysterical chattering. The editor wrote furiously. Mary Belle broke into long sobs of relief, while Captain Tom stroked her head and muttered words of endearment.



Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

Don't send a penny. Just send your name and say "Send me a Lachnite." Lachnite is a skin cream that will make your skin as soft as a baby's. It will remove all blemishes, freckles, and spots. It will make your skin as white as snow. It will make your skin as smooth as silk. It will make your skin as beautiful as a flower. It will make your skin as healthy as a horse. It will make your skin as strong as a lion. It will make your skin as brave as a warrior. It will make your skin as noble as a king. It will make your skin as wise as a philosopher. It will make your skin as good as a saint. It will make your skin as great as a god. It will make your skin as perfect as a masterpiece. It will make your skin as beautiful as a dream. It will make your skin as healthy as a life. It will make your skin as strong as a power. It will make your skin as brave as a courage. It will make your skin as noble as a honor. It will make your skin as wise as a knowledge. 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IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Some Patriotic Pillows

WITH flags flying, service flags and war posters here, there and everywhere, it is only natural that the influence of the war spirit which now fills our thoughts should reflect even in designs for fancy work.

In sofa pillows especially one can introduce a touch of up-to-date patriotism in home decorations, very easily.

A noticeably striking and handsome cover which requires little time and no fine work, can be made of one yard each of red, white and blue material of any kind.

Cut each color in half lengthwise and join the lengthwise edges. This will result in a circular band or tube of red, white and blue. Gather the edges of both ends, draw up closely and fit over a pillow finishing the center of each side with a larger button made of the material stuffed with cotton.

Service Flag Pillow

Such a pillow as this can be made up on either a blue or white background.

For crocheting the center use red, white and blue silkateen of any soft finished mercerized cotton, and a suitable steel hook, five balls of red, three white and three blue will be needed.

With the white make a chain of seven inches, turn and single crochet in each stitch, ch. 1.

2nd row.—1 s. c. in each st., ch. 1, turn 3 to 12th row same as 2nd row.

13th row.—Count stitches, work with white then make center stitch blue balance of row white.

14th row.—White, 3 s. c. blue, white.

15th row.—Same as 14th row.

16th and 17th rows.—White, 5 s. c. blue.

18th row.—White, 7 s. c. blue, white.

19th and 20th rows.—White, 9 s. c. blue, white.

21st row.—White, 17 s. c. blue, white.

22nd row.—White, 15 s. c. blue, white.

23rd row.—White, 13 s. c. blue, white.

24th row.—White, 11 s. c. blue, white.

25th row.—White, 9 s. c. blue, white.

26th row.—White, 11 s. c. blue, white.

27th row.—Same as last row.

28th row.—White, 13 s. c. blue, white.

29th row.—White, 6 s. c. blue, 1 s. c. white, 6 s. c. blue, white.

30th row.—White, 6 s. c. blue, 3 s. c. white, 6 s. c. blue, white.

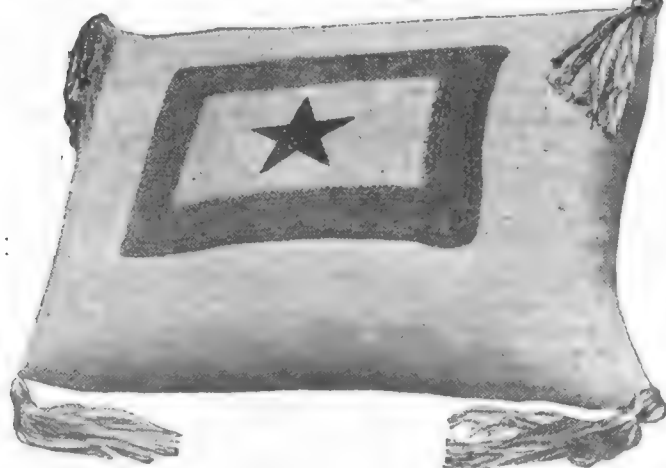
31st row.—White, 4 s. c. blue, 7 s. c. white, 4 s. c. blue, white.

32nd row.—White, 2 s. c. blue, 11 s. c. white, 2 s. c. blue, white.

Next 13 rows all of white.

14th row.—Join in red and s. c. all around making 7 s. c. on each corner, thus 3 s. c. in corner st. and 2 s. c. in st. just before and after.

Every other row only make 3 s. c. at corners, work a blue band 3 inches wide. If more than one star is wanted, count stitches and plan to work them in an inch and one half apart.



SERVICE FLAG PILLOW.

Finish the corners with tassels of blue and white. A crocheted service flag can be made in the same way and is very attractive for a window both sides being alike.

French Relief Shawl

Materials required, 1 lb. of either black Germantown or Scotch knitting worsted, 1 bone crochet hook No. 7.

Work loosely. Ch. 15, 1 d. c. in 4th ch. from hook; taking up 2 threads of ch., * ch. 1, 1 d. c. in next ch.; repeat from * to end of chain and then continue around on other side of ch.,

taking the d. c. in space between the d. c. on other side (23 d. c. in round); join with a sl. st. in top ch. of 3, 1 sl. st. in space before first d. c. and ch. 3 at end of every round.



FRENCH RELIEF SHAWL.

2nd round.—1 d. c. in same space as last sl. st., * ch. 1, 1 d. c. in next space, ch. 1, 1 d. c. in next space, ch. 1, 1 d. c. in same space; repeat from * around (12 widenings in round); join as in 1st round and ch. 3.

2nd round.—1 d. c. in same space as sl. st., * ch. 1, 1 d. c. in next space, ch. 1, 1 d. c. in next space, ch. 1, 1 d. c. in next space, ch. 1, 1 d. c. in same space; repeat from * around. Continue in this manner, in every round having 1 more d. c. between each of the 12 widenings, until there are 13 d. c. between; join and ch. 3.

1st round of border.—* over, a loop in same space, over and through 2 loops on hook, over, a loop in next space, over and through 2 loops, over and through all 3 loops on hook, ch. 1; repeat from * to end of round; join and ch. 3.

2nd round.—1 d. c. in first space, ch. 1, 2 d. c. in same space, * ch. 1, skip 1 space, over, a loop in next space, over and through 2 loops, over, a loop in next space, over and through 2 loops, over and through all 3 loops on hook (a V stitch), ch. 1, skip 1 space, 2 d. c. in next space, ch. 1, 2 d. c. in same space (a shell); repeat from * around. Join with a sl. st., another sl. st. on top of next d. c., 1 sl. st. under ch. 1, ch. 3. Join this way in every round.

3rd round.—1 d. c., ch. 1, 2 d. c. in same space, * ch. 1, 1 d. c. in next space, ch. 1, V st. on V st. in round below (over, a loop in space before V st., over and through 2 loops, over, a loop in space on other side of V st., over and through 2 loops, over and through all 3 loops on hook), ch. 1, 1 d. c. in first space of shell, ch. 1, 2 d. c. in center space of shell below, ch. 1, 2 d. c. in same space; repeat from * around. Make 2 more rounds like the last, but skip 1 space before and after V st.; 3 rounds with 1 d. c. in each of the 2 spaces on each side of center shell; 3 rounds with 1 d. c. in each of the 3 spaces on each side of shell; 3 rounds with 1 d. c. in each of the 4 spaces on each side of shell.

Final round.—Like last round, but make a picot (ch. 3, 1 s. c. in top of d. c. below) on all but the last d. c. of scallop, skip 1 space on each side of V st. and make only 3 d. c. in center of shell in round below; fasten off.

Spider Web Lace

Begin by making a chain of 40 stitches, turn. 1st row.—D. c. in 8th st. of ch., ch. 2, d. c. in next 3rd st., making a square. Make another square, 2 d. c. by side of last d. c. of 3rd square forming a shell, ch. 7, sk. 7, s. c. in 8th st. of ch., s. c. in next 7 sts., making 8 s. c. in all, thus beginning a web, ch. 7, sk. 7, 3 d. c. in next st. 3, making a shell, ch. 8, turn.

2nd row.—2 d. c. under ch. 8, 1 d. c. on last d. c. of shell making another shell, ch. 16, d. c. in first d. c. of shell 2 d. c. under ch. 7, ch. 7, 6 s. c. on s. c. skipping first and last s. c., ch. 7, 2 d. c., 1 d. c. on d. c., ch. 2, d. c. on last d. c., forming a square, make squares on end ch. 4, turn.

3rd row.—Make 5 squares, 1 shell, ch. 7, 4 s. c. on s. c., skipping first and last ch. 7, shell on ch. 7, ch. 7, 2 s. c. in center of ch. 16, beginning another web, ch. 7 shell in square, made by ch. 8, the first time, ch. 8, turn.

4th row.—Make shell as before, ch. 7, s. c., under ch. 16 s. c. on s. c., s. c. under

ch. 16, ch. 7, 1 shell, ch. 7, 2 s. c. on s. c. skipping first and last, 1 shell, 6 squares, ch. 4, turn.

5th row.—7 squares, 1 shell, ch. 2, 1 shell, ch. 7, s. c. under ch. 4 s. c., on s. c., s. c. under ch. making ch. 6, 1 shell in loop, ch. 8, turn.

6th row.—1 shell, ch. 7, s. c. under ch. 6, s. c. on s. c., s. c. under ch., making 8 s. c., ch. 7, 1 shell under ch. 2, closing up web, make 8 squares to end, ch. 4.

7th row.—7 squares, 1 shell of 3 d. c. in 8th square, ch. 16, 1 shell going back, ch. 7, 8 s. c. in 8 s. c., ch. 7, 2 d. c. under ch. 7, and 1 d. c. on d. c. of shell, ch. 16, shell in loop making web, ch. 8, turn.

8th row.—1 shell under ch., ch. 7, 2 s. c. in center of ch. 16, ch. 7, 6 s. c., skipping first and last ch. 7, 2 d. c., under ch., 1 d. c. on d. c., making a shell, ch. 7, 2 s. c. in center of ch. 16, ch. 7, shell in square, make 6 squares, ch. 4, turn.

9th row.—5 squares, shell on square, ch. 7, s. c. under ch., s. c., on s. c., s. c. under ch., making 4 s. c., ch. 7, shell under ch., ch. 7, 4 s. c., skipping first and last, ch. 7, shell under ch. 7, ch. 7, s. c. under ch., s. c. on s. c., s. c. under ch., making 4 s. c., ch. 7, shell in loop, ch. 8, turn.

10th row.—Make shell under ch., ch. 7, 6 s. c., ch. 7, shell around ch., ch. 7, 2 s. c., skipping first and last ch. 7, shell under ch., ch. 7, 6 s. c., ch. 7, shell in square, make 4 squares, ch. 4, turn.

11th row.—Make 3 squares, shell in square, ch. 7, make 8 s. c., ch. 7, shell under ch., ch. 2, shell under ch., ch. 7, make 8 s. c., ch. 7, shell in loop ch. 8, turn.

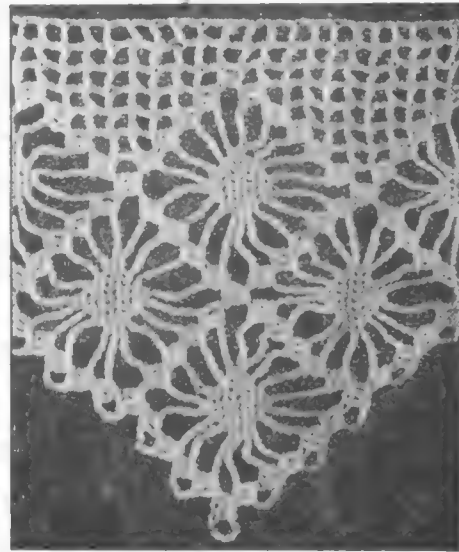
12th row.—Shell under ch., ch. 7, 8 s. c. in s. c., ch. 7, shell under ch. 2, closing up web, ch. 7, 8 s. c. in s. c., ch. 7, shell in square, make 2 squares, ch. 4, turn.

13th row.—Make 3 squares the last one being under shell, shell under ch. 7, ch. 7, 6 s. c., skipping first and last ch. 7, shell under ch. 7, ch. 16, shell under ch. 7, ch. 7, 6 s. c., skipping first and last ch. 7, shell under ch. 7, catching in first d. c. of last shell, ch. 4, turn.

14th row.—Shell under ch. 7, ch. 7, 4 s. c., ch. 7, shell under ch. 7, ch. 7, 2 s. c. in center of ch. 16, ch. 7, shell under ch. 7, 4 s. c., ch. 7, shell under ch., make 4 squares, ch. 4, turn.

15th row.—Make 5 squares, shell under ch., ch. 7, 2 s. c., ch. 7, shell under ch., ch. 7, 4 s. c. under ch., ch. 7, shell under ch., ch. 7, 2 s. c., ch. 7, shell under ch. 7, and fasten as before, ch. 4, turn.

16th row.—Shell under ch., ch. 2, shell under

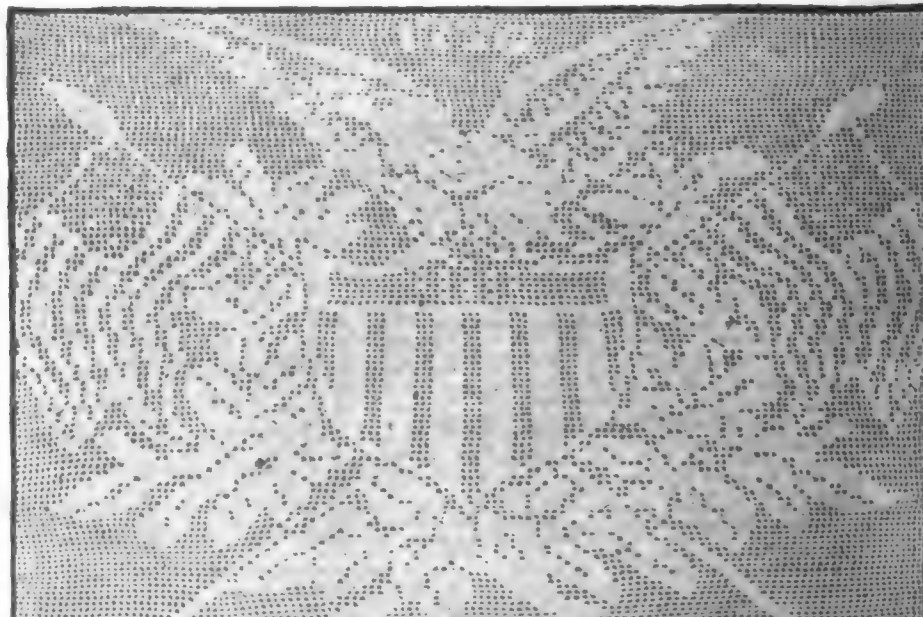


SPIDER WEB LACE.

ch., ch. 7, 6 s. c. under ch. 16, ch. 7, shell under ch., ch. 2, shell under ch., 6 squares, ch. 4, turn.

17th row.—7 squares, shell under ch. 2, ch. 7, 8 s. c. under ch. 16, ch. 7, shell under ch. 2, ch. 4, turn.

18th row.—Shell under ch. 7, of last web, ch. 7, 6 s. c., skipping first and last, ch. 7, shell



AMERICAN EAGLE, SHIELD AND FLAGS IN FILET CROCHET.

under ch. 7, ch. 16, shell in square, 6 squares, ch. 4, turn.

19th row.—5 squares, shell in square, ch. 7, 2 s. c. in center of ch. 16, ch. 7, shell under ch. 7, ch. 7, 4 s. c., ch. 7, shell under ch., ch. 4, turn.

20th row.—Shell under ch., ch. 7, 2 s. c., ch. 7, shell under ch. 4, s. c. in ch. 16, ch. 7, shell in square, 4 squares, ch. 4, turn.

21st row.—3 squares, shell in square, ch. 7, 6 s. c., ch. 7, shell under ch., ch. 2, shell under ch., fasten in corner, ch. 4, turn.

22nd row.—Shell under ch. 2, ch. 7, 8 s. c., ch. 7, shell in square, make 2 squares, ch. 4, turn.

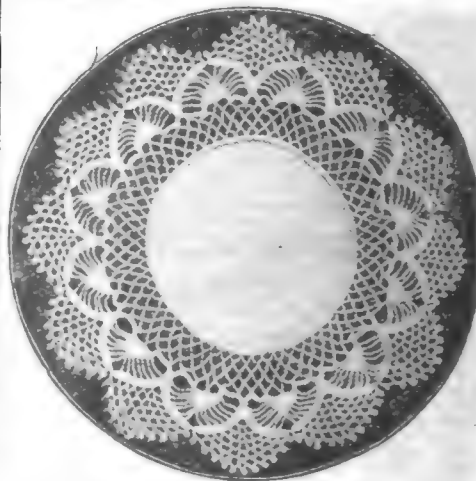
Begin next scallop as the same as the first and repeat the pattern.

FLORA JONES.

Dolly with Torchon Edge

Use crochet cotton No. 50. Crochet hook No. 14. Finish a circle of linen four inches in diameter by turning edge and crocheting evenly around with single crochet. Have as nearly 140 stitches in this row as possible.

1st row.—Ch. 7, sk. 3, s. c., fasten with sl. st. in 4th st., repeat till around to what should be last loop of ch. in this row. Ch. 4, thread over 3 times d. t. in last s. c. which leaves you at center of last ch. loop and avoids sl. st. to center to start next row as is usually the method used. This gives 60 loops around dolly and in making a larger piece in this pattern this row



DOLLY WITH TORCHON EDGE.

should be divisible by 5 so pattern will be correct.

2nd row.—Ch. 7, fasten under 1st ch. loop in preceding row. * Ch. 7, fasten under next loop, * repeat around making last loop same as last loop in preceding row.

3rd row.—Ch. 8, fasten under 1st ch. loop in 2nd row * ch. 8, fasten under next loop * repeat around finishing as in preceding row.

4th row.—Ch. 9, fasten under 1st ch. loop in 3rd row, * ch. 9, fasten under next ch. loop, * repeat around finishing as in preceding row.

5th row.—Same as 4th row.

6th row.—7 s. c. under 1st ch. loop, 1 s. c. in sl. st. where 5th row fastened to 4th row * 7 s. c. under next ch. loop, 1 s. c. in next sl. st., * repeat around.

7th row.—Sl. st. in 1st 3 s. c. of preceding row, ch. 3, to take the place of 1 d. c., 1 d. c. in each of next 2 s. c., * ch. 9, sk. 1 group of s. c. and 1st st. of 2nd group, s. c. in each of next 13 s. c., ch. 9, sk. next group of s. c. and 2 s. c. in next group, 1 d. c. in each of next 3 s. c., * repeat around fastening last ch. 9 to top of 1st ch. 3.

8th row.—Ch. 3, to take place of 1 d. c., 1 d. c. in 1st d. c. of last row, 2 d. c. in each of next 2 d. c., * ch. 9, sk. 1st s. c. in group of 13 s. c., 1 s. c. in each of next 11 s. c., ch. 9, 2 d. c. in each d. in group of 3 d. c., * repeat around and fasten the same as in last preceding row.

9th row.—Ch. 3 to take the place of 1 d. c., 1 d. c. in each of next 2 d. c., * ch. 5, 1 d. c. in each next 3 d. c., ch. 9, sk. 1 s. c. in group of 11 s. c., s. c. in each next 9 s. c., ch. 9, 1 d. c. in each 1st d. c. of last row, * repeat around and fasten the same as in preceding rows.

10th row.—Ch. 3 to take the place of 1 d. c., 1 d. c. in each of next 2 d. c., * ch. 3, 1 d. c. under ch. 5, in last row, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in same place, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in each next 3 d. c., ch. 9, sk. 1st s. c., in group of 9 s. c., 1 s. c., in each of next 7 s. c., ch. 9, 1 d. c. in each of next 3 d. c., * repeat around and fasten as in preceding rows.

11th row.—Ch. 3 to take the place of 1 d. c., 1 d. c. in each next 2 d. c., * ch. 3, 1 d. c. under ch. 3, in last row, ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next ch. 3, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in same place, ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next ch. 3, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in each of next 3 d. c., ch. 9, sk. 1st s. c. in group of 7 s. c., 1 s. c. in each next 5 s. c., ch. 9, 1 d. c. in each of next 3

d. c., * repeat around and fasten as in preceding rows.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Filet Pillow Top

American Eagle, Shield and Flags

We are unable, owing to the length to give space for the directions of the Filet Pillow Top. Any one desiring them, upon the receipt of request, with enclosure of three-cent stamp, they will be sent.

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In and Around the Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

12th row.—Ch. 3 to take the place of 1 d. c., 1 d. c. in each of next 2 d. c., * ch. 3, 1 d. c. under ch. 3 of last row, ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next ch. 3, ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next ch. 3, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in same place, ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next ch. 3, ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next ch. 3, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in each of next 3 d. c., ch. 9, sk. 1st s. c. in group of 5 s. c. 1s. c. in each next 3 s. c., ch. 9, 1 d. c. in each of next 3 d. c., * repeat around and fasten as in preceding rows.

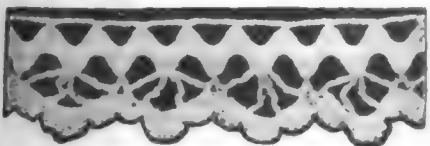
13th row.—Ch. 3 to take the place of 1 d. c., 1 d. c. in each next 2 d. c., * ch. 3, 1 d. c. under ch. 3 of last row, ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next ch. 3, ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next ch. 3, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in same place, ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next ch. 3, ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next ch. 3, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in each of next 3 d. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c. in center st. of 3 s. c., ch. 7, 1 d. c. in each of next 3 d. c., * repeat around and fasten as in preceding rows.

14th row.—Ch. 3 to take the place of 1 d. c., 1-2 d. c. in each of next 2 d. c. This leaves 3 loops on hook, thread over pull through 3 loops to finish in point * ch. 7, fasten back in 3rd ch. to form a p., ch. 3, 1 d. c., under ch. 3 of last row, * repeat 5 times, ch. 7, fasten back to form p., ch. 3, 1 d. c. in same place with last d. c., * ch. 7, fasten back to form p., ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next ch. 3, * repeat 4 times, ch. 7, fasten back to form p., 1-2 d. c. in each next 3 d. c., finishing to form point to correspond with other group of 3 d. c., * repeat around, fasten securely and break thread.

MRS. FRANK BEAL.

Rickrack Edging

No. 1. Fasten in front of braid * ch. 5, 1 s. c. in next point. Repeat from * until you have length desired.



RICKRACK EDGING. NO. 1.

2nd row.—1 d. c. and ch. 2 in every third st. of first row. Working on other side, 1 s. c. and ch. 5 in each point on edge. Break thread.

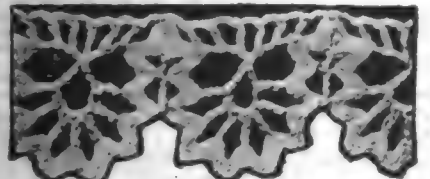
2nd row.—1 d. c. in first point * ch. 3, 1 d. c. in same place, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in same place, ch. 4, 1 s. c. in next point, ch. 4, 1 d. c. in next point. Repeat from * fasten, break thread.

No. 2. This pattern is worked out with a narrow braid and No. 40 cotton.

Begin by fastening cotton in 2nd point, * ch. 7, 1 d. c. in each of next 7 picots, ch. 3, 1 s. c. in 4th of ch. 7, ch. 3, 1 s. c. in next point, ch. 6, skip 1 point, fasten thread in next point.

Repeat from * until work is desired length.

2nd row.—Fasten in 1st point * ch. 2, 1 d. c.



RICKRACK EDGING. NO. 2.

In next point (ch. 2, skip 1 ch. 1 d. c. in next ch.), four times, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in same picot where scallop was finished, ch. 2, 1 s. c. in next point, repeat from * working on other edge, draw cotton through a point each side of the one in which 1 s. c. is made, ch. 3, 1 s. c. through corresponding 2 points on 2 scallops, ch. 3, 1 s. c. through corresponding next 2, fasten off.

Crocheted Lingerie Ribbon

For these ribbons one can use either the mercerized cotton fiber silk or any of the silk substitutes which are well twisted and a steel hook of suitable size.

The ribbons wear well and are very inexpensive. Begin with ch. 5 * draw up loop under this ch., close to hook, thread over hook and draw a loop through. This loop is kept on the hook. Repeat this three times then thread over hook and draw through all loops, keeping this loop on hook until needed. Insert the hook in the last or fifth loop drawn up under the first ch. 5, draw up loop and make ch. 6, drawing the last st. through the idle loop on the hook. Repeat from * until the ribbon is the desired length, which will be about one and one third yards.

The ends can be finished with little crocheted rings, balls or small crocheted roses.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Little Things Which Count

HOW'S the hair this month, girls? Have you been watching over it carefully, shaking and airing and brushing and shampooing since our last month's talk together? If you have, I know you are all as sweet and dainty as can be, in spite of the hot summer days.

There are some other things, though, to which we must give more than ordinary attention at this season of the year. I expect you can guess what some of them are.

Armpits, did some one say? Indeed, yes! Most of us, I am sorry to say, perspire quite freely in this particular portion of the body, and need to exercise great care to avoid being unpleasant to ourselves and others. Of course it goes without saying that we either jump into the bathtub the moment we are out of bed in the morning, or if we cannot do that, stand on a folded towel and sponge the body off quickly. The armpits need hot water and soap, a good hard scrubbing.



THE GENEROUS POWDER SHAKER WHICH MAKES SUMMER BEARABLE.

then rinsing in warm water and finally in cool. A little grain alcohol (not the wood alcohol) rubbed into the armpit is cleansing if one can use such expensive stuff these economical days. Hair in the armpits not only holds the perspiration but is unpleasant to view through the thin gowns so many of us wear. Remove yours with a depilatory. Here is a home-made one:

To Remove Those Objectionable Hairs

Add an ounce of sulphate of barium to four ounces of water. Have a little corn-starch in a saucer and pour the liquid upon it, mixing into a spreadable paste. Apply to the hairy spot and let remain until it dries and the skin begins to itch slightly. Then use the blunt side of a silver knife and scrape off paste. The hair will come with it. If left on too long, it will irritate skin.

If you incline to excessive perspiration in spite of bathing the armpits several times a day, try using a corn-starch pad to powder the armpits after rubbing a cake of soap lightly over them. To make the pad, cut two pieces of white flannel, not too firmly woven, each about two inches square. Stitch together all but one part of one side and fill loosely with corn-starch. Then sew up the remaining slit. The armpits should, of course, be freshly bathed and dried before rubbing with the slightly moistened cake of soap. Be sure you do not apply the soap heavily or it will perhaps spot your sleeve. Dust quite heavily with the corn-starch pad.

Use the powderpuff quite liberally in summer-time—it is the greatest preventive of a greasy, damp appearance. The body needs powdering as well as the face, but here a powderpuff is rather inadequate. There are tin powder cans sold, with a handle and a coarsely perforated top, and these are just the thing to apply the powder to the body, which should afterwards be gone over lightly with a huge pad of absorbent cotton. If you cannot find one of these powder shakers in your stores, you can adapt one of the large kitchen salt-shakers to your purpose. The main thing is to get the body powdered well from head to foot before putting on your undergarments.

Change your hose daily. It takes only a minute or two to wash out a pair of stockings and all of us can have fresh ones daily with a little care. On taking off your shoes, put them to air in a good breezy spot of your bedroom, and never hang up a gown you have been wearing without putting it by the window inside out, to air thoroughly.

Perfectly spotless underwear and fresh ribbons go a long way toward making one both look and feel dainty. In fact the only way to be attractive in summer is to be scrupulously, consistently, constantly clean!

Answers to Questions

BUTTERFLY.—Indeed I am very glad you decided to write me. It ought not take a great deal of courage to do that, when I feel such a good friend to my girls. The first thing you should do is to try to gain in weight and strength. If you only weigh about ninety pounds, you have a good deal of work to do in this direction, my dear, for you ought to weigh one hundred and fifteen or twenty. So let's get at our job. One of the best ways for you to gain, if you are able to get plenty of milk, would be by the milk diet. I believe you could gain three pounds a week, and you would find your complexion clearing up beautifully in the process, and that is something you would like, I am sure. Suppose you start at it right away. The first thing to do is to eat very little for a day, drinking quantities of water and orange juice. At night put half-a-dozen prunes to soak in a tumbler of water. The next morning on rising, drink two glasses of hot water as soon as you get out of bed. Fifteen minutes later drink the prune juice and eat the prunes, masticating thoroughly before swallowing. Indeed it is not a bad idea to rub the prunes through a sieve. Wait another twenty minutes or half hour and take a glass and a half of cool milk, chewing each mouthful before swallowing. Milk is a starchy food, and is almost entirely digested in the mouth, and if you swallow it quickly before it is thoroughly mixed with the saliva it is only partly digested. After your first dose of milk, take a glass and a half every hour until about 3.30 or 4. Between that hour and supper, drink glass of water. For supper eat only light foods—green vegetables, fruits, a little bread and butter or toast. Before going to bed, drink a couple of glasses of water (do this about an hour before retiring). Keep this program up every day for a week, and at the end of that time, take two glasses of milk each hour, and do not eat any supper. You should begin to feel about 7.30 in the morning, say, and continue it until 6.30 at night. If you begin at eight, continue until seven. Keep this milk diet up for about six weeks—two months would be still better. You will be surprised at the difference it will make, and your parents will be so pleased at the big improvement in your health. If for any reason you cannot get enough milk to take the treatment, try feeding yourself as follows: For breakfast, some sort of fruit first—if you can have fresh fruit or a baked apple with cream, or a dish of prunes with cream, that will be beneficial. Then eat a great big bowl of oatmeal, cooked for a long time, with plenty of cream and sugar, plenty of toast and butter, and finally two soft-boiled eggs (three and a half minute eggs). Drink no coffee or tea, and do

not take water with your meals but lots of it between meals. Drink a glass of good rich cool milk in the middle of the morning and in the middle of the afternoon. For dinner, if you eat it in the middle of the day, any kind of meat if it is roasted or broiled, but never fried. Salt meats will not make you gain—such as ham and salt pork, clipped beef, etc. Fresh fish is excellent for you, and chicken or any other kind of fowl. Eat plenty of potatoes and butter, spinach, asparagus, peas, string beans, buttered beets, boiled onions (very soft), sliced tomatoes, summer squash, etc., etc., etc. Don't eat pies or cake, but fruit for dessert. For supper, bread and milk or milk toast (plenty of it), or creamed fish, with boiled rice or a baked potato (do not eat fried potatoes), and a dish of fruit with plenty of bread and butter. As to the other matter you write me about, build yourself up until you weigh one hundred and fifteen or twenty. There is nothing to be worried about—you just haven't realized that it is your job to make yourself weigh the right amount.

X. Y. Z.—No, do not use a fine comb on your scalp; it irritates it and is not good for the hair. Wash your hair, which you say is dry, about once in three or four weeks. Use the soap jelly, directions for which have been given in many issues of COMFORT. Be sure to rinse and rinse the hair many times after washing it, and dry it in the sun. Then brush it gently for about one hundred strokes. Give it the same amount of brushing every night, and be sure that your brush is washed in warm soapy water once a week, well rinsed in many waters, finally in cool, and dried in the sun standing on its side. Never use a brush used by anybody else. Always let your hair down at night when undressing and toss it about in the air; either let it hang loose all night or braid it very loosely indeed. Have your druggist put up the following hair lotion:

For Thin or Falling Hair

Jamaica rum, two and one half ounces.
Tincture of cantharides (alcoholic) two and one half ounces.

Glycerine, one half ounce.
Sesquicarbonate of ammonia, two drams.

Oil of rosemary, twenty drops.
To this mixture have your druggist add nine ounces of distilled water. Every night after you have brushed your hair as directed, part your hair and pour a little of this lotion along the part; part in another place and moisten that part; and go over the head in this way. If you have a medicine dropper, it is easier to run it along the part and apply the lotion in that manner. Then slip the flats of the fingers along each side of the head, and move the scalp back and forth on the skull. Do not lift the fingers or let them rub back and forth on the hair, but press them firmly against scalp and move scalp, hair and all. Go over the entire head in this way; it will rub the lotion into the scalp, and at the same time stimulate the circulation of the blood, bringing it to the scalp to nourish the hair.

Remember this about hair: If the rest of your body is not strong and well-nourished, your hair is not likely to be. It is more than likely that the first thing to do to make your hair healthier is to build up your own general strength; so do your best in this way, in the meantime massaging your scalp, using the lotion, brushing the hair daily.

PINK ROSE.—I think you would be very foolish to try to dye your hair. I do not give directions for it. If you think your hair is not "live" enough now, you certainly would not like it after dyeing, for it would lose even part of the life it now has. What you need to do is to shampoo. I frequently, and brush it every night for fifty or one hundred strokes. You will be surprised how soon it will begin to wake up and look alive. Shampoo your hair once in two weeks, if it is ordinarily oily; once in three weeks if it is inclined to be dry. See directions to "X. Y. Z." If your nails are very hard, you probably use a steel knife or other steel instrument to clean them with. Never do this. The first thing your nails need, at present, is a soaking in a bowl of warm soapy water, and a good scrubbing with a stiff nail brush. Then clean them with your orange-wood stick, and use the flat end of the stick to gently press back the cuticle at the base of the nail. The nail should disclose a small half-moon at their base. If you have neglected yours, it will take a little time to make this half-moon show, so don't try to produce it all at once, but each day as you wash your hands, press back the cuticle. Form the habit of doing this with the towel when you wipe



USE A CORN-STARCH PAD FOR THE ARM PITS.

your hands, as well as with the orange-wood stick once daily. When nails are thoroughly cleaned (soak only one hand at a time), take your thin flexible nail file and gently file the nail into shape, following the shape of the end of your finger. Do not keep your nails too short. Scrub again, and use the orange-wood stick to remove any nail dust which might have clogged beneath the nail. Your manicure scissors should be called into action to gently remove any hangnails or roughness. New attend to the other hand in the same manner, and when both hands are ready, polish each with the palm of the other hand or with a bit of milk. This is a very simple manœuvre; you can use a polishing powder, and a cleaning ointment, etc., but this treatment is sufficient. Shape the nails with a file once a week, but attend to cleaning them several times a day, and to the cuticle daily.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, CARE COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

A LESSON IN MANNERS.—This is the way the agent got a lesson in manners. He called at a business office and saw nothing but a prepossessing though capable-looking young woman. "Where's the boss?" he asked abruptly. "What is your business?" she asked, politely. "None of yours!" he snapped. "I got a proposition to lay before this firm, and I want to talk to somebody about it." "And you would rather talk to a gentleman?" "Yes." "Well," answered the lady, smiling sweetly, "so would I. But it seems that it's impossible for either one of us to have our wish, so we'll have to make the best of it. State your business, please!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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The Dairy Cow in August

AT this season of the year the dairy cow has a hard time of it on many a farm and the consequence is that the milk or cream check diminishes sadly, in addition to the discomfort, if not actual suffering, of the animal.

It is no advantage to allow the dairy cow at this time to stand all day in a pond, stream or river keeping herself free from pestiferous flies of the ox warble or gadfly variety. When a cow is not eating good feed she should be chewing the cud and so making milk; or getting ready to calve and supply plenty of milk for her offspring, or the market where calves are not allowed to nurse. Better to keep the cows in a clean, well ventilated, screened and darkened stable during the hot hours of the day than to turn them on pasture, and indoors supply plenty of nutritious feed, such as forage catch crops, such as oats and peas, green vetch, green corn of sweet or field varieties, or any nourishing green feed that succeeds well in the district where the cows happen to be kept.

Turning the cows out at night, on grass, is a luxury to the animal, provided mosquitoes do not torment. In breezy fields after eight at night the mosquito generally quits tormenting stock and on such pastures the cow will thrive better than if kept indoors all of the time; but we should prefer to keep cattle stabled when grass is dry and short and insect pests torment night and day. It is now that the standpipe individual drinking cup proves of greatest benefit to the cow. It saves turning the cow out and insures a drink of fresh water just as often as she cares to take it, whereas allowing the cows to drink morning noon and night is not enough in hot weather and who shall say what torment and damage is entailed by allowing the cows to drink but once or twice daily when the "boss gets around to it?"

August also is the season of the year when "summer silage" proves of greatest benefit. With scarcity of labor, the cutting and hauling of silage crops of green forage for the cows tempts many a dairyman to pasture his cows to their discomfort and his financial loss. Silage is easy to handle, concentrated, nutritious and always relished by the cow and unquestionably is a milk producer. Fortunate indeed is the man who has provided summer silage, and the scarcer help becomes on account of the war the more necessary and popular will the silo become. Into it may go rank, green clover and green ryegrass as soon as a cut is ready, if it was found impossible to fill the silo with corn fodder the previous fall, or if all of the silo had to be fed out in winter; but we are satisfied that the dairyman will soon see that it is to his advantage to provide a special or extra silo of corn silage for summer use alone.

If the cows must be pastured in August, or any other very hot time when grass is scarce and dry and flies are troublesome, sheets may well be afforded for the cattle, or at least the spray pump should put on enough fly repellent and often enough to keep the cows fairly comfortable so far as fly annoyance is concerned. Keeping flies off means more milk, but that will not be the case, to a profitable degree, unless the cows also have a shade to go to, fresh, clean water to drink and an abundance of succulent and nourishing feed in addition to what they pick up on pasture.

Rotating Pig Pasture

This is a trying time of the year for the weaned pigs. The good, green pasture they were turned into with their dams has become ripe, woody, trampled and soiled. Unless a succession of new growths is provided, the pig flesh is now about sure to "melt" in the heat and from lack of nutritious feed. Simply throwing ear corn to the young pigs will not make up for the lack of succulent and laxative green feed. It heats and tends to fatten, but the fattening process is uncertain unless green feed is available as an adjunct, and scientific feeders also have found that other feeds are valuable as an adjunct to corn and alfalfa, clover, rape or peas, rape and oats. They now allow pigs access to digester tankage and wheat middlings in self-feeders, and this combination, along with what sweet skim milk can be spared from the calves, is a winner, the pigs thriving well, escaping worm derangements and making fast and profitable gains.

Every reader of this paper has learned thoroughly, either from experience or reading, that lambs must have new green grass, or other green feed in succession and untainted by adult sheep if they are to thrive profitably and keep free from worms. It should be as clearly understood that young pigs need the same sort of treatment, and this applies likewise to the weaned calf and colt. Better keep the young pigs in clean, shaded yards and sheds or stables where they can be fully fed and allowed plenty of cool, clean drinking and bathing water than allow them to run for months on the same hot, dusty, dirty, contaminated, short, dry grass pasture. Rotating the patches of green crop for the pigs makes such management unnecessary to a great extent, but often a combination of the yarding or stabling plan and the green crop plan proves most successful. It is absolutely certain that the one old yard or pasture plan of exercise and feeding of pigs is always certain to do some harm and, in many instances prove disastrous or at least destructive of possible profits.

Bluestone Solution for Worms

When lambs have been weaned and the grass and other feed tends to become dry or short, ravages of intestinal worms quickly become apparent. The lamb that is infected with stomach worms appears weak, does not thrive, shows a pale hue of skin and of lining membranes seen when the lower eyelid is turned back, and such a lamb also may scour, or show a "pot belly," or lie down a great deal and not try to eat. Such symptoms indicate the immediate necessity of effective treatment for the destruction of the worms.

Gasoline has been the sovereign remedy for stomach worms, but the disadvantage of the treatment is that the dose has to be repeated on three consecutive mornings and that is a very big job when many lambs have to be handled. Now that help is scarce, it becomes more important than ever before to adopt a plan of treatment that will take as little help as possible away from other work and that at the same time will insure destruction of the worms. Such a treatment is again being advocated and is as follows: Make a one per cent solution of bluestone (sulphate of copper) in hot water, using only the deep blue crystals, not those that have lost color. Of this solution the average dose is one and two thirds ounces, to be carefully administered from a bottle, or from a nozzle at-

tached to the free end of a small rubber tube having a funnel inserted in the other end. If the lambs are not well grown, one and one half ounces of the solution will suffice, while adult sheep might possibly take a larger dose; but two ounces is too much and one and one half ounces probably as small an amount as will prove effective for lambs.

When the lambs have to be treated, pen them closely so that they may be readily handled. Keep them in the pen overnight and in the morning give the medicine before feeding. One dose will suffice and no bad effects should follow if the medicine is carefully administered so as not to get it into the lungs.

In this connection it may be added that generous feeding is imperative when worms have shown their presence and also helps greatly to keep worms from getting the better of the lamb they infest. Prevention also is highly important and comes from providing new grass and a frequent change of such grass for the young lambs.

Dry Weather Plowing

The fellow who owns a tractor is ahead of his neighbor in the dry weather of August and September, when plowing of stubbles should be done unless clover was seeded with the small grain, or hay is to follow the oats, barley or wheat. He can go ahead and plow when the land has become so dry that an ordinary farm team would be useless. And such plowing is advantageous. This spring on many a farm work was kept sadly behind for the reason that much dry weather prevented fall plowing. In many districts the usual fall rains did not arrive in due time or the land froze after the rainfall and so plowing was not done. The plowing in many instances was postponed until the conditions should become just right and they never became that. The lesson is that the vigilant farmer must plow the moment plowing is possible just after harvest and keep at it as long as the weather will allow. Of course there will be some manure to get out, but we should advise putting it on the hay land or meadow rather than the stubble if the plowing is to be held back by the manure spreading.

It seems certain that in these times of war and lack of man-power, that every possible acre of plowing should be done in fall so that small grain may be got in the moment the weather allows in spring. The fall plowing almost absolutely insures timely seeding in spring. Leaving the plowing until spring, on the contrary, will almost inevitably mean loss of the exactly right seeding day or week, and so we advise every reader to do all the plowing he can, even if the weather is hot and dry, and three, four or six horses have to be put on one plow.

It will be fortunate indeed when community tractors can be hired to do the plowing just when it should be done, and that time no doubt is coming in many districts. It is going to be an absolute necessity if war continues and all our young men have to be diverted from the farm to make the world safe for democracy and that every man may have a fair show, equal opportunity and assurance of a justly gained and lasting peace.

Smaller Better Shocks of Grain

It often seems that hired men and even farmers try to see how many acres of grain they can shock in a forenoon or afternoon, or day, instead of making quality of work the aim. The result is that the first strong wind blows off the cap sheaves and the first rain soaks the shocks through and through. This does not matter when the grain is dead ripe at shocking time, and is immediately threshed "out of the shock," but where the grain is a bit green when cut and has to stand a long time waiting for the thrasher to come around, dire damage results from heating and sweating. Many a badly made shock is seen to have spoiled by the time threshing can be done, or it tumbles down and has to be rebuilt, the grain being much the worse for the experience.

In our opinion the boys should be instructed to take plenty of time and do the shocking just as well as they know how, or have been taught to do it. If they have not been instructed properly, here are a few hints that should prove useful: Always set the short side of the sheaf inward. If the long side is set inward the short side is constantly drawing the top of the sheaf downward and outward, so that the cap sheaf becomes loose and rain tends to enter.

Always catch the sheaf by the seed end, one in each hand, and then jab or force the butt end down into the stubble, so that it will grip firmly and not be held off the ground by the stubble. Better in the long run to make small shocks than large ones and our experience teaches that in any climate where rain is likely to fall at harvest time and where grain has to be cut a trifle green, the eight-sheaf shock with but one cap sheaf is best. Make it as follows:

Set a pair of sheaves, long ends out, from east and west; then set a second pair of sheaves, long ends out, from north and south, bending the seed ends together in the center. The first pairs of sheaves should be very firmly set. With these four sheaves in place, set a sheaf in each corner to make a square shock, bringing the tops of the eight sheaves well together; then break over a big sheaf at the band, spread it out at the ends and put it firmly on top to act as a cap.

Such a shock will stand up and the one cap will keep it dry. It is so small and easily penetrated by air that the sheaves dry rapidly and thoroughly and insure bright, hard grain. Then, too, such a shock can be quickly put together and is easily forked onto the wagon.

On the contrary, we find that the big shock, in the long run, does not save time, is sure to heat more or less if allowed to stand for a long time, most liable to get out of shape or lose its cap sheaves and more troublesome to fork. Besides this we think that just as large an area of grain can be got into shock in a day's time by the small shock plan as the large one, if the workers are expert; but as we have said before, fast work is not the important thing; to have the shocks properly built, well ventilated and so well capped that they will shed water, is the thing to keep in mind and govern the work from start to finish.

Why Stack Grain

If we are to prevent losses in threshing and get all the grain out of the straw, it must be dry. If grain is to keep in the bin it must be dry—that is, it must go through a "sweat" before being placed in the bin. Both of these conditions are met if the grain has a chance to go through the "sweat" in the stack. If grain is dry when stacked, it will go through the sweat and be dried out ready to thresh in about four weeks after threshing. If grain is threshed before it has stood this length of time in the stack

it will be "in the sweat" when threshed and the straw will be tough and the grain will be damp. There will be much grain lost in the straw and the grain in the bin will be likely to mold. Hence it is important that grain should be dry when stacked and should stand at least a month in the stack before threshing.

WHY NOT THRESH FROM THE SHOCK?—The farmer may well ask. Why not save all this bother by threshing from the shock? We have already said that grain is very likely to heat in the bin. But this is not all. Out west, where it never rains during harvest time, where wheat may be seen piled up like cord wood in sacks, lying for weeks in the middle of the field, threshing from the field is by all means the best plan. But this will not do in damp climates. Once in a while for a day or two, one man's grain may be in good shape for threshing, but by far the majority of those in a neighborhood will have to thresh under this plan when they do not want to, that is when it is too wet. Again, the dew will always make the first load or two in the morning damp and tough.

If a whole neighborhood, however, stacks its grain, they can get a machine in when threshing time comes and the grain is in good shape to thresh. This plan also makes threshing come later in the season when the weather is cooler and the rush of work is past.

Save Wheat at Threshing Time

We will need every bushel of wheat that we raise this year for our boys in the trenches, our soldiers in training, our allies over seas and for home use. Every kernel should be saved. There are large losses in harvesting, in stacking and threshing, that should be carefully saved this year, no matter what we may have done about it in the past.

THRESHING OVER STRAW.—In Kansas last year there were threshing crews that went from farm to farm buying up old straw piles and threshing them over. It is said that this second threshing often yielded from three to ten per cent of the original yield. With wheat at thirty bushels per acre this means that from one to three bushels of grain was left in the straw. The loss on a forty-acre field would thus be from 40 to 120 bushels, worth at present prices from \$88 to \$264—a pretty neat sum. It is no wonder therefore that expert threshermen were willing to buy old straw piles and thresh them over for the grain they contained.

GOVERNMENT PLANS FOR SAVING WHEAT.—The Food Administration has asked that a threshing committee be appointed in every grain growing county to help save these large losses at threshing time. Not only are we asked to thresh cleaner but also to waste less in hauling, in careless handling and in cleaning up around the stack.

SOME NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS.—In hauling grain from the field to the stack or machine, care should be taken to prevent shelling. Either a tight-bottom rack should be used or a canvas stack cover should be spread over the bottom of the rack to catch the grain. In threshing, this same canvas should be spread under the feeding table to catch the grain shelled in this manner. Around and under the machine the most thorough cleaning should be practiced.

In stacking, arrangements should be made to protect the bottom of the stack from wet weather or other losses. Careless handling all along the line, from the field to the bin, should not be permitted. And, finally, the grain should be stored in bins proof against rats and mice.

Seed for Fall Wheat

One objection to fall wheat in the colder states is winter killing. In some sections practically all of the fall sowing was wiped out during the winter. This was particularly true in those sections where new seed was sown—that is, seed from last fall's threshing.

WHY SOW OLD WHEAT INSTEAD?—The question may well be asked. Why does old wheat do better than new for fall seeding? The answer is clear. All seeds must dry out and lie dormant for a time before they will germinate. If new wheat fresh from the machine is sown before it has gone through the sweat and dried out, it will have to go through a similar period of incubation in the soil. This means that its germination will be late and weak. The plants will be weak and grow slowly. This poor weak stand will come on late. It is well known that wheat that best withstands the hard winter is that which has a heavy top growth before winter sets in. This heavy growth catches and holds the snow and together with the snow forms a blanket that protects the roots against the cold of winter or the more disastrous thawing and freezing of spring.

With new seed no such growth is possible and the poorly protected plants are easily winter killed.

The lesson from all this is. Never sow seed from the same season's harvest unless it is practically impossible to secure old seed. If new seed must be sown, get it into the ground as early as you possibly can.

Have a Fall Garden

Plant another crop of vegetables and enjoy the garden as long as possible. Such vegetables as bush beans, beets, Swiss chard, kale, parsley, peas, radish, spinach and turnip may be planted as late as August—lettuce, too, as the fall rains commence. Then it affords another chance to fill extra cans you may have—all helping to solve the food problem during the coming winter.

What is more appetizing in winter months than to have spinach, beets, peas, or some other good garden stuff to serve with the heavier foods that we cook? Don't think because you have planted a spring garden that you are to be satisfied with that. Plan on a fall garden and make the good things last as long as you can.



We Will Send You One Prepaid for A Club Of Eight!

ON warm summer days what is there that can afford more real pleasure or satisfaction than the quiet hours spent in a comfortable hammock on the porch or in some cool shady spot under the trees on the lawn or in the orchard? If you do not already own a hammock, or if the one you now have is becoming a trifle worn, then here is an offer that should interest you. We will send you without a cent of expense a "COMFORT" hammock—one of the latest styles, strong, serviceable and handsome, 10 feet long and over 31 inches wide, in attractive interwoven colors of red, black, yellow

Only \$2 DOWN! ONE YEAR TO PAY

\$38 Buys the New Butterfly Junior No. 24. Light running, easy cleaning, close skimming, durable. Guaranteed a lifetime against defects in material and workmanship. Made also in four larger sizes up to No. 4 shown here. Earn its own cost and more by what it saves in cream. Postal prices. Free catalog, folder and "direct-from-factory" offer. Buy from the manufacturer and save money. ALBAUGH-BOYER CO., 2183 Marshall Blvd., CHICAGO

BELL-ANS

Absolutely Removes Indigestion. Druggists refund money if it fails. 25c

LADIES and MEN make big profit selling 7-bar box Assorted Toilet Soap and 10c Perfume. Sample FREE. Permanent business. CROFTS & REED CO., CHICAGO

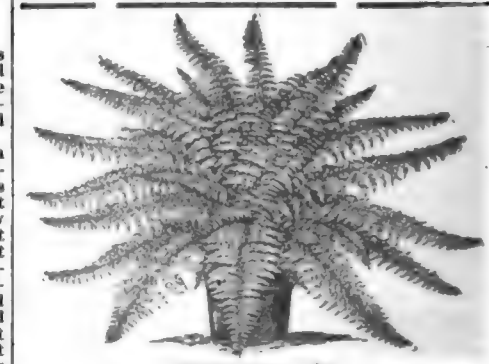
DESTROY WEEDS FIRST.—After you have harvested the early garden crop, hoe out all weeds and keep working the soil as long as any crop remains in the garden. Lettuce, radishes, spinach, peas, can be planted in succession and the permanent crops like tomato, potato, and such, which are to be used later, need lots of cultivation during the hot, dry months. Working the soil thoroughly helps moisture for the plants and lets the air into the root system which is so necessary for the plant's growth. Again, thorough cultivation keeps down the weeds and breaks up the heavy soil which bakes so hard during the dry weather of late summer. When the plants have established a good root system, only a shallow working of the soil is necessary, as the roots which lie near the surface of the ground must not be disturbed.

Save Seed for Next Year

If you have a fine variety of vegetable, it is a good plan to pick out the most promising plant and mark it with a bit of string, for your seed plant. Go through your garden and make selections of such plants, and be sure they are your best plants. Do not save seed from inferior plants or from any that may be diseased. If by wise selection you save seeds from the same vegetables from year to year, you may develop an improved variety.

Since many vegetable seeds have been imported from Europe in the past and the demand has been so strong during the past year for seeds for "War Gardens," it is not unlikely that we may be short of good seed next spring. Hence it will be a good plan to save as much seed as possible of our own growing for home use next year.

Six Beautiful Ferns



PREMIUM NO. 6112

Given For Two Subscriptions

Of all indoor foliage plants, none give more lasting pleasure and satisfaction than these popular house ferns. They need but little care and live indefinitely, growing larger and more beautiful year by year. The collection offered you here comprise four of the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture. They are the Asparagus Plumosus or "Lace" fern, the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Fountain" fern and the Whitman or "Ostrich plume" fern. They will thrive in any dwelling room near a window and require almost no attention except a little sprinkling of water now and then. These ferns are guaranteed to be absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type, and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were fresh from the greenhouse. We are able to illustrate only one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember we give all six ferns (four different varieties) free on this offer.

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to send you by Parcel Post prepaid the above described collection of six beautiful ferns (four varieties) each of them a strong, healthy, well-rooted plant ready to pot and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen beauty. Premium No. 6112.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

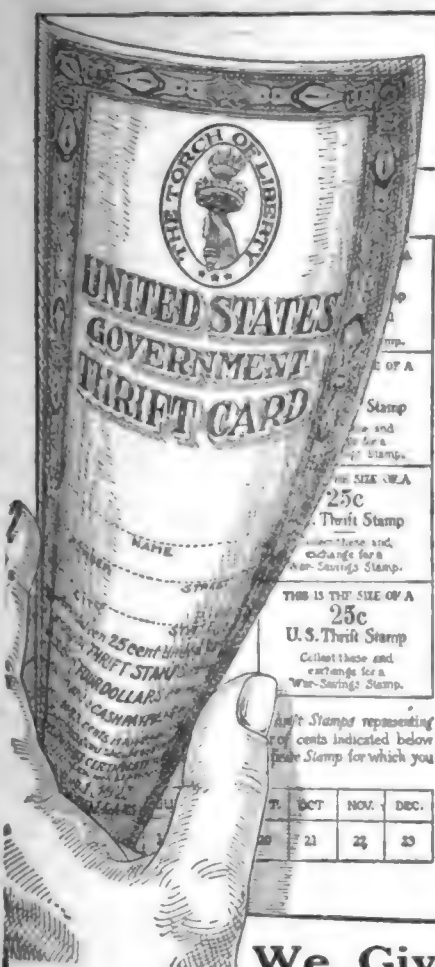


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and white. It is fitted with strong wooden stretchers at either end, so attached that they are a part of the hammock itself and always in place thereby giving it suitable spread for comfort. We can guarantee this hammock to give you real satisfaction because it is in no respect cheap or cheap looking but made throughout of high-grade material that will withstand the wear and tear of constant use. This handsome full size, guaranteed hammock is yours without cost on the terms of the following:

CLUB OFFER. For a club of eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 35 cents each, we will send you the "COMFORT" Hammock described above, prepaid. Premium No. 7398. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



We Give War Thrift Stamps!

How You Can Help Your Country—And Save Money Too—Without Expense To Yourself!

DO you want to help win the war but feel financially unable to buy Liberty Bonds or War Thrift Stamps? Here then is your opportunity to do your bit and yet not invest a cent of your own money. COMFORT is willing to buy 25-Cent War Thrift Stamps and give them to you in place of a premium or cash commission. By following our easy plan you will soon have enough stamps to fill a Thrift Card. Then you can start all over again and fill another Card—and so on. In this way you can without expense to yourself, help furnish your Country with the money it needs in order to feed, clothe, arm and equip our soldiers and sailors and win this righteous war in defense of American honor and the cause of democracy throughout the world.

Thrift Stamps—What Are They?

United States 25-Cent War Thrift Stamps are the best investment in the world. They are the equivalent of War Savings Stamps, also called "little baby bonds," which—like Liberty Bonds—have behind them the entire resources of the United States. Those Thrift Stamps themselves bear no interest, but they can be exchanged for the largest War-Savings Stamps which do bear interest. When you have filled your Thrift Card with sixteen 25-Cent Thrift Stamps, you are to surrender it to any post office, bank or other authorized agency, pay a few cents in cash—17 cents in June, 18 cents in July, and so on, adding 1 cent each month—and receive in return a \$5 War-Savings Stamp. With this Stamp you will also receive a War-Savings Certificate, containing spaces for twenty of these \$5 War-Savings Stamps. If you should fill the twenty spaces with \$5 War-Savings Stamps before July 1, 1918, the cost to you—if you bought the stamps—would be \$82.40, and on Jan. 1, 1923, the Government will pay you \$100—a net profit of \$17.60. In other words your War-Savings Stamps—which you get in exchange for your 25-Cent Thrift Stamps—will bear 4 per cent interest, compounded quarterly. Please understand, however, that you are not obliged to fill your War-Savings Certificate before July 1, 1918. We simply use that date to illustrate what the stamps bring you in interest. You actually have until Jan. 1, 1919, to purchase the stamps. But of course the sooner you secure them the more you will gain in interest on your investment. Therefore it's up to you to fill your Thrift Cards with 25-Cent Thrift Stamps as soon as possible, in order to exchange them for the larger \$5 War-Savings Stamps that pay you 4 per cent interest, compounded quarterly, from Jan. 2, 1918.

You Can Help Win The War By Starting A Thrift Card Today!

Every 25-Cent Thrift Stamp which you buy, or secure free on this offer, strikes a blow at our enemies and hastens the victorious ending of the war. And at the same time you are investing money in the best and safest security in the world. We consider it our duty to describe this War-Savings Thrift Plan to our subscribers and offer the Thrift Stamps to our club-raisers instead of premiums or cash commission. We have made our offer as liberal as we possibly could in order to make it easy for all to earn the stamps. By accepting our offer you can obtain all the 25-Cent Thrift Stamps you want without paying any money yourself. We shall buy the stamps and give them to you in return for subscriptions to COMFORT.

Here Is Our Offer!

For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 35 cents each, we will send you one 25-Cent War Thrift Stamp and a Thrift Card free and prepaid. (Premium No. 8462.) For three one-year subscriptions we will send you two stamps and a Thrift Card. (Premium No. 7883.) For ten one-year subscriptions we will send you seven stamps and a Thrift Card. (Premium No. 73610.)

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Profit in Raising Capons

THIS year, when every ounce of food is of vital importance, it seems a pity to sell the young cockerels as fryers, when by caponizing them, they may be made to weigh from eight to twelve pounds by Thanksgiving or Christmas, when they will surely bring from forty to fifty cents a pound; for beef, turkeys and pork are going to be scarcer than rubies and very expensive. A set of tools will only cost about \$1.50, and they make the work very much easier and safer, but an experienced man can manage with a sharp penknife, a bent wire and a needle. But remember, it does not matter whether real tools or mere makeshifts are used, they must be kept scrupulously clean, and always be submerged for at least five minutes in scalding water immediately before using, to insure sanitary conditions, for caponizing is really a surgical operation, though not at all a difficult one; almost any one of ordinary ability can perform it. Any small, strong table which can be easily moved will do to operate on. The bird should be confined to a clean coop for twenty-four hours, without food or drink, to insure the intestines being empty. Prepare two pieces of strong twine, with a slipknot at one end and a weight at the other. Half a brick or a stone will do. We had two old pound weights with slots in them, that fitted over a scale bar, and as they were easily attached to a string, we always used them. The string should be long enough, after the noose is made and the weight attached, to reach from the center of the table to within a foot of the ground. When you are ready to perform the operation, slip the noose of one cord around the bird's shanks just above the feet, then draw the wings up over the back until they touch; slip the noose of the second string over the wings, below the second joint. Lay the bird on its left side on the table, allowing the ends of the strings to which the weights are attached to hang down on each side of the table. This keeps the bird's feet and wings perfectly still and out of the way. Now dampen the feathers on the bird's side with cold water, to keep them flat, and also to check bleeding. Then with the left hand press down the skin toward the leg, and hold it in position whilst with a sharp knife you make a cut about an inch long between the first and second ribs, above the hip, following the shape of the ribs. The bird will start as soon as the cut is made, but will lie quiet the next moment. Of course the point of the knife must be used, and the skin only cut. Place the wire stretcher which comes with the tools in the cut to hold it open. You will then be able to see the white fiber-like skin which encloses the bowels. This must be attacked with the sharp hook belonging to the kit, and carefully picked open. Naturally every precaution must be taken not to pierce the intestines, but as they will be empty after the bird's long fast, there is not much danger if care is used. As the breaking of the skin causes the bird no pain, there is no necessity to hurry, or get flustered, but it is well to work as quickly as you can. After the inner casing is open, one of the testicles will be in sight—a cream white, kidney shaped membrane lying near the backbone.

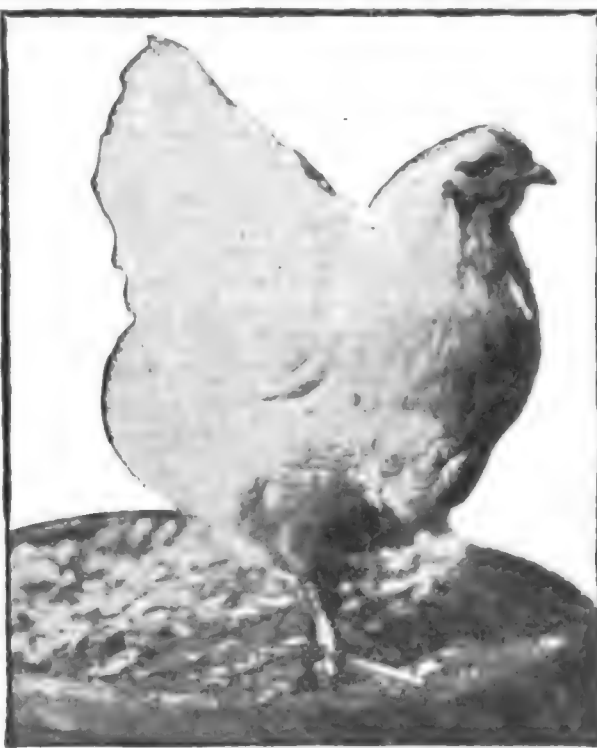
Before commencing the operation at all, you must thread the canula with a fine steel wire (both of which belong to the kit), letting the wire form a loop at the curved end, and ends well out at the other side. Sometimes both testicles are in sight, but not often, as the other usually lies beyond and more to the other side. Now comes the only dangerous part of the whole operation—getting hold of and removing the testicles. But with a steady hand and plenty of light, not one bird in a hundred should be lost. Attached to the testicle and lying back of it is one of the principal arteries of the fowl, and this, if ruptured, is sure to cause death. It is here that the proper tools prove of the greatest advantage. The wire being small and very fine, is easily slipped between the testicle and artery without injury to either, and a clear, clean cut made. Take the canula in the right hand and adjust the wire in it so that the loop, about one half an inch long, will extend from the small end of tube, leaving the two ends of wire extending far enough out of the open end to secure a good hold. Insert the end of the tube that has the loop on it very carefully, and slip the loop over both ends of the testicle and entirely around it; hold end of tube close down to the testicle. When it is entirely encircled by the loop, take both ends of the wire, which comes out of the other end of the tube, with thumb and first finger, holding it tight, and draw it up firmly but carefully until it is severed; then remove the wire spreader and allow the hole to close in the other skin which you pressed down with your hand at the beginning of the operation, and as the skin resumes its natural place the outer cut will be upwards of an inch above the inner cut; in this way, the outer skin makes a covering for the inner cut, and keeps out all dirt and insures its healing quickly.

To complete the operation, turn the bird on its other side and proceed exactly as before. Some experts can work entirely from one side, but it is risky, and difficult for an amateur to try. After the operation, keep the bird in a small coop and feed lightly for a few days, and there will be no ill-effects. Capons, like all poultry, must be kept free from vermin to be profitable. A man having examined his birds and found them free from vermin, thinks he has every right to congratulate himself. It is my duty to warn him not to be "too previous." He must know that after dark, an army of fiendish, blood-sucking mites, swarm from every crack and crevice of old, neglected houses, to feed themselves at the expense of his fowls. Theobald asserts that there are eighteen varieties of mites. Dr. Woods, one of the best authorities, assures us that only five sorts are common—we must all be thankful it is no worse. After many years' experience, it would in no way distress me to dispense with, say four of these varieties. Really, the poultry keeper's worst enemy is vermin.

The bird tick, *Dermatophyes Actinon*—imposing name for something about the size of a grain of sand—is particularly partial to pigeons, turkeys, and no wild bird is without it. Martins and swallows, that build in the barn, often infect cattle and horses, causing considerable annoyance. When empty, Mr. *Dermatophyes* is nearly colorless, but after its meal of blood, it is blood red for a while, then nearly brown. So close to this comes the gray or red mite, or poultry tick, that they are almost identical, the only difference being that they are slightly larger and usually much more plentiful.

Other unexpected menaces to poultry are harvest mites or chiggers. They normally feed on plants abounding in blackberry patches and tall weeds, but if swept off by birds, animals, or even human beings in passing, some species immediately bury themselves in the skin of the unfortunate victim. This is fatal to the insect, but causes a large blister, which itches intolerably, often causing inflamed patches sometimes taken for chicken pox. I once had a small dog driven almost crazy by them. Vinegar or carbolic acid and water will stop the inflammation. Hens must avoid any infested place. If you live in any of the Southern states, where they are most common, keep the birds yarded during July and August, when the pest is most prevalent.

To guard against the bedbug class of mites, the first two species, fumigate the houses with sulphur or tobacco once every two weeks, when possible, all through the winter; apply liquid lice killer, kerosene oil and carbolic acid mixed. When the weather permits in summer or fall, whitewash thoroughly with the following ingredi-



WHITE WYANDOTTE HEN—A GOOD TYPE OF EGG PRODUCER.

ents mixed thoroughly, thus: Slake lime with boiling water, adding to each pailful a half pint of kerosene oil and one ounce of crude carbolic acid. Use thick and hot. The hen chigo or American flea hen is small, and not unlike other fens, except that it does not hop, but crawls like a fly. Dark, damp cor-

ners serve for breeding places for their eggs, so let in all the sunlight possible.

If there are any parts of the house inaccessible to sun, scatter air slaked lime on them. That is a fair catalogue of the often unsuspected enemies which must be fought constantly.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

F. C. F.—Turkeys, or any other kind of hens, should have whole corn when setting, as it takes longer to digest, and pass through the intestines. When a bird is setting, she is liable to contract bowel trouble, if fed on rich mash food, and as her instinct tells her that the eggs must not be uncovered frequently, she will remain on the nest and suffer, as it is against bird or animal etiquette to defile their nests. The old henhouse in which you confined the setting turkey, probably contained cholera germs. It is always best to set turkeys under rough shelters in the open air. When the eggs under the common hens hatch, put the brood coops on fresh ground, as far as possible from other poultry. Give them nothing to eat for thirty-six hours; then give a pinch of bird gravel and sour milk cheese mixed. A thimbleful is enough for three baby turkeys. They should have that amount at least five times a day. Leave a small dish of sour milk always before them, in place of drinking water. After the fourth day add a small pinch of finely cracked grain to her food.

G. W. J.—The chicks had pneumonia. As you were using a fireless brooder, they may have been too cold at night, or, what is more likely, you neglected to dry out the pad or filling each day. And till you investigate, you have no idea of the amount of moisture which collects at the top of a fireless brooder during the night and if it is allowed to accumulate for two or three days, the atmosphere of the brooder when shut up at night is damp or unwholesome, and chicks are almost sure to contract either pneumonia or tuberculosis.

R. L. P.—The pen or stock could not have been healthy. Use a small quantity of iron in the drinking water. Give them free range on grass, clean, dry sleeping quarters and milk to drink. The old birds have "white comb," which shows that they are in a debilitated state. Look to the ventilation of the chicken house. Give them free range, if possible. If not, clean the house, and let in all the sun and, as possible, by taking out the windows and doors, and covering with wire netting. Feed plenty of vegetable food, and add a small quantity of nuxvomica to the drinking water. Rub the combs, wattles and head with sulphate of zinc ointment or carbolic vaseline.

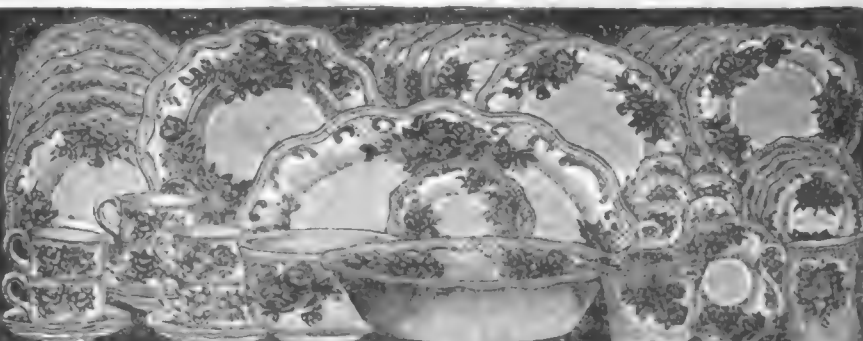
E. W.—You are quite right, it is cramp which has been troubling the goslings. Keep them away from swimming water until feathered out. See that their sleeping quarters are dry, and heavily covered with dry straw. Grass, or even hay, parks down or becomes damp. Rub their legs a few times with a mixture of turpentine and sweet oil.

A. B.—I have heard of many single cases of hens having such an abnormal condition of the egg organ, but I have never heard of a whole flock being affected in the same way. I think the only remedy is to fatten and market, as it is difficult to cure such a condition, and they are never likely to be profitable layers.

F. C. B.—We have no book which covers "the whole business of chicken raising." I am always very glad to give our readers all the help I can in this column, and if you will write again, giving a list of the special points on which you desire information, I shall be pleased to furnish it.

E. V. O.—The bird's toe must have got hurt in some way. Better open the sore spot with a lance or sharp penknife, press out the pus or any foul matter which may have got into the wound. Bathe and clean thoroughly with any good antiseptic, like peroxide of hydrogen. Keep the wound open for a few days, and bathe each day. Bind up the foot to keep it dry, and confine the bird to a small coop whilst it is necessary to attend to it.

No. KORTRIGHT.—Turn hens out on free range, or when that is not possible, cutting down their rations for two or three weeks, then feeding full rations containing a good quantity of animal and vegetable matter, will usually start hens moulting. Clipping wings will have no effect on egg production.



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The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

the boot-boy, but he knew that Sir Thomas' mind was running in the same channel as his own. "I'll have some beef," said Tommy to the butler, waving away a proffered dish. It was quite right to keep up appearances, but every minute might be precious. And then it came over him with a flat, deadly sinking that he was imagining nonsense; because a cook chose to beat a boy and take a day's outing.

Strung up, tense, he felt as if every trivial word might mean something tonight. As he cut up his beef he grew suddenly rigid in his chair. A footman was handing Allington a telegram, the pinky envelope seemed to swim on the silver tray to the boy's excited eyes.

Was this something—at last—from the detectives?

Allington, with an impassive countenance, crumpled the sheet and put it in his pocket.

"The Duchess of Avonmore would like to see you the first thing in the morning," he said.

"What for?" Tommy stopped himself. "Why didn't she wire me, I wonder?"

"That I don't know," said Allington. "If you don't want any more of an inferior dinner, suppose we adjourn. It seems to me," turning to the butler, "that the same sort of meal was served two days ago. Kindly give my compliments to the steward, and say I do not wish it to occur again."

"Yes, sir. But Carrousel went out without leave last night. He is rather above himself, you know, sir," the butler explained hastily.

Allington made no answer. But as soon as he and Tommy reached the morning-room he shut the door, and his face was that of a different man.

"Read that," he said. "Tell me what you think of it."

Tommy smoothed out the crumpled telegram and saw the duchess' message was fiction.

"Wire to Atkinson, 14 Starr Street, Paddington," he read, "who, if any, of the servants has been in town during the week." A. GORDON.

"What does it mean?" He shook like a leaf.

"I hope it means a clue. Why did you jump so about the boot-boy and the cook? I hear he takes a great interest in him?"

Sir Thomas agreed with hearsay, but his tale showed the interest Carrousel took was peculiar.

"I believe Carrousel did the poisoning," he said, below his breath. "I think the boot-boy caught him at it! And we've lost them again. I don't think we'll see either of them again."

"Carrousel had a good alibi. It isn't possible," Allington returned. "Yet I don't like this business of the boy. What sort of a place do you suppose—" thoughtfully.

"No place," Tommy cut in short. "He's going to put that boy out of the way. He knows something. 'Does this thing,' tapping the telegram, 'mean Gordon's in Starr street? What would he be there for? And what made him think any of the servants were in London?'"

"That I don't know. But I might have guessed he was in Starr Street," absently. "I'm afraid he's wasting time. There's no hope there."

"So are we," sharply. "Aren't you going to answer that wire?"

"Yes! But I don't want the servants to know there's an answer. Will you go out the back way, and send one?"

"What'll I say?" breathless. For it seemed for the first time as if some one were doing something.

"Say, 'The artist. Day before yesterday and today. Answer.' Sign your name."

He handed Sir Thomas some money and a stray cap from a table. He had never seemed so human before. But as Tommy disappeared through the French window the lawyer, closing the shutters behind him, gave a hopeless sigh.

Captain Gordon was in Starr Street because of Mrs. Murray—as if a woman with so much at stake would be so mad as to entangle herself in the death of the man whose widow she wished to prove herself.

"I don't know what he means about the servants," he thought. "If he's trying to mix up one of them with Mrs. Murray, he's in a mare's nest. But if Monsieur Carrousel does not return I'll get a warrant out for him, on the pretext of that boy."

It was three miles to the telegraph office; he allowed two hours for Tommy to come and go; but when three had gone, and four, he began to wonder if in this house of horror there was still more to come. The night was dark as a wolf's mouth outside. After one glance without, Mr. Allington opened the door into the deserted hall. The house was absolutely silent, for it was after twelve, and the servants had gone to bed.

The lawyer slipped off his boots and vanished down the passage to the kitchen. When he returned there was a strange look on his face, though until tonight what he had discovered would have meant absolutely nothing to him. As he stood once more in the morning-room, a light tap came on the window. With instinctive, reasonless caution, he extinguished the light before he opened the wooden shutters and let Sir Thomas in.

"What kept you?" he said.

"Hush!" said Tommy. "Carrousel's going by outside."

The Wishing Ring

By Clarence T. Hubbard

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ESCORTED down the carpeted aisle Jimmy Hale and his regular best girl, Gertie English followed the nimble-legged usher who directed them to their two choice seats in the fourth row center. Dropping into these seats, ordered a week in advance, they immediately became absorbed in the tumbblings of the Swedish gymnasts the opening act of seven steller features booked for the week at Sherman's famous Vaudeville Palace. These limber acrobats twirled over bars and chairs their ball-bearing arms only resting when they paused to dry them on fresh ironed handkerchiefs. The orchestra tararared as these hard-working actors gave way to a popular rag-time musician who coralled the plaudits of all with ukelede selections.

"Pretty good show," suggested Jimmy. "I like it first rate," agreed Gertie. "Look, here comes the great Hathaway. Now we'll see some fun."

Amid vociferous applause, Hathaway the Laughing Legerdemainist, walked to the footlights commencing to deliver his opening patter: "Ladies and chair occupiers," started the humorous eye fooler, "with your kind attention and permission I will try to amuse you with some feats in legerdemain—perhaps you think me a legerdemainist, anyway."

And with like chatter he conveyed all his magical exploits gaining the approbation of all as he changed one ball into five; grew flowers from empty pots and other impossible things to say nothing of the gay time he had with his palming tricks in the audience. The spectators roared at his witticisms and even the orchestra players cracked a smile now and then.

"Will some lady kindly loan me a ring?" the conjuror pleaded. "Ah, thank you. Will you please drop it in this small glass tumbler. The first act. Now we will cover it over with this handkerchief and allow this man over here with the eight cylinder smile to hold it. Be careful of the little silk handkerchief—it is real silk, too. That is if it not dropped in water."

Talking on in this tenor he caused the ring to vanish from the covered handkerchief. Next he exhibited a small bag that appeared empty although a few magical flourishes brought out a wiggling rabbit having a little ribbon around his neck on which hung the borrowed ring.

"Is that your ring, Madame?" challenged the headlining conjuror as he removed the ribbon and ring. "It is? All right, thank you for the loan of it. I know you wanted it back even if it wasn't an engagement ring. I knew that it couldn't have been an engagement ring—it came off so easy," the house rocked with applause as the successful Hathaway retired in favor of the Hawaiian dancers.

"How did he do it?" put in Gertie as the applause subsided.

"Oh, easy enough," answered Jim. "I can do it."

"Yes, you can," drawled Gertie. "I'd like to see you."

"All right," came back Jimmy's answer. "I'll have to practice it up a bit but you wait—next time I come over I'll do it for you."

Gertie laughed and both gave their attention to the closing act while Hathaway the Great in his dressing-room turned back the double side of his little black bag patting the playful

rabbit that helped him earn two hundred and twenty-five dollars each week.

Four days after Gertie sat in the parlor expectantly waiting for Jim's periodical call. His familiar footsteps brought her to the door in a running jump.

"Hello Jimmy," greeted Gertie. "How is everything?"

"Fine as split silk," returned Jim smilingly. "And I'm all ready to do the big trick of Hathaway's."

"You're only kidding me, Jim?"

"No, I'm not. Just watch—I'm not a regular magician of course. First I'll have to go to the kitchen and get ready—all magicians prepare first you know."

So with her permission to get ready Jim walked alone to the kitchen returning in a few moments with a small glass and handkerchief draped over his arm conjuror fashion. Behind him followed Gertie's Dad and Mother.

"May we watch, too?" asked her mother.

"Why, yes," submitted Jimmy. "Of course I don't pretend to be any expert at this. Gert simply asked me if I could do the trick and I said yes. Now I've got to make good. Everybody watch me close. Here goes. May I borrow your ring, Madame?"

Approaching Gertie stage fashion with his sleeves rolled back Jim accepted her ring and placed it beneath the handkerchief allowing Gertie to feel it through the folds of the kerchief. Adjusting the glass tumbler beneath the handkerchief he commanded her to drop the ring at the count of three which she did. Whisking off the covering from the glass he showed the ring to be gone!

"Next we have here, ladies and gentlemen," imitated Jim showing a small black bag, "an empty bag. Will this young lady here with the forty horsepower smile kindly put her hand in the bag?"

Everyone laughed and Gertie inserted her hand in the bag finding it quite empty.

"Don't forget," she suddenly reminded Jim. "The way he did it on the stage was to ask the lady to wish 'cause he said when ladies wish for anything they usually get it."

"All right," agreed Jim. "Now when I say go—wish and pull out your hand quickly, see? All ready now. Go! Got it?"

"Yes," slowly admitted Gertie smiling. "It's on my finger but I didn't feel any rabbit. Oh, look! This isn't my ring—this is a diamond ring!"

"I guess the rabbit ran off with your old ring, Gert," announced Jim with a wide smile. "But if your Pa and Ma say it's all right you can have that one instead for keeps."

"You dear boy," cried Gertie. "This is the most wonderful trick I ever saw! Look Ma, isn't it a dandy?" Then for applause she hugged Jim.

"Congratulations," said Dad. "It's lucky for you she put in her left hand."

"Yes," interpolated Mrs. English, "now I know why you wanted that piece of soap. With that remark she picked up the discarded handkerchief and displayed the old ring stuck in one corner."

"But how did you train that little invisible rabbit?" laughed Gertie.

"Oh, he's in there yet," interrupted her Dad putting his arm in the bag. "Feel him, Ma?"

"I do feel a little hare," said Ma rubbing her hand up his arm. "But you can't fool me. It took me two days to make that bag!"

was hoarse with pain. "How could you think that I, who'd gone to London, was in Levallois' house?"

"I didn't think," she met his eyes with hers, dull from nights of agony. "I took down the bottle; looked up, and thought I saw you going out the door! I was frightened. I felt as if I had seen a ghost. When Jacobs growled and bristled, I ran. And then—the stuff killed him. I'll tell you how I know you had not come back for some reason? I—I never for one second thought you killed him."

"My own heart," said the man, with a breath like a sob, "don't defend yourself to me. I know you never thought that. But if you won't tell about the figure you saw, I will. Don't you know some one must?"

"You'd do no good," gently. "Only make me a liar. And even now, Adrian, I couldn't swear the figure was real and not my fancy. I'd been trying all that day to put you out of my mind."

"But you said the bottle was warm!"

"Quite warm," she shuddered, "like blood. But that was what frightened me—afterward. I remembered what you'd said about poisoning him—and yet I wouldn't, wouldn't believe it!"

"Some one had been carrying it in a hot hand," he cried. "The same person who put those bottles in your room. Did you think I would have done that?" bitterly.

"I knew you wouldn't, but you must remember that I knew nothing about those bottles till my evidence was finished," simply.

"There's a God, they say!" he said, between his teeth. "If there is, He won't let the guilty escape. Nel, promise me something. Trust me, even if things come to the worst. There'll be help somewhere!" very low.

"Not for me," quietly. "You've been trying all this time and found out nothing. I see it in your face."

"I thought of Mrs. Murray," he said painfully, "and I'm afraid I'm wrong. She had nothing to gain and revenge to lose. The talk would have been worse than death to him."

A quick look of pain came to her face.

"I know," she muttered. "The duchess told me. He answered with that utter honesty she had loved in him."

"Nel, you would not believe what Hester says about Levallois. He never went to that house in Eaton Place, except once, when they thought the boy was dying. He gave her money, but she lies when she says he kept on going there. You knew him better than that."

"I never believed it," she answered quietly, loyal to the dead, as she had been to the living.

"Now you know why I could not answer you about Mrs. Gordon," he whispered, thinking that assuredly no wicked woman than Hester Murray trod the earth. "It was she herself!"

"Never mind her," with sudden passion she caught his arm. "Let her be! Adrian, do you think I'll ever see you again, face to face, like this? For I sha'n't! Talk of yourself, talk of something I may remember when—sharply—"till I die."

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"I'll see you hundreds of times, please God. Day in and day out," but his eyes were not on hers.

"You won't, you can't!" The self-control that had held her since that dreadful night was gone now. "Adrian!" she cried, wild, terrified, broken, "they'll hang me. I can't prove I did not do it. Help me, comfort me, make me brave."

If ten matrons had been looking on, he would have caught her to him.

"Never," he said, low in her ear. "Not while I can speak and see." But what he meant never dawned on her.

"Put that thought from you. I swear you can." For with that tag—and his tweed suit could easily be torn—there was one way open still.

"If they let me go tomorrow, the world would think we did it," she gasped. "There's blood between us. We'd be as far apart as I died."

"If I never see you on this side the grave," the man cried passionately, "do you think I'll ever be really parted from you? What are a few years—when some time we'll wake and find it's the Resurrection Day? Love, don't grieve!"

For as he spoke she remembered how once it was she who had meant to creep to his side when the dead came out of their graves, and now God had made that the only hope left.

"Listen," he said, "I'll have to go in a minute. I came to tell you something. I let you think I'd found out nothing; I've found out one way. There'll be no death for you, my sweetheart, no prison. I can't tell you what I know, but it will set you free."

"No, no, no!" Tears blinded her. She caught him to her madly. "Not that, never that."

"Not that." He hushed her like a child; and if ever a lie was pardoned, his was. "Be at peace; not that. Oh! what did we do that we should end like this?" he broke out fiercely, more to himself than to her.

"My heart, we'll wake some day in paradise," she said, very low, for his passion steadied her. "And perhaps it won't be long."

He stooped and kissed her as a man whose minutes are numbered; held her close in agony that hurt her and him.

"Be brave," he muttered, for he was broken utterly. "Remember you're safe. Eat what they give you," and the homely, kindly detail was dreadful in its tender care. "Think of Tommy and of me, who'll be happy—and God knows how happy—when you're free."

Somehow he put her away from him as the warden knocked at the door.

But outside in the free air he shut his teeth and prayed he had not lied to her. For suppose what he had in his mind was not enough to set her clear! It was not hope that had brought him to Levallois Castle—and there could be none—"I pray God my shoulders are broad enough," he thought, turning away.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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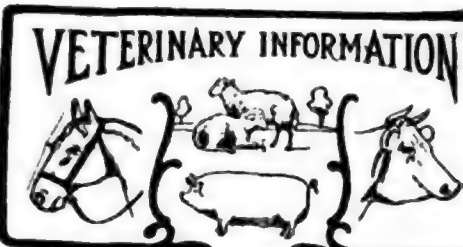
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LAMENESS.—I have a mare that stands sixteen hands high and weighs about nine hundred and fifty. She is pastured on quite a steep hill. The other morning she came down to the barn limping as though she had string halt. Her withers were bruised and dusty, as though she had fallen, and her right hind leg, above the hock was swollen and full of pus.—C. T.

A.—We cannot give confident advice in such a case of lameness, as a personal examination is necessary to determine the seat and cause of the trouble. When an injury causes soreness and swelling such as you describe, it is a good plan to keep the part wrapped with blankets wrung out of hot water. If the mare still is lame, have the local graduate veterinarian make the necessary examination.

GARGET.—I have a pure-bred Jersey cow that was six years old last spring. She found her first calf at the age of twenty months. She was in splendid condition and did fine with that calf. With last two she has given lumpy milk, sometimes out of one side and then out of the other, the affected side being hard and lumpy. She is dry and fat enough for beef.—Mrs. J. W. C.

A.—As such a condition will always give more or less trouble and unfit the milk for use, we should advise you to sell the cow to the butcher. It rarely pays to bother with an udder affected in the way you describe.

INTERNAL BLEEDING.—Can you tell me what was the matter with my mare? Her tongue and gums were white and her ears cold. When I tried to dress her she would fall and lie still for a while, then get up. She didn't appear to be in much pain. She lived five hours. She had been running on the range eating bunch grass.—P. U.

A.—The fact that the tongue and gums turned white indicates that there was rupture of an internal blood vessel and fatal bleeding. You should have opened the mare to determine the cause of death.

HAIRLESS SPOT.—Please tell me how to make the hair grow in a place that has been blistered on a horse.—P. L. S.

A.—If the hair roots were killed by the blister, and that is likely, hair will not grow again. The scar could be cut out by a surgeon and the new wound healed so as to leave no unsightly scar.

AILING HEIFER.—I have a fourteen-month-old, half Holstein heifer calf that has something like a tumor in the womb—a growth of some sort about one inch long and the size of a lead pencil. Could she be bred?—D. F. H.

A.—It would be impossible to give a confident opinion without making an examination in this case. A tumor may be present, and if so could be easily removed by a surgeon, but there is a possibility that the animal is a leucophaea and sterile.

DISEASED CATTLE.—Will you tell me what is the matter with my cow? A neighbor took the calf, which is small. It laid around for days before it could get up to suckle. I gave the cow slop; she doesn't eat very good. A neighbor told me to cut her tail. If it didn't bleed she had the hollow horn. It bled.—R. C. M.

A.—We strongly suspect that the cow and heifer are afflicted with tuberculosis, which is contagious and incurable, and if that is so, all of the cows may be affected. At once have a qualified veterinarian apply the tuberculin test. There is no such disease as hollow horn. The horns of all adult cattle are hollow.

SCALD.—Will you give me a remedy to grow hair on a horse that has been burned or scalded, or burned from using a liniment and left a scar.—M. M. A.

A.—The hair roots in such cases have been killed so that hair cannot grow again, and medicines will not help. Have a surgeon cut out the scar and stitch the wound to effect healing by "primary intention."

WOUND.—I have a fine mule, one year old, that received, two months ago, a wire cut across the side of nose, three or four inches above the opening of the nostril. Although it was cut clear across the side of the nose and bled freely, I did not give it much attention after the bleeding stopped. It soon healed and left but little scar. I notice it has begun to disfigure her nose. The nostril on that side appears to be hanging down and in too much of a closed condition and oblong in shape, while the other is full and round. The end of nose or lip seems turned to the right, the cut is on the left. I think in healing, the air passage in the nostril must have closed some, as I can hardly see any movement of the muscles there. I have thought of trying to open it. Can you tell me what to do?—A. S. S.

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Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.

A.—We suspect that paralysis of the part described has resulted from cutting of the nerves by the wound mentioned, and if so treatment will do no good, but it is barely possible that recovery may take place in time. Do not attempt treatment, but if possible take the mule to a graduate veterinarian for examination. Possibly the nasal bones were severed and are out of place.

ABORTION.—What caused three of my cows in good flesh and healthy to lose their calves three months before the freshening? They go up and down a ditch about three feet deep. Could the medicine put in chicken water hurt them? They might have drank some of it. They run on good wild grass pasture.—Miss B. D. J.

A.—The chicken medicine would not be likely to injure the cows. Infection with germs no doubt has caused the abortions and there is no successful treatment, but cows in time may become immune and carry their calves the full time. If you keep the cows, they should not be rebred sooner than six months from date of aborting. Once daily for ten days and again daily for two or three weeks before breeding, syringe out the vagina of each cow with lukewarm water containing 30 grains of permanganate of potash per gallon. Use two quarts each time. Similarly treat heifers. Cleanse, disinfect and whitewash the stable.

SORES.—I have a coming four-year-old cow. Her back is broken out with sores that seem to be indignant. She eats good and appears well. What is the trouble and what can be done?—R. H. J.

A.—We suspect that grubs (larvae) of the ox warble fly will be found in the sores or boils upon the cow's back. Squeeze them out by pressing down hard upon each boil with the open mouth of a large bottle; then destroy the grubs. If we have not correctly understood the case please give us a better description of the condition present.

GARGET.—About six months ago my cow came in from pasture with one quarter of her udder swollen to nearly twice its size. She gave bloody milk from that teat for the first two or three days, but the milk looks as good as the other now. (2) I have another cow that has a hard lump, the size of a large hen's egg, on the small part of her neck. It is not attached to the jaw bone. What can I do?—O. W. C.

A.—An injury caused the swelling and bleeding, and as the milk is normal now no further trouble may be experienced. It would be well, however, to give that quarter a good hand rubbing night and morning, using a little sweet oil or vaseline upon the hands. (2) The thyroid gland apparently is enlarged, but such a condition is not serious and we should advise leaving the lump alone.

TUMOR.—I have a two-year-old heifer that has an enlargement on her jaw just over the jugular vein. In three weeks it has grown to the size of one half of a coconut. What is the trouble and cure?—Mrs. W. J. K.

A.—Without an examination we cannot determine the exact nature of the lump described, but as it may be enlargement of a gland from tuberculosis it would be well to have the heifer tested with tuberculin. Meanwhile clip off the hair and apply tincture of iodine every other day. If it softens, pus should be liberated by lancing. It may turn out to be "lump jaw" (actinomycosis).

SUMMER ITCH.—I have a mule seven years old that has been troubled every spring with a kind of dry scabby sores that break out over the body. He scratches continually and the hair comes off in patches.—C. D.

A.—Clip the mule each spring and fall. Do not feed corn or grass in summer. If the trouble starts, mix one tablespoonful of granular hypophosphite of soda in the feed once daily and wet affected parts with a lotion composed of one dram of carbolic acid, 30 grains of menthol and one half ounce of granular hypophosphite of soda to the quart of cold soft water.

THRUSH.—My mule, ten years old, has thrush in her feet. She is stiff in her knee joints. They have little puffs swelled up on them and she is lame in her feet. In plowing she will bow her head up and down and stretch her neck far forward as she can and then turn her head to one side. When I turn her in the lot, she is restless, walking for hours at a time back and forth in a narrow trail.—B. L. T.

A.—There is no cure for chronic founder and that may be present, but a personal examination would be necessary for a confident diagnosis. To cure thrush, cleanse the cleft of the frog; then pack in calomel with oakum on top and renew the dressing daily. Keep the stall floor clean and dry.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

be sure of squaring yourself, wait until next winter when it is forty below zero, and present her with a ton of coal and she will be your friend for life, and I think also she will find a tune for that little poem of yours. If she won't, I'm sure Mamie Bill will.

1810 Lafontaine St., KOKOMO, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a girl sixteen years of age. I am five feet four inches tall and have brown eyes and black hair. I had to quit school on account of my heart. Some of my girl friends and I want to start a little sewing club. Write and tell me your advice. Your friend,
HATTIE LOV.

P. S.—Please send me some boy's address.
Hattie, if you have heart trouble, leave the boys strictly alone or that heart condition of yours is liable to be aggravated. If you have organic heart trouble, and I fervently hope you have not, take things as easily as possible. Don't run or excite yourself, and remember nothing taxes the heart so much as running upstairs. If possible, live in a bungalow, where there are no stairs. I could tell you how to start an Indian club, but I don't know much about organizing a sewing club. The Indian club you just grab by the tail and start it whirling. A sewing club I imagine requires different treatment. You will of course want to buy some needles, probably a couple of carolants would do to start with. Next you have to buy a few quarts of sewing cotton or thread. Then you grasp the needle firmly between the head and toes and poke the thread through its eye. If you find your finger bleeding, you will know that the needle has jabbed you with its foot—see the point? If the needle loses its sight from having its eye poked out, you may be sued for damages, so be careful how you insert the thread. After you have your needle fixed, send out a hurry call to your friends to bring their sewing materials along. The sewing can be done on the floor, chairs, walls or ceiling, according to choice. You can sew shirts for soldiers or take compassion on your bachelor friends and attach buttons to their clothing. While you are sewing, refreshments can be served and somebody can read aloud from the Police Gazette or other choice sacred literature. If you don't care to read, you can talk about your beaux, and wonder how that homely Susan Smith ever managed to rope in that handsome Bill Jones. Everything you sew should be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross. After the sewing night is over, sweep up all the dropped stitches and feed them to the hens. Nothing should be lost in war time. If this information fails to inform, maybe some of our readers will be good enough to help you out.

S. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Were I not so weak grammatically, I would like to tell you of some of the conditions in this county, and of which I suppose you never dreamed. A county official informed me that the population of McPherson County was seven eighths German, and a German frau told me that they were practically all German sympathizers excepting herself. It—the county—is almost solidly German from the east line of McPherson County to the Missouri river. Our officers in the court house are all German excepting one and he would not have gotten in but the register of deeds died and he was appointed. The Germans have the controlling power and the "whites" have no chance, and it is so with every other industry here, however to see the time when there won't be a German holding office in the United States, not even as a record overcoer. It should be that way. A short time before war was declared there was an address delivered here by a German and there were only three Americans present. The speaker became very enthused and leaped high in the air and shouted "Deutschland Uber Alles." He poisoned their uneducated minds most thoroughly. Some might ask why don't we try to Americanize them and teach them something? You

might talk all day and explain matters to them and when you got through they would only shrug their shoulders and say: "Der English (Americans) know not anything." I could tell you more about their habits of living and many other things, but perhaps it would weary you to hear of it. If you know anything about them it would surprise you. We must lick the Kaiser and his Sunday school class.
AMERICAN.

For obvious reasons I have refrained from giving the name of the writer of this letter. Living in what is practically a foreign community, as she does, things might be made very unpleasant for her by her Kaiser-worshipping neighbors. Conditions revealed in this letter are little short of appalling, but the menace of the unassimilated immigrant was realized and discussed thirty years ago, but only recently were any measures taken to deal drastically with the arrogant, impudent German colonists. It is encouraging to note that in South Dakota no church services are to be permitted to be held in the German language until further notice. No speaker or lecturer may use German in a public address, and no school, public or private, is to be allowed to employ German as a means of instruction or expression. In Iowa the authorities have done all that South Dakota has done and a lot more, for there no body is to be allowed to talk German on the trains, street cars, in places of public assemblage, or over the telephone. Strange to say, however, nothing has been done to prevent the printing or circulating of German newspapers, which naturally did all that lay in their power to keep their readers from becoming Americanized. Thank God, the war and its menace to this country and world liberty is beginning to open the eyes of a vast number of our citizens of German birth or blood. They are beginning to realize that they have not given this country, to which they owe everything, a square deal, and they now see that their interests lie with Uncle Sam and not with the Butcher of Berlin. The Turnverein of Joplin, Missouri, disbanded recently and gave all its property, valued at \$25,000, to the American Red Cross. The organization then made public this announcement, which every American will read with joy and which should inspire every German who has sought these shores to better himself, with a sense of loyalty and devotion to a land which has given shelter and protection to millions of Teutonic stock. "We must realize," says the announcement, the vastness of the change of conditions. It is a unique situation, but it is surprisingly clear and plain. We left one country. Why? Because we were not satisfied with our full knowledge (unless we were lunatics) that we had to abide by the rules and conditions imposed by this new country. The new country was very lenient with us. We hardly knew that we were being governed. . . . We are awakened from a dream, awakened to the realization that when we changed countries, it was also our duty to change our sentiment and sympathies. The object of the Verein is to advance German customs, German habits and the German language. This is, under the conditions which have arisen, intolerable and impossible. Our countrymen cannot, will not, and should not be expected to countenance the existence of the Verein. This is Americanism of the hundred per cent variety and we must have that kind of Americanism from one end of the country to the other, or democracy will die and the whole bunch of you will be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the worst gang of brutes and beasts that ever disgraced the earth.

ROBINSONIA, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a young girl sixteen years old and a member of your family. I live on a small farm of twenty acres, fourteen miles from the city. My father goes to market every week and we have a lot of work to do. I raise a lot of chickens but it seems some of them were slackers because they do not lay. Do you know what will make hens lay? Last year I raised a nice calf and this year I will raise a pig, because bacon is as necessary as bullets to lick the Kaiser, and I sure do hope this horrid war will soon stop. I have a brother in the service. He is a marine and is probably "over there" by now. What do you think about the war bread Uncle? Do you think it will make us have indignation? I have heard that it was healthy. Your loving niece,
EMMA M. KLINE.

I deeply regret, Emma, that your hens refuse to help Mr. Hoover and decline to lay. What I suggest is that you go out and call a meeting of all your hen family and explain to them that they must do their bit toward winning the war by producing all the eggs they can. Maybe these hens have had their minds poisoned by German propaganda. One of the Kaiser's agents has possibly been reading extracts to them from German-American "socialist papers." That kind of treasonable Bolshevik bunk would stop a hen from laying anything except a beer stein. An iron cross, a Zeppelin or a tintype of the Kaiser. That war bread filled me full of something. I'm not sure yet whether it is patriotism or indignation, anyhow it has so thrilled me with martial ardor that I'm ready not only to go out and swat the Kaiser, but also the man who made the bread. Most people have not learned the art of making good war bread. Why not try a little war bread on the chickens and start the phonograph playing the Star Spangled Banner, while they are eating it? That surely ought to get results. When you remember that it took this country nearly four years before it got war conscious and realized that Germany had to be licked, don't wonder if a lot of poor benighted old hens have forgotten their patriotism, are failing to do their bit and are following in the slimy trail of the pacifist, the conscienceless objector and the slacker. Of course if the hens refuse to lay you'll have to get an axe and lay for them, as feed is too expensive to waste on hens with pro-German tendencies. You should not hope for this horrid war to stop until it stops right. If this war were to stop right now we should have a Prussianized world which would simply mean hell with the lid off. You would probably have an experience worse than death and have the pleasure and privilege of seeing your parents murdered before your eyes. Of six thousand young girls taken from the city of Lille in the northern part of France, only a few returned alive, and they were in such a horrible condition that they had better have died. That is the way the Hun wages war. Just tell those facts to the hens, and I think you will get more eggs in a minute than you ever got before in a thousand years.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs forty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The forty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with your name and address on it, a certificate of membership with your name and address thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

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Send forty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT's LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration. The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

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League Shut-In and Mercy Work for August

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from postmaster and physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Miss Sarah Ruth Deal, R. R. 5, Stuart, Va. Crippled from rheumatism. Sick, poor and needy. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Shellie Craddock, R. R. 2, Price, N. C. Has lung and heart trouble. Well recommended. Send her some assistance. Snow Tucker, R. R. 6, Box 46, Fayette, Ala. Badly crippled since childhood. Hip, ankle and arm out of place. Poor and needy. Send him a dime shower. Mrs. M. E. Knight, Prosperity, S. C. Widow. Sick, aged and poor. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Claud Shifflet, R. R. 3, Richmond, Ky. Helpless invalid. Fifteen years of age. Send him cheery letters and anything that will help brighten his life. Sarah E.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Birth-stone Rings

Genuine Gold Filled For 5 Years
AUGUST JANUARY

For A Club Of Two!

THE most popular lady's rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolic of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones, the month to which one applies and its symbol.

No. 7622. January, The Garnet, Symbol of Power.
No. 7642. February, The Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love.
No. 7652. March, The Bloodstone, Symbol of Courage.
No. 7662. April, The Diamond, Symbol of Purity.
No. 7672. May, The Emerald, Symbol of Immortality.
No. 7682. June, The Agate, Symbol of Health and Long Life.
No. 7692. July, The Ruby, Symbol of Charity.
No. 7702. August, The Sardonyx, Symbol of Happiness.
No. 7712. September, The Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy.
No. 7722. October, The Opal, Symbol of Hope.
No. 7732. November, The Topaz, Symbol of Friendship.
No. 7742. December, The Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine 12-Karat gold filled which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems.

The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. And not only the women and girls but men and boys as well are now wearing these rings. Please do not class these rings with the cheap "electro-plated" rings that turn brassy after they have been worn a month or two. Remember that every one of them is guaranteed to be 12-Karat gold-filled and positively warranted for five years. If you want a handsome birthstone ring for yourself or some dear friend or relative you will make no mistake in taking advantage of this offer at once. When ordering be sure to specify the size and number of ring wanted. You can easily tell just what size ring you wear by following the directions at the right.

Club Offer.

For two one-subscriptions to COMFORT at 35c each, we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled birthstone rings by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Names will not be published.

MY unusual amiability this month is partly due to the pleasing sights I witnessed while on my vacation. No, Inogene and Troubled Girlie and Sad Brown Eyes, I shall not tell you where I spend my vacations and it won't do a bit of good to tease. When I pay out perfectly good money just for a rest and change, do you suppose I want you pouring your troubles into my ears and shedding tears all over my newest summer dresses. I should say not. But this is what pleased me so much. Instead of letting some man hold her hands and whisper sweet nothings to her, in usual summer girl style, every girl's hands were holding knitting of some sort and they were so busy with their "knit one, purl one," that they couldn't stop to listen to the sweetest nothings man ever thought of, and some of them are great little thinkers, aren't they? But, after all, I was very glad to get back to my work.

The first letter is from Bright Eyes, of Arkansas and you've got the right idea, Bright Eyes, when you say you always try to look on the bright side of life, and you will find there are more bright sides in life to the unengaged girl than there are to the one that is engaged; at least when she is only sixteen years old. Don't take your love affairs too seriously and don't give up the attentions of other boys until your fiancé gives up other girls. Tell him that you don't care for other boys but go with them just for fun and that you shall continue to do so just as long as he goes with other girls, even if it is just for fun, as he tries to make you believe. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, though that doesn't mean that I'm calling you a goose.

ARKANSAS HOOSIER.—Yours was a very sensible letter and I think you are doing right in refusing to let an old family feud come between you and your life's happiness and it is wrong of your parents to insist upon it. Wait a year or two and then if you think as you do now, get married and I'll give you my good wishes now to accumulate until that happy day, and forever after.

BLACK EYE, Decatur, Ky.—How did you lose the other one, dearie, or is it a different color? If you had both eyes you could see that you are better off unmarried and happy than married and unhappy and I really don't think you would be happy to marry a boy of nineteen.

BUM, Lebanon, Ohio.—Don't let your farmer friend take too much for granted, and feel too sure of you. Some Sunday when he calls, do not be at home and if he wants to know why you were not, tell him that if he had said I would come to see him, I would have come. You would have stayed home. Perhaps that will wake him up. Tell him about the picnic but don't ask him to take you. Perhaps he wasn't so much to blame about the automobile ride, so forgive him this time, though he acted unfairly in not telling you about it.

HANS AND FRITZ, Texas.—If your mother was married when she was only fourteen and thinks it all right for her fourteen-year-old daughters to have beaux, I don't see how I can prevent it, but I am sorry you have such an unwise mother. If you will pay more attention to your studies and less to your teacher, don't think he will fall in love with you. As for having so many dates—are you sure you are not to blame? You are both conceited.

PRISCILLA, Morrow, Ark.—You did right in refusing to get married until you had completed your high school course. Maybe in two years you won't want to, though if you have such a horror of being an old maid I suppose you'll snap up the first man that offers himself. Yes, one would naturally suppose that a girl of twenty would know enough to choose a husband, but very few of them do, even when they are older, so I think you had better take your mother's advice and wait a while longer.

WORRIED SOUL, Versailles, Ky.—If he cares more for the opinion of his boy friends than he does for your wishes and prefers to "listen" to them rather than to you, why just let him "listen" all he wants. You wouldn't want a husband like that, would you?

BLUE EYES, Tenn.—I think you had better regard the seventeen-year-old boy as a younger brother instead of as a sweetheart.

PERPLEXED ORPHAN, Decatur, Ark.—To be perfectly honest, don't you think you are acting rather like the proverbial dog in the manger? You want to keep this young man's love and attentions for yourself and still you don't love him enough to marry him. Why not let some other girl have him?

LAUGHING EYES, Shell Lake, Wis.—I'm sure I don't know what you or your friends are or how you can make yourself less attractive and I don't believe you'd do it if I told you. Your laughing eyes must be to blame for the admiration you receive.

DOLLIE DIMPLES, Shell Lake, Wis.—How can you attract more fellows? H'm, do you suppose if I knew how that I'd still be an old maid? Ask your friend, Laughing Eyes. She seems to be an authority on the subject.

MISS C. S., Leavenworth, Kans.—Perhaps it is all right to accept attentions from other fellows and write to them while your fiancé is somewhere in France, but, personally, I wouldn't do it. However, that's a matter of personal opinion.

SHORTY, Bement, Ill.—Your heart must be easily captured if a fifteen-year-old Freshie can take it by storm. He must be some boy. Think of the conquests that will be his when he is grown up. I don't believe he has acquired a very lurid past in the first fifteen years of his life and since he has always used you "swell," I see no reason why you shouldn't be friends. Mind, I said friends, not sweethearts. Don't be silly.

J. V., Ky.—Don't judge all men by the unfortunate choice of your girl friend. There are some good ones. A boy and girl of eighteen should never be allowed to marry. Wait three years and then get married if you want to—only the chances are good that it won't be to each other.

D. & E., Utah.—I realize, girls, that it is a serious proposition when a boy has your bracelet and won't give it up and you "can't catch him to give him a flogging and it doesn't do any good to curse him," and if I had the time, etc., etc., (meaning if I had the money) I'd come right out to Utah and fix things up for you. Since I can't do that you had better tell your troubles to your big brother or to a policeman. It is extremely inconsistent for the average girl of today to pretend to be offended because a boy rolls his trousers too high, though maybe Utah girls don't wear such short skirts as their Eastern sisters. I hope not.

ONE WHO WANTS ADVICE, Colorado.—Don't let him know you are afraid of him. Tell him you will sue him for breach of promise if he reveals any of the family secrets you have told him, and in the future don't get confidential with any one.

ANXIOUS, Brownwood, Texas.—If you have told him you do not love him and have broken the engagement and he still wants to call on you and take you to places of amusement, I don't know as you are to blame. Don't give him any encouragement unless you really mean it.

There, most of your questions are answered and those that didn't belong to me were sent to the proper departments and will be answered later. Run along and play and enjoy yourselves the rest of the summer and be good girls.

By Cousin Marion.

Only the very poor men and women doing the hardest kind of work may have more than seven ounces of war bread a day in France.

Wanderers By Anna S. Ells

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IN the autumn sunshine Belgium lay dying. Belgium the happy, the contented. All her pleasant places lay waste, all her powers misspent. Her people were wanderers, or worse. Like a flower she had been trampled upon by ruthless feet. A bitterness unearned was hers.

In the shadow of a ruined wood a silent, bent figure crept stealthily, an old woman, with furrowed face, and sorrow-burdened eyes that ever peered and peered. The foe, that huge, husky battering-ram that bent out life senselessly, and never ceased demanding human toll to toss aside, not caring for misery, was ever seeking. Even an old woman, helpless and grief stricken, was not too poor a trophy for German greed; and so the old woman watched anxiously, furtively, as she hobbled along, each step bringing its moan of pain, to the wee hamlet that once had held for her home and dear ones. Across the barren waste she could see the ruins; now a sagging wall, now blackened heaps that once had been happy homes, a broken chimney, the portal of a church. Her dim eyes filled; her knotted hands clasped in silent prayer.

"Dear God," her withered lips formed the words, though no sound came. "Dear God! Where art Thou? Oh, where art Thou?" Amid the ruins a movement caught her watching eye: a figure was moving in and out among the tipping walls. The old woman's heart stood still. Was the foe even there? Surely, nothing remained for him to garner. Perhaps he had returned to gloat over his handiwork. She hid behind the blackened stumps of trees, and peering out, watched. Fear sat heavily upon her. Her trembling limbs refused to move. Sobbing, without tears, these had all been spent long ago, she sank down and folded her misery about her, for woe is a heavy garment that shuts the world without, and leaves the aching heart, a tiny flame of agony, burning within, consuming faith, hope, and sometimes even love. Love is the strongest link; of it faith and hope are born.

The slow moments dragged along. The moon-day sun shone warm. Within her war-torn heart the old woman forgot her fright; it was too common a thing; every day and every hour held its terror, and every night sound touched a knell of horror for these homeless creatures tossed on a wave of ruthless war.

Warmed by the sunshine, she fumbled in her tattered gown for the remnant of bark that would serve for dinner. Supper was a myth too faint to seek to fathom. Leaning against the tree, she half slept, unconsciously crooning a lullaby of days now passed. Before her closed eyes fluttered baby feet; a baby's rattling laughter sounded in her ears; a wrecked smile trembled on the cracked lips. For a single moment, present woe was forgotten in past happiness. She started. The baby, her little granddaughter, was falling, falling. She stretched out eager hands to clasp—only empty air.

With a moan she leaned back against the charred tree, more desolate than before. "The wee one," she crooned brokenly. "Where, oh, where is she? God in heaven, couldn't you spare the little ones? The helpless babies? God—Father, where, oh, where art Thou?" Her wall swept through the ruined wood like a shiver in the night, but no answer came to her waiting ear. The sun shone; the breeze whispered; but the ruined wood sat black upon the land. She beat her worn hands and rocked back and forth in her misery.

The figure amid the ruins was standing with bent head whose scant grey hairs moved idly in the wind. No tears troubled his over-weary old eyes; no moan came from lips white with famine; his sorrow-laden heart sank and sank until there were no depths of earth it did not sound. Before him lay the scattered ruins of his home—little piles of ashes against the fallen walls. In these he had been groping, finding here and there some little common thing of sweet remembrance that had escaped the spoilers' hands. And then it had come upon him when he was weakest, worn with homelessness, faint from hunger, burdened by suffering and more than human sorrow. In this terrible hour it had come upon him, a tiny heap of human bones, a strand of curling baby hair.

"Oh, God of sorrows! Didst even Thou bear this? Our baby, our sunlight, our treasure, buried under the burning walls and left to die alone, while we were driven forth like cattle."

Dumbly he bent over the ungraved child and mourned.

The bright sun shone down; the autumn breezes crept over the land. Somewhere water

was laughing. Along the ruined walls now and then a venturesome grass blade started; on an overlooked tree the little leaves were whispering as though no horror ruled the land.

Down in the wood the wind whistled more shrilly among the broken tree stumps and worried the old woman lost in her grieving. With many a groan she arose, gathered a stout stick for support, and again peered around the tree stump at the stranger among the ruins. A quick throb tugged at her heart-strings. That was no Hun. That was some other sorrowing outcast returning to the home that was not, some one she must know. What would it be to clasp a friendly hand, even though it be as helpless as her own. With eager, stumbling footsteps she hastened toward the bent figure by the broken wall.

In his grief he did not hear her coming, and for a moment she looked, unseen, at his bearded head; then a cry rang out on the quivering noon-tide air. The old man looked up; his thin lips parted; a wild look came into his faded blue eyes.

"Are you dead also?" he whispered hoarsely. "No, no, oh, my husband, my love! No, I am not dead. There is a God, there is, or we would not have met again in this bitter world."

Stumblingly, half falling, they met, these two who had walked a hard path through a long wedded life only to find it rose-strewn beside the homeless waste now their only haven.

For a few minutes neither spoke. Dry sobs shook their weak frames until, together, they trembled like a tree in a strong wind.

Then he led her to the little place by the tottering wall where the baby lay, all its soft curves gone, all its beauty destroyed, just a tale that is told, a waft of humanity caught in debris to carry its message to these two old hearts.

A sob of cry rent the sweet autumn air as the old woman realized, then silence filled the place. Were the angels there, a heavenly host unseen, watching caring, loving, holding sheltering hands over hearts that mourned? No bird's song cheered the silence. The birds had long since vanished; vandal hands had ruined more than human homes.

"She's safe now, mother," crooned the old man. "Yes, now she's safe enough, but oh, what she may have suffered, and she so soft and tender! Do you remember, father, how we used to watch her lest she fall? She was just beginning to walk; how proud we were, and how she would laugh—laugh so hard it would tip her over; don't you remember, father?"

"Well, mother, I remember it well." The love-light in his eyes gave tenderness to his sunken features.

"How she must have called for us, father, and we not there to answer; her mother not there—oh, father," her voice sank to a horrified whisper, "where do you suppose her mother is?"

"God knows," replied the old man hopelessly. "They took her away, those cursed Huns. She was strong and comely; she could work and serve."

"Better she was lying here beside the little one," sobbed the old grandmother, weeping to and fro in agonized memory.

"And with the baby's father. It was right over there against that wall they shot him."

"Yes, and they held his wife where she must see it done. I saw them from where I was hiding in the church. I thought the baby was with her. I tried to get out to go to her, but they locked the church door and set the place on fire. It was almost dark, and I escaped. I followed a man for a long time, thinking it was you, father; but I lost him in the night. Where were you?"

"With the prisoners. They made us march, and I was too weak; I kept falling. Finally they said to shoot me; I wished they would, but another answered that it would be a bullet wasted, so they dropped me out to die."

"But we both lived to come back and find each other—and this."

Reverent hands arranged the resting place of the wee form they could not lift. Forgotten were their own acute sufferings, hunger, weariness, homelessness, hopelessness. This was all they had, all they ever would have, a ruined home, a graveless baby whose mother, if living, was a slave; days that were filled with agony, nights with terror.

The sun sank down behind the ruined wood; the breezes turned sharp and chill. No cheerful night sounds disturbed the long silence. The broken trees cast terrifying shadows into the night.

Worn, weak and famine stricken, the old man gathered the wife of his heart into his weary arms beside the ungraved child.

"If there is a just God, I wonder why he does not send a thunderbolt to destroy you this instant."

"There is no God, and there are no thunderbolts handy just now; but tell me what the children died of," he persisted.

"Fever," she answered, with hot lips and glaring eyes, while a great lump arose in her throat. "Ah! then they are both dead, and Sibyl is not your child, after all," he exclaimed, with an exultant laugh; "I knew better. You have not improved in your disposition, I perceive; but I do not intend to leave you until I learn the particulars of Miss Sibyl's history."

"I shall tell you nothing, so you may as well leave first as last, and I warn you if you try to deceive her, it shall be the worse for you; now go," she panted, fearing Sibyl might return.

"I won't go until you tell me what I want to know," he answered shortly; "I want to know what your object is in playing the part you are."

"How do you know I am playing a part? You have known nothing about me during the past eighteen or nineteen years."

"Oh, bother! what is the use of beating about the bush like this," he said, impatiently. "Miss Therwin met young Prescott; he pleased her fancy at once, and she set herself to snare her game. She feared that Sibyl might interfere with the result, and so wanted her removed from her path, and she also told me how she intended carrying out the plot."

"And sought you as an ally, I suppose," muttered Judith, bitterly; "a fine pair of plotters you are—you would be well mated; it is a pity you could not have fallen in love with each other, and united your congenial temperaments."

"I think I would prefer being excused from any such arrangement as that," the duke said, with a laugh. "I had a taste of Miss Therwin's powers of fascination and disposition some two years ago, and have no desire for a more intimate acquaintance. But being intensely interested in her supposed beautiful rival, I had no objection to tendering her my assistance, and amusing myself at the same time."

"Then you confess you are only amusing yourself, as usual?"

"I am willing to confess that I am deeply enamored of the fair girl, and if you could convince me of the respectability of her birth, I think I should have no objection to making her the Duchess d'Aubigne."

"Heaven forbid! It would be like willfully consigning the dove to the talons of a vulture."

"Thank you; and it strikes me that that is an exceedingly original remark," he answered, with a sarcastic laugh, yet coloring. "But that is not the point in question just at present. Who is she? What is her parentage—do you know?"

His companion was silent, and he could see that she looked pale and ill, and was breathing with difficulty.

"Will you tell me what I want to know?" he asked.

"No."

"You won't? How would you like to have her sneered at regarding her relations with you?"

"I have no fear of you. My proofs are too strong to admit of any doubt in the matter, even if you should interfere. Besides, I have only to tell her one thing to make her shrink from you with the utmost horror and loathing."

"And what may that be?" he asked, with glittering eyes.

"She believes that she is the child of my shame; consequently she has none too much respect for the man who betrayed me. I have only to whisper the name of that man in her ear, in order to render all your vile schemes powerless. Therefore, you perceive that the advantage is all in my hands this time."

The duke swore a round oath.

After musing a while, he changed his tactics, and adopted a more conciliatory course.

"Come, come, Judith, I think you might lend me a hand in this matter. I love the girl, and, if you can only convince me that she is all right, I swear I will marry her fair and square."

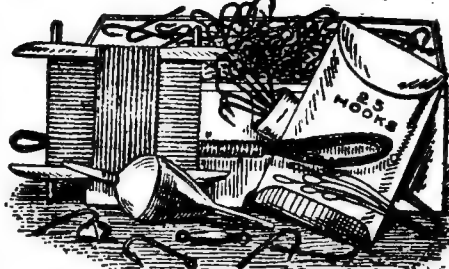
"Providing you could gain her consent, I suppose you mean."

"But," he persisted, "it was understood between Miss Therwin and myself that I was to win her, if I could, so as to help her in her scheme;"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

38-Piece Fishing Outfit

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THIS offer is for the woman and girl who loves her crocheting and insists upon having the best of everything to work with. In this outfit we give you any desired quantity of Dexter Cordonnet "Silko" crochet and tatting cotton, and three of the highest grade crochet needles. There is no better crochet and tatting cotton than Dexter "Silko"—a fact already known to thousands of our women readers. It is made of the best Sea Island cotton with a twist that makes it lie flat, is highly mercerized and actually improves with washing. It is smooth to the fingers and will not kink. With Dexter "Silko" crocheting is more easily done—and the finished pieces are far more beautiful and useful than if made with cheaper grade cotton. Dexter "Silko" for crocheting comes in all the popular colors—white, ecru, pink, rose pink, light blue, deep blue, king blue, apple green, and in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100. The tatting cotton comes in the same colors and of the size always used for this work.

The three steel crochet needles are the finest made, 5 inches long, nickel plated, perfectly formed and balanced, with flattened finger hold, and a nickel cap that slips on over the end, protecting it when not in use. This cap also prevents the sharp point from doing any damage when carried in the pocket, handbag or work basket. We give you three different sizes of needles—8, 10 and 12.

We believe that our crochet workers will appreciate this offer, as it means a considerable saving to be able to secure such an outfit at this without expense. We shall send you the complete outfit, also additional quantities of the crochet and tatting cotton on the terms of the following special offers.

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Offer No. 8251. We shall furnish you with cotton at the rate of two balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 35 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Premium No. 8251.

Offer No. 8261. We shall furnish you with extra balls of the tatting cotton at the rate of four balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) at 35 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 8261.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

ARE WEAK NERVES AND LACK OF PHYSICAL STRENGTH HOLDING YOU BACK IN LIFE ?

You Must Have Plenty of Iron in Your Blood if You Want the Power and Energy to Win, Says Physician

When the crushing grip of worry, trial and care saps your vitality and keeps you from the full enjoyment of home, social and business life—take Nuxated Iron and watch its strength-giving, up-building effect—it will increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous run-down folks in two weeks' time in many instances.

THOUSANDS are held back in life for want of sufficient iron in the blood," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Out-Door Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, in commenting on the relation of strong nerves and physical endurance to the attainment of success and power.

"A weak body means a weakened brain; weak nerve force means weakened will power, and like the race horse beaten by a nose, many a capable man or woman falls just short of winning because they don't back up their mentality with the physical strength and energy which come from having plenty of iron in the blood. That irritable twitch, that fit of despondency, that dizzy, fearful feeling—these are the sort of signals nature gives to tired, listless folks when the blood is clamoring for strength-giving iron—more iron to restore the health by enriching the blood and creating thousands of new red blood cells.

"In my opinion the greatest curse to the health and strength of American people of today is the alarming deficiency of iron in their blood. Iron is absolutely essential to enable your blood to transform the food you eat into muscular tissue and brain. It is through iron in the red coloring matter of the blood that life-sustaining oxygen enters the body. Without iron there is no strength, vitality and endurance to combat obstacles or withstand severe strains. Lack of sufficient iron in the blood has ruined many a man's nerves and utterly robbed him of that virile force and stamina which are so neces-

sary to success and power in every walk in life.

"Therefore, I strongly advise those who feel the need of a strength and blood builder to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken other iron products and failed to get results, remember that such preparations are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron, which has been used and strongly endorsed by many physicians formerly connected with well-known Hospitals, the Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, former Presidential Cabinet Officer, former United States Senator and Vice-Presidential Nominee Charles A. Towne, former members of Congress, distinguished United States Army Generals (retired), Judge Atkinson of the United States Court of Claims, at Washington, and others."

In regard to the value of Nuxated Iron, Former Health Commissioner of Chicago, William R. Kerr, said: "As Health Commissioner of the City of Chicago, I was importuned many times to recommend different medicines, mineral waters, etc. Never yet have I gone on record as favoring any particular remedy. But, in the case of Nuxated Iron, feel an exception should be made to the rule. From my own experience with it, I feel that it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country, and if my endorsement shall induce anaemic, nervous, run-down men and women to take



Nuxated Iron, and receive the wonderful tonic benefits which I have received, I shall feel greatly gratified that I made an exception to my life-long rule in recommending it."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques formerly Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

No matter what other tonics or iron remedies you have used without success—if you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired; next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength, power and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which has been used by so many successful people with such surprising results, and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians is not a secret remedy, but one which is well-known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists and general stores. Advertisement.



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Mrs. A. S. McC, Pennsylvania.—We do not think that your grandson is apt to receive any very severe punishment for representing himself to be older than he was at the time he enlisted in the marines, provided he continues to perform his duties in a proper manner.

Mrs. B. M., Maine.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, her estate would descend one third to the surviving husband and the remainder in equal shares to her children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share; we think the signature of both husband and children would be necessary to the sale of her real estate.

C. R. P., South Carolina.—We think that the creation of entailed estates or estates tail in real property has been pretty generally abolished by statute in this country; we think however the creation of a trust in real estate for the continuance of a life or lives in being, and in some cases under certain circumstances, for a short limited period of years thereafter, is still permitted by law; we think the validity of such a trust, and the length of time for which it legally extends, would depend upon the instrument under which it was created, and the births, ages and deaths, as the case may be, of the life tenants and of those entitled to the remainder under such trust.

Miss J. B. E., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of California, we are of the opinion that the signature of the wife is not necessary for the conveyance of the real estate of the husband, except that the wife should join the husband in the sale of the community property.

(2) We do not think you have any legal right to construct your drain in such a manner as to damage your neighbor's property, but we do not think you can be compelled to change the natural course of the water crossing your property in order to relieve him from having it cross his property.

Mrs. W. F. H., Texas.—We think you should be able to procure a copy of the will of your uncle who died, from the clerk of the probate court of the county in the state in which he resided at the time of his death; we think that if you find that the receipt you signed for your share in his estate was procured from you by fraudulent statements, you should be able to have such receipt set aside in the proper action brought, promptly for that purpose.

Mrs. M. G., North Carolina.—We think that if the man you mention deserted his wife without good cause, she is entitled to support from him, unless she has independent means of her own sufficient to provide for her maintenance; we think that this right of support can be enforced by the wife against the husband's real estate or other property in the proper court action on proceeding brought for that purpose.

Mrs. R. N., Wisconsin.—If the company from which you purchased the goods you mention, fails to perform its part of the agreement with you, your legal remedy would be to bring an action for the return of your money or for the damages you have suffered; the bad feature, of your case, is the fact that the amount involved is so small that it would scarcely warrant the expense of such a litigation.

Mrs. A. L. M., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and five children, his widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate, and one fifth of the personal estate absolutely, after payment of debts and expenses, the balance going in equal shares to his children, the children of a former marriage receiving the same share as his child by the surviving widow; we do not think property disposed of by him during his lifetime would form any part of his estate, unless disposed of to children by way of advancement on their interest in his estate.

Mrs. D. M. B., New Mexico.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the husband has the absolute management, control, and disposition, except testamentary, of the community property, except that he cannot give it away or convey it without a valuable consideration, and cannot sell or incur the indebtedness of the community property then used as a home by the husband and wife; nor the furnishings of the home, nor the wearing apparel of the wife and minor children, without the consent of the wife.

Mrs. E. P., Michigan.—We think your grandfather had a legal right to disinherit your father by will, provided the will was legally drawn and executed and expressed his true intent, and provided he possessed testamentary capacity, and no undue influence was exercised upon him.

Mrs. J. D. B., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your husband, leaving a surviving widow and four children, if he left no will, you would be entitled to dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate and one third of his personal property absolutely, after payment of debts and expenses, the balance going in equal shares to his children by both marriages; we think that in case the real estate is sold, you would have a legal right to have your dower interest liquidated on the basis of your probabilities of life figured from the life insurance tables.

B. B. G., Tennessee.—We think that in cases where the parents are separated, the custody of the minor children is a question to be decided by the court, and that the man whose wife abandoned him, taking their child with her, should bring an action or proceeding against her to determine this question.

L. S. T., North Carolina.—We think that if the paper you mention has discontinued publication, you are entitled to recover from the publishing company such an amount as would represent the unexpired balance of your subscription payment.

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

and she also gave me to understand that I should meet with no opposition from you."

"Miss Therwin was not aware, probably, of some incidents connected with my past history when she made that statement," Judith answered, bitterly. "No, Arthur d'Aubigne, in spite of Ada Therwin's wishes, I will never let you come near that pure girl if I can help it. But I am confident that Ada Therwin will fall in that part of her plot."

"That part of her plot—what is the rest of it?" demanded her companion, eagerly.

"Perhaps you think I am going to play my cards all into your hands," was the sneering reply.

"Do be reasonable, and tell me, Judith; I'll make it worth your while," and he put his hand into his pocket, showing her a handful of gold.

"Thank you; I'm in no pressing need just at present," she answered, her lip curving and her eye flashing, adding, "and I shall never reveal anything that can in any way place Sibyl within your power or reach."

"Then I'll discover some other way of getting at your secret," he cried, angrily. "I'll sift this matter to the bottom. Money will do anything, and you know me well enough to know that I will leave no stone unturned to accomplish my purpose. I swear I will have the girl now, if only to spite you!"

Judith made no reply, but sat watching him in dogged silence, and he continued:

"It has just come to me who Ada Therwin is, and why you should be connected with her. It is strange I did not think of it at first. She must be the child of the woman who was your

foster-sister, for I remember she married that rascal, Therwin. How would you like to have me go to Sir Athelstone Prescott and reveal the whole plot, telling him all about your early history, and this fine trick you have played upon his adopted daughter?"

The woman smiled serenely, though she was startlingly pale.

"If you are really in earnest about your liking for Sibyl, I have no fear of your doing any such thing, for it would upset everything, as young Prescott would undoubtedly be only too glad to get her back again, and would probably marry her at once."

He saw the force of her argument, and sat savagely gnawing at his yellow mustache.

At length he arose, saying:

"You'll find out yet, Jude, that I have not done with either you or Miss Sibyl. Do you think I am to be fooled by you? You'll hear from me again before long, and we'll see then who has the advantage in their hands. Au revoir."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE STING OF REMORSE.

When Sibyl returned from her favorite retreat on the beach, where, sheltered from the sun by the cool, overhanging rocks, and fanned by the sea breeze, she had spent two delightful hours with her book, she found Mrs. Stillman unconscious in her chair.

Sibyl immediately summoned help, had her conveyed to her bed, sent for the nearest physician, and then wrote an urgent appeal for Sir Athelstone to come to her.

Mrs. Stillman revived after a while, but was evidently very ill—in a very critical condition, the Barmouth doctor said, when he came, and, as the days went by, they brought no improvement in her condition.

Sibyl was deeply distressed and anxious, all the more so because she heard no word from any of the dear ones at Dumfries.

Oh, how she longed for the kind and loving care and sympathy of Lady Prescott, the manly encouragement of Raymond, and, above all, for Sir Athelstone's medical skill.

But he came not, and though at the end of a week she wrote again, she received no reply, and, sad and disheartened, she watched alone, but with unwearied vigilance, beside the invalid's bed.

"Why doesn't he come?" Mrs. Stillman murmured every little while, a terrible fear gradually settling down upon her.

"I am sure I cannot tell. I have written again and again, but have received no reply from any of them for many weeks," Sibyl had replied.

"It is more of her work," Mrs. Stillman had muttered to herself, with a clouded brow, and she never spoke of the doctor's coming again.

She knew well enough, without being told, why he did not come.

One day Sibyl saw her mother's look fastened longingly upon the Bible, which lay upon the table near the bed.

"May I read you a little from this?" she asked, taking it up.

Mrs. Stillman nodded, and paid the strictest attention while she read, and every day afterward Sibyl brought it as a matter of course to her bedside, and chose the most comforting and comprehensive passages that she could find.

One morning she read from the beautiful chapter in Malachi, where it says:

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son who serveth him."

"Do you think God could possibly spare me, Sibyl?" the invalid asked with a deep sigh, turning her beseeching eyes upon the beautiful face beside her.

"He will spare all who really desire it, dear mother: we can all be 'jewels' if we will. Can not you believe it?" Sibyl answered, with lips that trembled.

"If I only could—but, Sibyl, I have been a very wicked woman; you cannot conceive how black the catalogue of my sins is."

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow," repeated the sweet voice, in low, clear tones.

"Can it be that those are the words of God, sent to comfort people like me?" Mrs. Stillman asked, after thinking them over.

"God's very own, sent just to you, dear," Sibyl answered, with tearful tenderness.

"Thank you, Sibyl; what a comfort you have been to me."

"I am glad; will you try to believe what I have been telling you?"

"Yes, I will try. I think I could, if—but I must do much before I can claim anything," was the low, resolute response.

"Do you mean—"

Sibyl could go no further, but her white face said the rest.

"Yes, I mean that I think I am not going to live a great while, and I want to talk with you a little about it. I do not think it is coming just yet, and I know I am not ready for it, but you have led me to see that I have need to be ready, and I think it—the comfort—will come when I have done what I know is right."

During the day she called for writing materials, and while Sibyl went to snatch a few hours' rest in the afternoon, she wrote several sheets, inclosed them in an envelope, and directed it. Then calling a maid, she desired it to be sent at once to the post office.

The letter was addressed to "Miss Ada Therwin," and a portion of it ran thus:

"I am dying—I know that my days are numbered, and, thanks to you—yes, thanks! and you can never know the gratitude I feel—and to your scheming, I have been led to realize what my life has been before it is too late. The dear child whom you have plotted to ruin, and tempted me likewise to cheat and destroy, has been a blessed little messenger of truth to me, and I know, notwithstanding all she has suffered through me, that when she comes to understand the great work which has been accomplished through her patience and faithfulness, she will deem her sorrows but trifles compared with the blessedness of having guided a lost soul into the way of life. Ada, I write this to tell you that I cannot die in peace until I have confessed all to this dear girl whom I have learned to love—who, by her gentleness and sweetness has compelled me to love her, as if she were indeed my very own. Before you receive this she will know all, and you must prepare to meet your disappointment as best you can. If you choose to be reasonable, you never need to fear anything from her—a sweeter, gentler, and more forgiving nature does not exist upon the earth, and Heaven could not give you a better friend. And now, as I am going soon to an unknown country, where you must one day follow me, I send one last plea to

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you. I loved your mother as well as I in my selfishness could love her. I have loved you, and I pray that the child of my kind foster-sister may be led to choose a better portion in life than she has hitherto known—that when this hour comes to you—the hour which reveals to you that death is near, and life, and time, and opportunity are all gone—you may not experience the sorrow and remorse which have made the struggle so hard for

JUDITH HOFFMAN.

She was so wearied after writing this that she had strength for nothing more that day, though she had fully intended to confess everything to Sibyl before she slept.

That evening, when the young girl had arranged everything for the night, she bent over the invalid, asking if there was anything more that she desired.

"Only to have you kiss me and, then go to your rest, dear. Your face is growing thin and pale again, and is a continual reproach to me," she answered, fondly, yet regretfully.

"Do you feel as well as usual, dear mother? Would you not rather I would stay with you tonight?" she asked, gently.

"No, dear. I am very comfortable and free from pain tonight. But, Sibyl," catching her breath with a half sob, "I am not worthy that you should call me 'mother,' though the word comes very sweetly from your lips."

"Then I shall say it very often to please you," she answered, smiling.

"You must go, dear," Mrs. Stillman again said. "Marie will do everything, and I want you to be refreshed by morning, for I have something very important which I wish to communicate to you tomorrow."

She saw Sibyl shiver slightly at these words, as if she were destined to hear more about that story of shame, and she hastened to add:

"I hope what I have to tell you will give you great joy, and you will be glad to mark the day with a white stone. Now, good night."

Yet as she uttered those last words, Sibyl thought she clung to her with a strange yearning.

But she went to her rest wholly unconscious of what the morning was to bring forth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FRANKLIN'S EXPERIENCE.—When Benjamin Franklin was sixteen years old, he was an apprentice to his brother in the printing business. At that time, a book on vegetarianism fell into Benjamin's hands and he became a convert to that doctrine. He was then boarding with a family, and his brother paid the board. His vegetarian habit made it inconvenient for him to eat at a table where meat was the central idea, so he persuaded his brother to pay him in cash half of what his board cost and he would board himself. To this the brother readily consented. With a little experience he found he could save half

See The Wonders Of War Through The Pan-Chro Scope!

If you have ever been to the "movies" and watched the magnificent spectacle of a fleet of U. S. battleships, or a thrilling infantry charge "over the top"—or gazed upon the melancholy ruins of a Belgian village—then you have some idea of what you see when you look at the same scene through the Pan-Chro Scope, only of course the objects are stationary—not moving.

The Pan-Chro Scope is a new invention—something like the stereoscope, but larger and more powerful, being fitted with twin stereo-lens of wonderful magnifying power. The war views are taken with a specially constructed double lens camera. On the back of each view is printed a complete and accurate description of the scene represented. You place the view in the Scope, adjust the focus to fit your eyes, and immediately you find yourself face to face with an astonishing lifelike scene that resembles a section of a moving-picture film. One moment you are on the deck of an American warship;—the next moment you are "somewhere in France" looking into a trench where an anti-aircraft gun is working;—next you find yourself among the barbed wire entanglements in "No Man's Land";—again you are watching fierce house-to-house fighting in a captured town, Belgian field artillery in action on the firing line, and many other scenes of actual warfare just as interesting and exciting.

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 - French Military Camp Near Rheims.
 - Barbed Wire Entanglements Protecting German Trenches.
 - Allied Soldiers Firing From Trenches and Periscope in Use.
 - Anti-Aircraft Gun Being Worked in a Trench.
 - Fighting the Germans House to House.
 - Belgian City Levelled to the Ground by German Bombardment.
 - Belgian Field Artillery on the Firing Line, and many other scenes just as interesting and exciting—forty-eight of them in all.
- The Pan-Chro Scope should be in every COMFORT home. It will prove a constant source of pleasure and instruction to every member of the family. Boys and girls attending school should have one. One look through the Scope will teach

what his brother paid him, and with the saving of money he saved much time, which he could devote to the books.

This was the start of Benjamin Franklin's fame, and it ended by making him America's greatest son. It is amusing to read how he thrived on a biscuit, or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins, or a tart from the pastry cook, and a glass of water, varied at times by boiled rice or a potato, or a hasty pudding of his own making.

Upon this fare grew America's greatest statesman and the world's greatest philosopher. The rich and ambitious youth of these days would scorn such a diet, holding that it was the eating time and money by his new diet, but as he says: "I made greater progress from that greater clearness of mind and quicker apprehension which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking." This abstemious life did not seem to detract from his health, but rather to contribute to his longevity, for he lived to be eighty-four years old.

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Tan or Liver Spots positively removed by using Stillman's Freckle Cream. Prepared for one purpose only—clearing the skin. If you have freckles, write us today for our Free Booklet "Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" Stillman's Cream is sold by most druggists, 50c a jar, or direct from us, same price, prepaid. Write now. We can help you.

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

BLIND EYES AND ANXIOUS. Center, Texas.—If a young man that you are both in love with has proposed to one of you, we would certainly think that was the one he liked best. What other way do you think there is of judging? And what kind of a young man can he be if he seems "more affectionate" to another than the girl he has asked to marry him.

SUNSHINE SUN. Seneca, Mo.—After having broken your engagement with this young man for what you think are good reasons, you should return to him his presents and his ring.

PERPLEXED. Salem, Oregon.—In a menu marked as you have described, it would be correct for you to say: "I will take 'Lunch number one.' If any dessert is included in the combination listed, that would be your dessert. If not, and you order separately, you would do this when you had finished the first part of your meal. In the ordinary restaurant you must specify each dish you desire in your order. The dessert need not be ordered at the beginning of the meal. Just ask for what you want to eat in a sensible manner, and the waiter will do the rest.

M. Z., Zealring, Iowa.—If you are 25, a man of 34 is not a bit too old for you to marry. That he comes from another country and does not speak our language with correct accent, is no reason why you should not be happy as his wife, if you love him and he is the right kind of a man to deserve your love.

PUEZLED. Nebr.—You can certainly regard yourself as engaged to be married to this young man if you have planned with him regarding a future home, and have ran away at one time to locate a judge to do the "hitching." If he has given you no engagement ring, it would be proper for you to drop him a gentle hint concerning it. There should be no reason for a quarrel about the incident, if you do the thing tactfully.

M. R., Amsterdam, N. Y.—A schoolgirl of fourteen may certainly speak to boys who are her classmates when she meets them on the street—or anywhere else. They are right in thinking it peculiar that you do not greet them. You may have a seventeen-year-old boy as a friend but we would not "go around" very much with him, unless some older woman is of the party.

EASTERN LILY. Sand Point, Idaho.—You are wise in not letting this young man's attentions to you become too noticeable at a dance or public gathering. We would not have gone to him regarding this trouble-making gossip you mention, unless we had been certain that he knew of it and that it had influenced his actions. But no harm was done. As a general rule, it pays to be simple and direct in the case of any misunderstanding between friends—or lovers.

SAMMIE AND SHORTY. New Orleans, La.—We do not think a girl of sixteen should correspond with a soldier, and certainly a younger girl should not, when her father objects—as he very sensibly does. We can not tell you if this young man cares for you. That he does not pay much attention to you in public goes for nothing, as he may be bashful.

A WEST VIRGINIA GIRL.—You can refuse this young man's request by saying: "No thank you; I have promised to go with some one else." As to the candy, you might say: "Thank you, but I would rather not accept it." And you probably will not have to refuse twice.

RED ROSE. Mineral Wells, Texas.—We think a boy to whom you were engaged should have spoken to you when he had not seen you for two months—even if your father objects to him and was in the vicinity when you met. However, you should know him well enough to judge if he did it purposely. Why not write and ask him? (2) Yes, we think a boy that "loved you better than anyone else in the world" should appreciate that you refuse the attentions of other suitors on his account.

BLUE EYES AND BLACK EYES. Tenn.—If your soldier sweetheart is in France, it is not surprising that they do not write you. They have plenty of other things to do and think about. (2) Yes, join the Red Cross, by all means.

BROWN HAIR. Etowah, Ark.—Yes, two girls of 17 and 18 may go to a dance at night with boy friends of their neighborhood. (2) Yes, the waltz is considered a "nice" dance—if you dance it nicely.

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE. Sweetwater, Texas.—A girl of fourteen or fifteen is too young to accept the attentions of young men, or to go with them to dances or other entertainments unless older women are of the party.

DIMPLE. Chinook, Mont.—A girl of seventeen would be wise not to marry a man fifteen years older than herself—and one that her parents did not want her to wed.

DOLLY. Chinook, Mont.—You may go to dances in your vicinity with boy friends, but you must not go driving after dark. (2) Do not be the first or the last to leave a dance. We should call midnight about as late as it would be well to remain.

FOURLEED. West Va.—We do not think you can find much pleasure in being in the company of a boy that you think is "bigheaded" and that you sometimes can "hardly bear." Why not drop him and wait for one to come along that you like better? At sixteen there is plenty of time to wait. And you do not have to be beautiful to make boys like you—although we admit it helps. But being kind and sensible helps, too. And also knowing how to spell!

BLUE EYES. Etowah, Ark.—The Government is not in favor of many needless and often foolish letters being sent to our soldiers. If you are writing to three, we think you are making more than your share of trouble. (2) Of course you may "talk" to a boy of 24—unless you are dumb and have to do it by signs.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

Joyce, R. R. 1, Spencer, Va. Shut-in. No means of support. Needs food and clothing. No something for her. T. H. Byers, Monrovia, Cal. Helpless from injuries of spine, hip and shoulders caused by loaded wagon running over him. No means of support. Alone in the world; 54 years of age. Open your hearts and pocketbooks and give him a boost. William Cobler, Price, N. C. Crippled from rheumatism. Also ruptured. Would appreciate second-hand clothing, and any assistance you care to send him.

Miss Myrtle Jones. Turner's Falls, Mass. A dear, sweet girl, and one of the best beloved of our shut-ins, has passed to her heavenly rest.

The poor souls whose names are listed above are in too desperate need to care for anything but substantial financial aid. Sympathy and cash make a splendid combination, but sympathy without cash cuts no ice. Do to others as you would have them do to you.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems Will Make You Laugh, Scream and Yell!

That is exactly what they will do, and they are the best and cheapest medicine for the blues in the world. Only one in two hundred of our readers have availed themselves of the opportunity to secure this exquisitely beautiful 160 page volume of screamingly funny verse bound in blue silk cloth, free for a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at thirty-five cents each. This elegant book contains splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and a touching account of his life. It contains the funniest recitations ever written. It is a present fit for a king and no home should be complete without it. If you won't get it for yourself, get it for the children and make them happy. Free for an hour's easy work. Start your clubbing today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is a Knock-out! The One Best Bet!

A home without music is a home without joy. Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the dandiest songs ever written, songs for churches, parlors and concert platforms. Here you have a great big beautiful music folio, containing such gems of mirth and melody as "My Beautiful Queen of Dreams," "The Old Village Choir," "The Dream That Never Came True," and "Broke Again." Five dollars' worth of music, with full score for voice and piano, a splendidly gotten up folio with a handsomely decorated cover on which appears several pictures of Uncle Charlie, equal to photographs, and all free for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at thirty-five cents each. Both books free for a club of five. Greatest premium bargain ever offered. WORK FOR THEM TODAY.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

to worry them as well as you have. Goodness knows I've had my share of trouble, but that is just between me and my God. I try to live up to the good old quotation:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone.
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has troubles enough of its own."

Can any of the sisters send me the song, "Plant Sweet Flowers on My Grave." I would like to get it for an old lady friend of mine.

Thank you, dear sisters, for the time you have given me in reading this, my first attempt at letter writing to COMFORT.

Best wishes to all.

MRS. FLORENCE HORNBECK.

PIERCECTON, IND.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I am a farmer's wife, twenty-six years old, with brown hair and eyes and weigh 140 pounds. I have a little six-year-old girl named Nedra, and Ivan, a fat little chap, three years old the 11th day of last June. We also have an orphan boy, fifteen years old, that has been with me two years. He is as dear to us as if he were our own.

I noticed the Editor asked us to write of our best vacation. I will tell you of a little trip we have just had. As we are busy farmers on a farm of 160 acres, you may know that we couldn't leave but for a few days but how we enjoyed the few days. One of our neighbors and his wife and our family rented a little cottage at "Yellow Banks," a beautiful resort on Webster Lake, just four miles from Lake Wawasee, Indiana's largest lake, and close to several smaller lakes and also near a small town. As to fish, you should have seen the strings we brought in. Of a morning, about "sunup" we would eat a bite and put the children on cushions in the bottom of the boat and fish until it got too warm. Then we'd take an automobile trip or else sit on the porch and rest until evening, when fish a while, come in and get supper and take another ride or walk and come in for a good night's rest. I took my camera along and got some fine pictures that will serve as reminders of one of our least expensive and most enjoyable vacations.

Wishing you all a pleasant summer, I remain, a COMFORT sister,

MRS. BYRNE WERTENBERGER.

Mrs. Wertenberger.—Your vacation is one of my ideas of a good time. Let's hear from others.—Ed.

GRAND MARSH, WIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
May I say just a few words on the food situation? We all know food is wasted in a great many homes and eating houses. It is awful to think of it but nevertheless it is true. We should eat no more food than our bodies need for growth and repair and to supply energy for our work. Overeating tends to cause poor health and fat instead of brawn, and makes us sluggish and indolent instead of energetic and resourceful. Eat enough and no more. When food is burned or spoiled in cooking, improperly prepared and poorly seasoned, it will be left on the table and wasted. Buy food wisely and prepare it carefully. When too much food is prepared for a meal, unserved portions are thrown into the garbage pail or allowed to spoil. Such food should be given to some poor family, as many housekeepers do not know how to use left-over foods to make appetizing dishes. I have often seen uneaten portions of food left on plates and later thrown into the garbage pail. Learn to know the needs of your family and serve each no more than you think he will want. All food should be handled carefully. Buy clean food and keep it clean and be neat in all details of serving and cooking. This lessens waste and is a valuable health measure as well. Keep good food out of your garbage pail and kitchen sink. Demonstrate thrift in your home. Don't feed high-priced human food to hogs and chickens as we shall need it before this war is over. Don't pour into the sewer such nourishing food as milk, sweet or sour, soup, gravy, melted fat or water in which cereals or vegetables have been cooked. Make use of everything. I find it a great advantage to market in person and see the food before buying it. In this way it is possible to get the best that is offered for sale. I always weigh articles that are sold by weight. In case the grocer gives short weight it should be discovered. Though the difference may be small, in a year's time it counts up and the housewife has paid out a certain amount of her allowance and gotten nothing in return for it. I believe every housewife should keep an account book. She should know just how much is spent for food each month. By comparing accounts for several months it will be possible to obtain the average amount spent for groceries.

Do you know what to do for a burn? Be sure your shoe fits properly so that there is no pressure. Protect the joint with a felt ring. Reduce inflammation with the use of ice. Then apply benzoated collodion. Soak the feet in hot soap suds and pare off the thick skin, but don't pare too closely. Repeat the application of collodion.

With the best of love and wishes,

MRS. R. B. GOLDEN.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

Remove stains from zinc with vinegar.
Remove peach stains with spirits of camphor.
Use a nutmeg grater to scrape off the burned parts of cake.

Stand on a cushion while ironing and you will not be so tired.

When setting bread sponge, omit the salt until the bread is light and ready to knead.
Moisten the spoon with water before serving jelly and it will be much easier to serve.

Sprinkle table salt on cabbages and it will help keep the worms away.—MRS. PAGE, New York.

Marks on wood work, made by scratching matches, can be removed by rubbing with a cut lemon.

To remove peach stains, put cream of tartar on the water-soaked stains and place article in the sun.

When necessary to boil a cracked egg, add a little vinegar to the water and the white will not run out.

To clean silver, dip it in a boiling solution of baking soda and water, to which has been added a pinch of salt.

A thick slice of onion laid on top of a roast of beef and cooked with it gives a fine flavor to meat and gravy.

To clean a vinegar cruet, put a teaspoon of lye in it and fill with water. Let stand a day or two before washing.

Remedies

SPRAIN.—Bathe well with hot vinegar and salt solution or one pint of hot water in which one tablespoon of epsom salts has been dissolved.—MRS. M. M. N. DAK.

POISONING BY MORPHINE OR ANY OPIUM PREPARATION.—Give an emetic of mustard and water or salt and water, in large quantities until vomiting is produced. Give plenty of strong coffee and keep the person awake by any means.

RHEUMATISM.—One to three drops of wintergreen oil on a lump of loaf sugar, three or four times a day. Touch the sore spots with feather moistened with the oil. Keep the bowels in good condition. MRS. HARRIET E. THOTT, Solon Springs, Mo.

NEURALGIA.—Macerate the leaves of the common field thistle and use as a poultice on the parts affected, while a small quantity of the leaves are boiled down from one quart to one pint of liquid. Drink a small wineglass of this before each meal.

SUNSTROKE.—Treat this by removing the clothing and applying ice to the head and arm pits or wrapping the patient in sheets wrung out of ice water, which must be kept wet and cold by water or ice. If the latter is done, the body must be rubbed to prevent shock and to bring the heated blood to the surface. When consciousness returns, cold water may be given freely. Do not give any stimulants, and if there is any return of the symptoms, renew the application of ice or cold water.

Requests

How to make wax and paper flowers.
Song, "I Have a Package of Old Letters."—MRS. MINNIE DRYBREAD, Rainier, Colo.

How to cure meat (hogs) without smoking. Also how to make head cheese and blood pudding.

Poem, "The Lily of Peace," printed thirty years ago in "The Saturday Night." The paper is not published now.

Will some sister who has a book of old-fashioned dance music, sell it or exchange with me.—MRS. ZELLA COOM, Wayne, Neb.

Will some one please send me "The Illustrated Companion for March and April, 1918." Will return postage or favor in any way possible.—MRS. SADIE MILLER, Dandridge, Tenn.

Will some one please send me the following songs: "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "Somewhere in France," "Over There," "Good by Broadway, Hello France."—MISS BETTIE STALLINGS, Lebanon, Ky.

If any of the readers have photographic or teachers' magazines they can send me, I will return the favor in any way I can. Other magazines accepted, and I will pass them on to the shut-ins when I read them.—IRMA ANDERSON, Lowry, Minn.

Missing Relatives and Friends

Any one knowing the whereabouts of Oliver Gentry, last heard of in Memphis, Tenn., please notify Jennie Schellings, Creve Coeur, Box 74, Missouri.

Information of Archie H. Penman, last heard of in Stockton, California. Notify his sister, Mrs. Robert Clark, Tiffany, Colo.

Information of William B. Humber, last heard of at Lakeland, Florida. Mollie Humber, R. R. 3, Box 6, Honey Grove, Texas.

Information of Morgan Blair in Civil War, or home on sick furlough at surrender. Joined army near Charleston, S. C. Write Mrs. M. L. Blair, 409 Chickamauga Ave., Rossville, Ga.

Stops Ford Accidents

A new crank release for Fords which is positively guaranteed to remove all danger of broken arms, etc., caused by back firing, is the invention of H. W. Dammann, 126 Bear Ridge, Rock Island, Ill. This wonderfully simple and inexpensive device should be used by every Ford owner. It gives such universal satisfaction that Mr. Dammann is making a free trial offer to one Ford owner in each locality who will use it on his own car and show it to his friends. Take advantage of this unusual offer. Agents wanted. Write today.—Advertisement.

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We will also include free of charge one Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and a complete instruction book. This is the well-known "Premo" camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes pictures 1-1/4 by 1-3/4 inches, is fitted with the best quality Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter adapted for snap shots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in broad daylight, so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book, all packed together in a strong box and sent to you free by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of four one-year subscriptions, we will send you by Parcel Post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete instruction book. Premium No. 7614.

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Your Boy "Over There"

Wouldn't You Like To See His Picture In This Handsome Service Frame?

"I wish I had a distinctive frame for Harry's picture. He looks so manly in his uniform and I am so proud of him."

Such is the desire of thousands of fathers, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the men in the service. To meet this desire we offer this beautiful, military Service frame of red, white and blue. The frame is of smooth, red roan leather with a handsome natural grain, and across the top, embossed in pure gold, is the American Eagle. The white mat with its blue star completes the Service idea and adds a halo of glory to the photograph. The mat has a circular cut-out for the insertion of the soldier's or sailor's photo, and to preserve the photo the entire opening is covered with lustrous Belgian glass. Both easel and hanger are provided on the back of the frame so that it is equally desirable for mantel, desk or wall.

If you have a friend or loved one in the army or navy you should have one of these military Service frames for his picture. It is something you will always cherish as a priceless keepsake—a souvenir of the great war. They come in two sizes. The large size, 7-1/2 x 9-1/2 inches, takes a full 5x7 photo; the smaller size, 5x7 inches takes all size photos under 5x7. You can have either size free upon the terms of the following club offers:

Offer No. 7694. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 35 cents each, we shall send you the smaller size Service Photo Frame free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7694. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

AGENTS: \$40 A WEEK

A brand new hosiery proposition that beats them all. For men, women and children. All styles, colors and fancy stripes, including the finest line of hosiery.

Guaranteed One Year. Must wear 12 months or replaced free!

Enlist, time to sell. A prospect in every house. Offer a full size pair to one family. Repeat orders will make you a steady income.

Easy Seller—Big Profits. Work spare time or full time. Every man or woman, young or old can sell this wonderful line of guaranteed hosiery.

Silk Hose Free. Try our hosiery before you buy it. We want you to become familiar with our hosiery line. Write quick for particulars if you mean business, and state size of hose worn.

Thomas Hosiery Co. 7530 Elk St. Dayton, O.



FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER
Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian line, diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14 K. F. Ring and with a 1-1/2 Hawaiian line diamond in beautiful setting. Postage paid. For immediate delivery, \$1.25 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. (Only 10,000 green away. Send no money. Cover your order with a check or money order. Send no money. Extra present, order now, today.)
BINGO CO., DEPT. 478, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at druggists.



Wrist Watch Bracelet FREE
Children rich and poor go wild with delight over this little bracelet. Patent leather strap. Good buckle. Simulation work. All free post paid for selling only 9 jewelry retailers at 10c each.
James H. Co., Dept. 63, Allentown, Pa.

Wanted An Idea! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. They may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and list of "Patent Buyers." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 112, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SELL 24 AM. FLAG PINS AT 10c
Send no money. When sold send \$2.40 and we'll send 2400 pins and keep the 2400 for your trouble. Write today.
CLARE WATCH CO., Dept. 206 CHICAGO, ILL.

Silk Remnants



Premium No. 5561
All Sizes, Shapes and Colors—A Large Package Sent You For One Subscription (not your own)

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors. If you order at once we will also send you, in addition to everything else an instruction book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Archaic and Cheville Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting. Remember you get one nice lot of these Silk Remnants (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins Embroidery Cotton and an instruction book, as above described, all sent to you free by Parcel Post prepaid if you will accept the following

Free Offer. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 35 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants, free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 5561. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Offer No. 7357. For seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 35 cents each, we shall send you the large size Service Photo Frame free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7357.

Seven Wheel Chairs in July

481 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The seven July wheel chairs go to the following named shut-ins, carrying sunshine and a ray of happiness into their joyless lives. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Vern Sparks, Marionville, Mo., 200; Mrs. Frank J. Libby, Mill St., Orono, Maine, 170; Mrs. Sarah E. Whittington, R. 1, Box 58, Monroe, La., 168; Melvin F. Barker, Chapinville, W. Va., 157; Mrs. S. V. Hughey, 524 S. Workman St., Los Angeles, Calif., 140; Ira E. Huddleston, Cartersville, Mo., 127; T. J. Ragland, Winters, Texas, 120.

Vern Sparks, age 14, has been afflicted with tuberculosis of the spine seven years and confined to his bed the last two years. The wheel chair will be a joy to him and a great help to his good mother in caring for him.

Mrs. Libby, age 45, has been an invalid eleven years, the last five years confined to the house and unable to walk. With the help of her husband and two sons she will be able to enjoy some fresh air and sunshine in her wheel chair.

Mrs. Whittington, age 62, widow, lives with her unmarried daughter. She writes that she is badly crippled with rheumatism and will be so thankful for COMFORT'S help in procuring a wheel chair of which she is in great need.

Melvin F. Barker, age 5, has been sick with spinal meningitis two years and unable to walk the last three months and can not sit up long at a time. The wheel chair will be a relief to this poor little sufferer.

Mrs. Hughey, age 29, an invalid for the last two years and until recently dangerously sick, but surgery has brought her some relief so that she will be able to get about in her wheel chair.

Ira E. Huddleston, age 42, has been entirely paralyzed in his left side the last four months. He has seven children and a devoted wife who has obtained all the subscriptions for his chair.

T. J. Ragland, age 63, sick with pellagra and crippled by a broken hip that will not mend. Has four children and wife who, besides all her other work and cares, has obtained all the subscriptions for his chair which will be a blessing to her as well as to him.

COMFORT'S subscription rate now (since July first) is 35 cents a year and I had hoped, as stated in my July announcement, to award a wheel chair for a club of 150 yearly subscriptions at 35 cents each. But wheel chairs, like everything else, have been going up in price, and I have just received notice from the manufacturers of another large advance in price which will make these wheel chairs cost me, at the factory, sixty per cent more than formerly. Also there has been a large advance in freight rates and, worse yet, the Government embargo prevents shipment by freight to many places and compels me to ship the wheel chairs by express in most cases now, which costs me still more, as I prepay the transportation charges so that the shut-ins receive the chairs absolutely free of expense. These chairs, delivered to the shut-ins, now cost me nearly twice as much as formerly and therefore I am obliged to resume my old offer of one wheel chair for a club of 200 subscriptions—but please bear in mind that the subscription rate now is 35 cents a year.

Please rush the subscriptions for the Wheel-Chair Club; there are so many poor shut-ins waiting and suffering for wheel chairs.

We have an interesting Roll of Honor but there is no space to spare for letters of thanks.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 35 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Any shut-in who has friends to help him get subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Emma Sparks, Mo., for Vern Sparks, 200; Mrs. Ira Edward Huddleston, Mo., for Ira E. Huddleston, 127; Mrs. Julia Rice, Okla., for Mrs. Adella Evans, 81; Rev. Horace B. Sellers, Maine, for Mrs. Frank J. Libby, 68; Mrs. J. H. Price, Okla., for Harold Brown, 64; Mrs. J. S. Pool, N. C., for Stroud Pool, 56; Annie Estelle Whittington, La., for Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Whittington, 56; Mrs. Ella Hensley, W. Va., for Melvin French Barker, 52; Mrs. J. M. Astor, Miss., for Elvie L. I. Tutor, 44; Mrs. M. E. Carson, Ark., for F. E. Carson, 42; Mrs. Louisa Tutor, Miss., for Elvie L. I. Tutor, 40; Eleanor Nicholas, Vt., for Clara Josephine Nicholas, 30; Lizzie Goheen, Ky., for Naomi Goheen, 28; Mrs. T. J. Thompson, Calif., for Mrs. S. V. Hughey, 24; Mrs. S. V. Hughey, Calif., for Owa Wheel Chair, 22; Hilram F. Jowers, La., for Mrs. E. H. Whittington, 21; Mrs. D. J. Longfellow, Maine, for Mrs. Frank J. Libby, 21; Miss Lois Smith, Calif., for Mrs. S. V. Hughey, 21; Mrs. Frances Johnson, W. Va., for Earl Johnson, 21; Mrs. N. E. Holland, Texas, for Mrs. M. J. Howard, 20; Mrs. W. J. Brooks, Calif., for Mrs. S. V. Hughey, 20; Miss Jessie Parker, Calif., for Mrs. S. V. Hughey, 20; E. W. Speights, Miss., for I. J. Polk, 20; Mrs. Herbert Read, Md., for Mrs. J. H. Jenkins, 20; Mrs. Catherine Rea, Miss., for Elvie L. I. Tutor, 20; Miss Elizabeth Baxter Kling, Maine, for Mrs. Frank Libby, 20; Mrs. Jerry Jansen, Ill., for Carl G. Jansen, 20; Rosa Evans, Okla., for Mrs. Adella Evans, 18; Mrs. A. J. Witt, Calif., for Mrs. S. V. Hughey, 18; Mrs. Claude Wolfe, N. Dak., for Master Arnold De Vries, 16; Mrs. E. C. Mellinger, Calif., for Mrs. S. V. Hughey, 15; Dudley C. Nichols, Vt., for Clara Josephine Nicholas, 15; F. W. Larne, Ala., for Henry S. Larne, 15; Miss Fannie Cassidy, Ohio, for Raymond Cassidy, 13; Mrs. Rebecca Garrard, N. C., for Stroud Pool, 12; Mrs. C. E. White, Tenn., for Johnnie Watson, 12; Mrs. Victor Scott, Maine, for Mrs. Frank Libby, 10; Mrs. Tom Powers, Maine, for Mrs. Frank Libby, 10; Mrs. Ollie Cawthon, Miss., for Litch Cawthon, 9; Bertha A. Kelley, Ohio, for Roscoe Proffitt, 8; Mrs. Angie Westmoreland, Miss., for Elvie L. I. Tutor, 7; Sarah Katherine Jenkins, Ga., for Mrs. J. H. Jenkins, 7; Ila Davis, Ark., for Mrs. Ruth Caldwell, 5; Mrs. S. E. Upchurch, Ala., for Jessie Lee Bright, 5; Mrs. John Dozier, Oregon, for Alice May Dozier, 5.

Infant Used as Live Subject in Domestic Science Department

Wishing to have a live subject to work with, girl students of the domestic science department of the high school at Appleton, Wis., have adopted a two-months-old baby from a poor family. The girls are kept busy feeding and dressing the baby, according to approved scientific methods.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Miss J. L. Crossville, Ala.—Liver spots, moth spots, or the medical name, chloasma, are due to several causes; malaria, tuberculosis, so-called Addison's disease, disease of the uterus, nervous disturbance, anemia and chlorosis (Green sickness). In your case it probably is due to malaria or possibly some liver trouble. Consult your local physician to determine the cause and prescribe the treatment accordingly.

P. W. Hynnumville, Mo.—You probably have a neuritis of the shoulder. Try hot turpentine stoups. Wet a flannel with hot water and drop a few drops of turpentine on the towel and apply to the parts.

Mrs. A. I. S., Portland, Ind.—Try drinking only one quart of skimmed milk every other day. Drink one glass in the morning, another at noon, another at four o'clock, and the last one at night. Let this be your only diet on alternate days. The rest of the time eat sparingly of green vegetables, drink plenty of water, and later report result as to reduction of weight.

Mrs. A. B., Belleville, Kansas.—The usual cause of obesity is the eating of starchy food, pastry, sweets of any kind, lack of sufficient exercise in the open air, and improper care of the bowels. In another part of this column we have given a diet of skim milk, to be used every other day, with directions. Consult this and after trying the skimmed milk diet, report result.

Mrs. R. M., Reik, Neb.—If there is no physiological cause for your absence of menstruation you need not worry. Menstrual return in due time.

Mrs. H. L. E., Cherokee, S. C.—If your goitre is due to nervousness, you should absolutely rest body and nerves. If it involves the entire gland, use ovarian extract under your doctor's advice and care. Surgery is the last resort. The ovarian extract with complete rest, is the best and latest treatment. The rest of your letter concerns another department, and will be answered, no doubt, there.

Miss C. M.—Your trouble is not the "change of life." You have probably a form of nervous indigestion. Outdoor exercise, horseback riding, any form of physical exercise would help you. Avoid sweets of all kinds and put yourself on a green vegetable diet; drink plenty of water. The discharge you mention is nothing and will be benefited by return to the normal.

C. M., Otter Pond, Ky.—The best way to remove warts is by using, or having used, carbon dioxide snow. The next best way is the use of the actual cautery. Of course, both must be used by a competent physician.

S. R. R., Clarkwood, Texas.—It would be of no advantage to give you the symptoms of cancer of the stomach, as symptoms run into each other, and you would be beneficial to you. Your work is even hinted at. Your symptoms point to ulcer of the stomach. You should consult your local physician and be treated by him.

Mrs. C. H., Guntown, Miss.—You probably have malaria, or some liver trouble. Take two compound cathartic pills at bedtime, once or twice a week. Eat no pastry, and let tea and coffee alone. Drink plenty of water, and get busy with some useful occupation.

Mrs. H. D., Brighton, Iowa.—You are run down, and probably your heart trouble is due to this condition. Also you may have some local trouble that needs surgical attention, due to child bearing. You should consult some good physician and be examined to ascertain the true condition.

M. B., Brooksbury, Ind.—Compound nut-gall ointment is good for the piles, applied at night. This failing, have them removed by operation.

E. S. U., Ricardo, Texas.—Apply compound nut-gall ointment to the parts and keep the bowels free by using aromatic cascara, two teaspoonfuls at night.

Miss L. K., Herringford, Neb.—The lump referred to may be a tumor of some kind obstructing the lower bowel. As these lumps may be cancerous, it would be wise to have an examination at once.

Miss O. L., Windsor, Mo.—The ringing in your ears is probably of catarrhal origin. Your age has something to do with it. The trouble is probably incurable, although an ear specialist might relieve you and possibly cure the noise, by inflating the middle ear, and also employ other methods known to the ear specialist.

Mrs. A. C., Rochester, New York.—Nervousness and worry are two great causes of premature grayness of the hair. Tonics for the nervous system, massage of the scalp, and the avoidance of so-called hair-restorers, will help you, and may cure the condition.

Mrs. D. P., Garretts Bend, W. Va.—Under the conditions you live in, it seems to us that any change would be beneficial to you. Your age is causing your indigestion and your physical breakdown. Under conditions that exist, would advise marriage.

Mrs. C. W., Vinan City, Ind.—Laundry starch is not poisonous, but should not be eaten in the way you mention in your letter. Uncooked starch will at least cause indigestion of the worst type. Try to reason with your daughter, and have her given a nerve tonic by your local physician.

Miss M. M., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.—Try lotion of resorcin two per cent. in grain alcohol diluted one half with rose water. Apply at night, every other day only.

Mrs. C. R., Barnhardt, Texas.—If possible, take your husband to some good surgeon, have an X-ray made of the injury, and see if an operation directed to the restoration of the nerves, might be undertaken. If this is impossible, get a small battery and try electricity, with gentle massage, to the parts.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in the paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

O. J. H., Black River Falls, Wis.—On June 15, 1914, President Wilson signed a bill known as the "Panama Tolls Exemption Repeal Bill" whereby the clause in the Panama Canal Act of 1912 exempting American coastwise vessels from paying tolls was repealed. In the present traffic through the canal no very large sums are involved in this change. In 1916 the tolls collected from coastwise shipping totaled but \$59,782.45. In the first six months of 1917, but nine U. S. coastwise vessels passed through the canal. The total revenue from tolls in 1916 was \$3,677,695.15.

G. K., Sulphur Springs, Texas.—The Red Cross has uniform regulations to govern the enrollment of its nurses. An applicant must have had at least two years of training in a general hospital which includes

the care of men. She must also be at least twenty-five and not over forty. Health, strength, and a good education are essential qualifications.

INDEBTED, Houston, Texas.—We do not think you made your question quite plain. A governor could hold office after impeachment if he was found not guilty of the impeachment charges brought against him by the legislature of his state. (2) We are sorry but COMFORT prefers not to furnish the names of matrimonial bureaus.

E. C., Kimball, Mont.—Read COMFORT'S advertising columns if you have an idea you wish to patent and desire aid.

B. K., Noerlandia, Ala.—There is no duty charged upon presents sent from Canada to the United States at Christmas time.

E. G., Phillipsburg, Mo.—See answer to G. K., Sulphur Springs, Texas. There would be nothing better to give your husband when he leaves for France than a completely outfitted "comfort kit" which you had made and filled with your own hands. We are sure that you can find many things that you may do to "help win the war" during your husband's absence at the front. There is work for all at this time.

F. J. P., Dillonville O.—The rainfall in Arizona is very light and the Weather Bureau station at Yuma shows the lowest percentage of humidity in the United States. Farming, however, is successfully carried on by irrigation, which is necessary almost everywhere. In late years, as a result of government activities, much new land has been placed under irrigation. It is in Arizona that the great Roosevelt dam was constructed. This was dedicated in 1910 and forms a reservoir with a capacity sufficient to cover 2000 square miles with water a foot deep. Water has been demonstrated that the soil of the state is remarkably fertile, and oranges, lemons, grape fruit, cantaloupes, dates, etc., are grown with success, as well as every other kind of fruit or vegetable which will thrive in the temperate or semi-tropic zones. Particularly in the valley lands, the high temperatures and the sunshine aid in producing delicate fruits and vegetables. Alfalfa, grain and sugar beets are also grown, and dry farming has been carried on with success in some localities. It is an interesting fact that the state produces eighty per cent of all the ostriches raised in the United States. There are very large ostrich farms in the Salt River valley, where thousands of birds are raised each year. The mining of gold and copper is the principal industry of the state. The climate of Arizona, because of its warmth and dryness, has been considered a valuable aid in the recovery of those suffering from lung troubles. You would find the state very different from Ohio, should you carry out your idea of making it your new home.

Mrs. McG., New Orleans, La.—There are over 230,000,000 acres of vacant public lands in the United States. These are distributed over twenty-five different states. In your own state, write to E. D. Gianelloni, Baton Rouge, La. There are 38,839 acres awaiting allotment in Louisiana.

M. C., Siloam Springs, Ark.—We believe from your description that this copy of the "Ulster County Gazette" which you own, is but one of the thousands of replicas which have been printed of the copy of Jan. 4, 1800, containing an account of the death and burial of George Washington. There are many of these reproductions in existence, and they have no value save as curiosities.

A. P., Weldman, Mich.—The first issue of COMFORT appeared in November, 1888.

SWISS LIVESTOCK PRICES.—Prices of livestock in Switzerland are about double those of the United States, according to the November report of the American consul at Geneva. In the case of cows and calves the price is more than three times as great. Swiss livestock quotations on November 15, 1917, were: Oxen, each \$230; bulls, each \$170; cows, each \$260; calves, each \$180; young pigs, each \$14; sheep, each \$14; fat hogs, per pound 32 cents.

\$1.95

5 YEAR GUARANTEE

Railroad Style

To advertise our business, we will send this elegant R. R. style watch by mail for ONLY \$1.95. Gentlemen's size, full metal silver plated case, locomotive on dial, lever movement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this advertisement to us with \$1.95 and watch will be sent by mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send \$1.95 today.

R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

DIAMOND CUT 4 RINGS YOUR BIRTHSTONE FREE

WIDE WEDDING

BINGO COMPANY DEPT. 477, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

FREE TRIAL

Let us send this fine Razor for 30 days free trial. When satisfied after using, send \$1.50 or return razor. Order Today. **JONES MFG. CO. Dept. 848, CHICAGO, ILL.**

UNCLE CHARLIE'S

Poems and Story Book, cloth bound 60 cents. Song Book 30 cents. Address **UNCLE CHARLIE, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. **TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.**

Cheer The Boys On To VICTORY

Write to them often! A message from home is worth more than anything else in the world to the boys over there.

THEY are in the midst of death and desolation. Their spirits must be kept up. They need the inspiration that comes from friendly words from home. It is only a small thing for them to ask for, but a very important thing for us to do—to write, and write frequently. This is just as necessary for victory as the shipping of food, arms and ammunition.

If you have a friend or a loved one in the service, **write, write, write.** Whether he is in training camp, or in the trenches, let him know that he is not forgotten. Send him long, cheerful letters telling about the little intimate things that are happening in the home—what his friends are doing—all the neighborhood events that he is interested in. To be sure, they may seem small to you, but he will read them with absolute joy. Then again, don't wait for replies. Write again—and again. And in between your letters send him post cards—lots of them.

Stirring, Patriotic Post Card Messages to Soldiers! A Big Package Mailed You Free!

There are thousands of COMFORT homes from which son, brother or husband has answered his country's call. To each of these homes we want to send a package of these Post Cards. If you have no near relatives in the service then you need these cards to send to your friends and acquaintances who have gone.

Beautiful—inspiring—patriotic—they are just the thing to mail to soldiers anywhere. There are 54 cards in the package, every one different, but all carrying an appropriate message or tender words of greeting and remembrance to some soldier boy who is now fighting for you. You will be delighted with these cards—and so will the boy who receives them. The striking designs, showing President Wilson, the American Flags, the Allied Nations, Shields and other patriotic emblems, are all highly embossed in the most beautiful colors, while the verses of greeting, good wishes, etc., are cleverly worked into the designs in a most artistic manner.

The cards themselves are of regulation post card size—3 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches—and there are the usual spaces for the address and any personal message you may care to write yourself.

We want to give a package of these cards to every COMFORT reader who has a friend or loved one fighting for Uncle Sam. You need them—they are the finest, most appropriate message to soldiers ever thought of. Nothing like them was ever seen before. They will be treasured for years as souvenirs of the great war. If you have no son, brother, husband or sweetheart "over there," some of your friends or neighbors have. **Write to them!** Send them letters, and one of these Patriotic Post Cards every now and then. Remember, they are fighting for you—all of us. Cheer them on to victory and everlasting peace for the whole world.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Big Summer Seller. Something new—Concentrated Soft Drinks; just add water. Delicious drinks in a jiffy. Popular for the home, parties, picnics, etc. Small packages; carry everywhere. Enormous demand. Agents making \$6 to \$12 a day. Outfit free to workers. Just a postal today. E. M. Feltman, 8915 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents \$40 a week selling guaranteed hostelry for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2215 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

\$10 to \$15 per day handling new household articles. Big war time sellers. All on spare time. Outfit free. Territory going fast. Write quick. Duo Co., Dept. W-49, Attica, N.Y.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Outfit Free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, etc. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. H-2, 425 Broadway, New York.

Sell Inside Tyres, inner armour for auto tires double mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

How Much Gasoline can you sell at 2c per gallon? World tests for three years to prove it. Offer exclusive rights for your county. "Carbonoid," Box "G", Bradley Beach, N. J.

Agents. Sell rich looking 3x6x8 imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 96c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Ford Auto Free. Fourteen other grand prizes and hundreds of cash rewards. Something for everybody who answers this ad. Twenty-five "Over There" post cards free. Address Auto Stevens 547 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 1824 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 50 cents 25 hour. Write for full particulars. Fawcett Chemical Co., 519 North St., Dayton, O.

Would You Like To Wear A Beautiful New Suit, made to your own measure Free, and make \$35 to \$50 every week? You can be the best dressed man in your town and earn a lot of extra money if you write at once for our beautiful samples and wonderful offer. The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 274, Chicago.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Patriotic Pictures, Pennants. Rejects credited. Prompt shipment; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. J. A. Bailey Co., Dept. W-4, Chicago, Ill.

MALE HELP WANTED

Government Pays \$900 to \$1500 yearly. Prepare for coming exam under former Civil Service Examiner. New Book Free. Write Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-15, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451 St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

Men and Women Wanted, 18 to 60, to fill thousands of vacancies and new positions in Government Service in Washington and elsewhere. Permanent, higher salaries, patriotic work, easy hours, paid vacation. Quick appointments. Write for Free Book RE, listing positions. Washington Civil Service School, 2004 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

Wanted—Stories, poems, etc. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten. Max. acceptable. Woman's Nat'l Magazine, Desk 355, Wash., D. C.

ROOTS, HERBS, ETC.

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Golden Seal and 60 other plants used in making medicine, dyes, perfumes, etc. How to gather, high war prices and address of Buyers. Book postpaid only 20c. Ginseng Co., West Milan, N. H.

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The Story the Service Flag Tells

By Frances L. Garside

THE service flag is not official. Official adoption of such an emblem has been discussed in Congress, but no action has been taken. Mothers who hang out a service flag with pride and wonder with a fear that changes may be made to it by future events, will be interested in learning what this new emblem, which means so much to the world just now, really stands for.

The Adjutant General of the United States Army has endorsed as correct a memorandum by Lieutenant Colonel Nathan William MacChesney, Judge Advocate, N. A., Central Department, which gives the correct status of the service flag, and also gives it a "semi-official" place. He says:

"The service flag is owned by private parties who have patented the same, but is recognized by the government and the flying of it is encouraged. It has been decided that on these flags a blue star shall represent one in the military or naval service of the United States; a silver star one wounded or invalided home from overseas, with a gold star superimposed for one who died as the result of such wound or disease, and a gold star for one who pays the supreme sacrifice while in action."

"Considerable thought has been given to the suggestion that a service flag pin with a gold star for a member of one's family killed in action be worn in lieu of mourning. We cannot control the people in this. We can only suggest that such emblems would be less depressing than a swathing in crepe, and represent a smaller outlay of money, a question very important just now in England the wearing of mourning is forbidden, though it is generally seen on the Continent."

The idea of the service flag is that there shall be a star to represent each person from a family, place of business, club, or other entity serving with the colors. Sometimes the service flag is abused. Where the service flag is hung in the window of a home it should represent only members of the family from such immediate household, and not employees, domestics, or otherwise. Where it is hung from places of business it should represent employees going from such places of business, and where there is an expectation of return to the employment. The service flag should not be flown by buildings, hotels, etc., where the only relation is that of tenants.

Neither is a family entitled to a service flag because some member is engaged in civilian war work, however patriotic the motive. The essence of military service is that persons who wear the uniform subject themselves to be ordered anywhere without the right to refuse to go. Such conditions do not attach to any of the various war boards, commissions, civilian employments, etc., and under no circumstances should the persons in such employment be represented on service flags.

A service flag may be unfurled with a star for a husband, father, son or brother, even though such person did not actually leave from that household directly to go into service, but in case of more remote relationship they should actually be members of the household where the flag is displayed and should have left for the service direct from that household.

While physicians are non-combatants, they are entitled to representation on service flags and rolls of honor when they are serving as physicians in the army, navy, or Red Cross or Marine Corps. Physicians of draft examining boards are not entitled to a star.

It is to the mother the service flag means the most. It is the mother's service flag that has on it the most stars. It is the mother on whom the blunt of the war is falling, and she is bearing it bravely.

Comfort's Comicalities "Jest for Fun"

In a Fix
Foreign Official: "You cannot stay in this country."
Traveler: "Then I'll leave it."
Foreign Official: "Have you a permit to leave?"
Traveler: "No, sir."
Foreign Official: "Then you cannot leave. I give you six hours to make up your mind as to what you will do."

And It Didn't Strike
Bulgaria's defection caused Spanish Consul Juan L. y Marti to say in Mobile: "The Allies' diplomacy in the Balkans was slow. It reminds me of Smith."
"Smith's mother-in-law rushed to him in great excitement on his return from business one evening."
"Oh, John," she cried, "that great, horrid, heavy grandfather's clock in the hall has just fallen with a dreadful crash on the very spot where I'd been standing only a moment before."
"Humph," muttered Smith, "I always said that clock was slow."—Louisville Herald.

What Saved Him
"Time I was out in Colorado," said the man with the ginger beard, "I was chased by the bloody Indians into a cave, and had to stay there three months without anything to eat."
Here the man with the ginger beard looked around defiantly, expecting some one to doubt his assertion, but, as no one spoke, he was compelled to explain.
"I suppose I would have starved," he continued, "if it hadn't been for my wife and family back East. Whenever I would get to thinkin' of them, a big lump would rise right up in my throat, and, by swallowin' that I kept myself from starvin'."

German Soldier's Risk
The great risk a German soldier runs when taken prisoner is that he may lose his life when his countrymen bomb a Red Cross hospital.—Washington Star.

What is the difference between a side-walk and a trolley car?
Five cents' difference.

Might Have Taken a Nap
A stranger in an Indiana village, thought he might improve the time by attending service in the local church. At the conclusion of a lengthy talk, the

minister announced that he should like to meet the board. The stranger, in company with several other persons, proceeded to walk to the front of the church. The pastor, thinking there must be some misunderstanding, said to him: "I believe, sir, you are mistaken. This is just to be a meeting of the board."
"Well," replied the visitor, "I have

listened to your talk for more than an hour and if any one has been bored more than I have been, I should like to know who it is."—Leavenworth Times.

Rags and Bottles
Homer Rodeheaver, the musical director with an evangelist, said in a temperance meeting address at San Francisco:
"Once, on a visit to England, I noticed that the ragmen, instead of shouting 'Rags, bones, old iron,' as we all do, shouted 'Rags and bottles; rags and bottles.'"
"I asked an English ragman one day: 'Why do you yell rags and bottles especially? What's the point of it?'"
"Well, sir," he answered, 'the point of it is that my experience has shown me that wherever there's bottles there's bound to be rags.'—Louisville Herald.

An Irish Tale
A certain Irishman and his wife were much given to wrangling and some of their solicitous neighbors secretly informed the parish priest and asked him

to go and try to quiet the turbulent matrimonial waters. His reverence hastened to do so and, as he approached the house, his ears told him that an argument was in progress. When he quietly entered, the combatants faced him, abashed.
"My dear children," he began, "aren't you ashamed of yourself to be forever quarreling? Look at that dog and cat over there in the corner, eating off the same plate. Don't they get along nicely together?"
"They do indeed, your reverence," mumbled the Celt, "but faith they wouldn't if you tied them together the same as you did us."

Impetuous Swain
They had been engaged to be married fifteen years and still he had not mustered courage enough to ask her to name the happy day. One evening he called in a peculiar frame of mind, and asked her to sing something tender and touching, something that would move him. She sat down at the piano and sang: "Darling, I Am Growing Old."—The Christian Herald.

Rubber Ones
"Say, do you know why that automobile does not run?"
"No. Why?"
"Because its wheels are tired."

What Teacher Said
"Teacher is interested in you, pa."
"How so?"
"Why, today, after she had told me seven times to sit down and behave myself, she said she wondered what sort of a father I had."

Didn't Want Much
"A boy went into a shop to buy a penny's worth of nuts. The man at the

counter, a cheery, good-natured soul, said to him:
"You can have them mixed if you like."
"All right," said the boy, "you may put one or two cocoanuts in, if you please."

A Machinist
"My dog is a regular machinist."
"How's that?"
"Why, I kicked him the other day and he made a bolt for the door."

A Poor Idea
"A man who employed a number of boys to pick raspberries was quite anxious to protect them against mosquitoes, so he had veils made to tie down around the neck. The boys were very grateful for his kindness until they found that there were no mosquitoes in that locality and also that they couldn't eat any berries with those veils on. The 'protection' was of another sort."

Took Him Literally
As a steamer was leaving the harbor of Athens a well-dressed young passenger approached the captain, and, pointing to the distant hills, inquired:
"What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"
"That is snow, madam," replied the captain.
"Well," remarked the lady, "I thought so myself, but a gentleman just now told me it was Greece."

His College Idea
Robert was having a very successful career at college. He had scored the winning touchdown in the big game of the year, and was mentioned by the experts for the All-American team. But Robert's father was not satisfied.
"I'm afraid, my son," said he, "that you are not making good use of your time at college. I hear very unsatisfactory reports about your work."
"Gee whizz!" exclaimed Robert. "You must have been talking to one of the professors."

Exceeding Her Orders
"Ma! Ma!" bawled Freddie as the usual morning wash was going on. "Do my ears belong to my face or my neck?"
"Why, what is the matter?" she asked.

There's Always Hope
Barber—"Will you have anything on your face when I've finished?"
Customer—"I don't know, but I hope you'll at least leave my nose."

Knew That Much
"Willie," asked the teacher of a new pupil, "do you know your alphabet?"
"Yes'm," answered Willie.
"Well, then," continued the teacher, "what letter comes after A?"
"All the rest of them," was the triumphant reply.

The Hyphenated Press
There is no excuse for enduring the continued publication in German of newspapers whose whole recent past demonstrates that so far as they dare they are seeking to strike down the United States and serve, not this country, but the German Empire. Let them publish in English or cease to publish at all.—New York Tribune.

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